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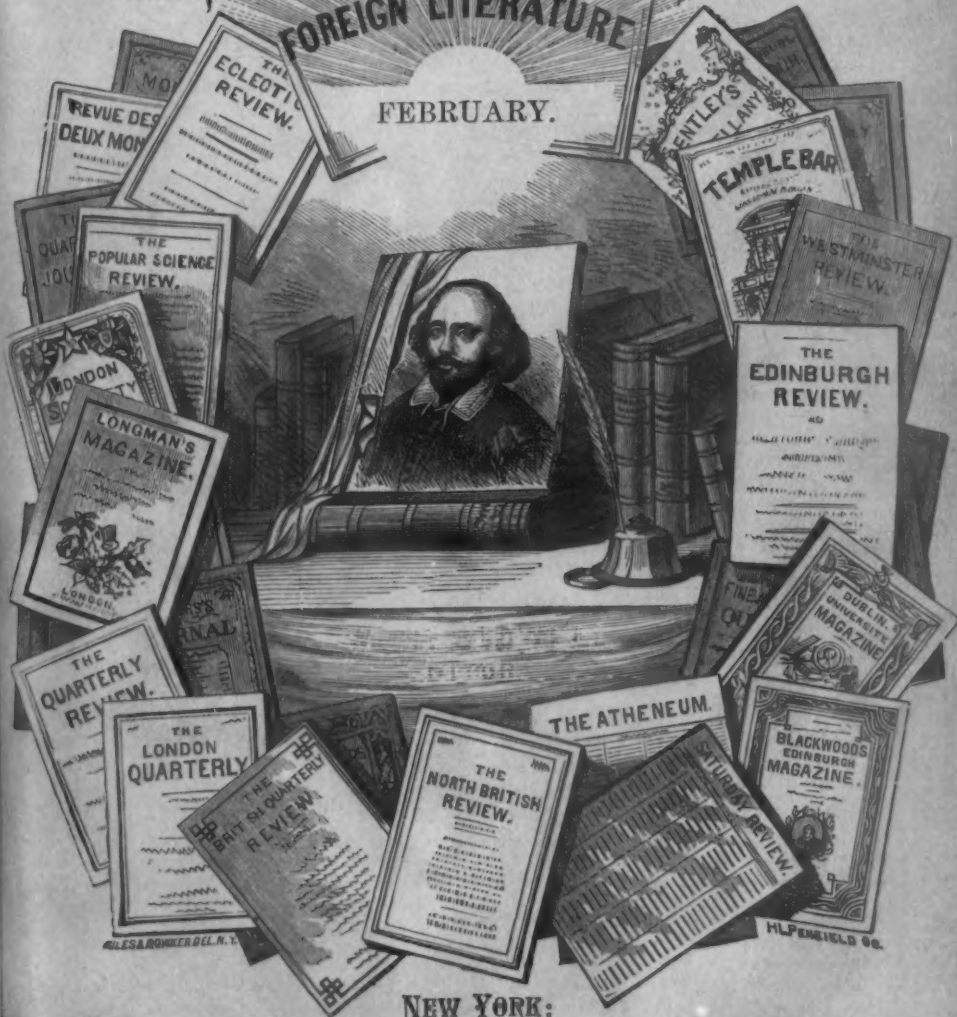
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THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

# FOREIGN LITERATURE

FEBRUARY.



NEW YORK:

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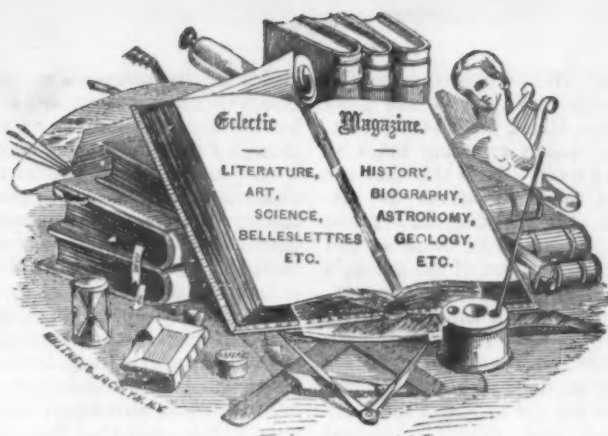
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.  
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WAR.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

IN the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there is an article on "War" of very remarkable excellence. If the author—Colonel Maurice, Royal Artillery—had written nothing else, this article alone would, I think, stamp him as the ablest English writer on military subjects. He has, however, given us already several well-thought-out, admirably reasoned works. Among them *The Balance of Power in Europe* attracted the attention of the leading statesmen of Europe, and displayed a thorough grasp of the subject he there placed so clearly before the public. Conversant with the military history of all times, he brings to bear upon the article on War an intimate knowledge of all the great wars of this century.

Not only is he well versed in all the military literature which treats of the campaigns in the Bismarck-Von Moltke

epoch, but he has carefully studied on the ground the positions on which were fought many of the hardest contested actions of the last Franco-German War. I know of no English officer who possesses such a stored-up accumulation of strategical facts and tactical information, and I think the severest critic who reads the article in question will readily admit that Colonel Maurice is well able to group instructively the arguments he bases on that knowledge, and to state them in clear, nervous English, which is very pleasant reading.

While this article on War is one that will deeply interest every soldier, the general reader owes Colonel Maurice a debt of gratitude for the clear and concise manner in which he explains what are mysteries to the uninitiated. I refer to the question of why it is that an army cannot always be concentrated and in

fighting trim. Why it is that armies move so slowly. Why it is one army does not always attack the other in flank. What is the reason an army takes so long to pass a river. How it is that one side, after a series of moves or manœuvres, succeeds in taking the other at a disadvantage, and while amusing and detaining a large portion of the enemy's forces with a vastly inferior detachment, is thus able to be much superior to him in strength at the most vital point. We are so accustomed to obtain food for ourselves and servants without any difficulty, that we are apt to forget that fifty thousand men and twenty thousand horses collected together into one locality require, besides water, about two hundred and fifty tons weight of food daily. It cannot be obtained locally, so most of it has to be brought up from the rear by railway or in horsed wagons.

Much of the impatience felt by the people at home, during our little wars, at what they conceive to be the dilatoriness of the operations, arises from ignorance upon the points I have specified. A man who takes his afternoon walk through by-paths and across country finds some difficulty in explaining to himself why it is that armies can only move on roads. It is to be hoped that this article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will in future prevent those whose province it is to inform us upon all the daily occurrences in every campaign, from repeating errors, into which a short study of the science they write about would have prevented them from falling.

Military history and the general principles of war formed in past ages an important item in the education of all great public men. It is, I think, very much to be regretted that those who aspire to be British statesmen no longer study these subjects. A careful attention to the science of perspective might quite as well be omitted from the education of an artist. There was a time when a knowledge of Vegetius and of the best contemporary works on War, was regarded as of equal importance to a statesman, as a knowledge of Vattel, Adam Smith, or Blackstone. The study of the art of war, that is really of its practice, is the especial province of the professional soldier, but the great prin-

ciples of its science can be as easily comprehended as any book of Euclid by all clear-headed men alike. Although a little knowledge of war may be a very dangerous possession to the ruler or minister who is unwise enough to interfere directly in the movements and distribution of armies, as, for example, both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis did, I cannot but think that a clear conception of war's first principles would have saved England from several rash and ill-starred undertakings, both by sea and land. Had our Cabinet in 1854 had even the most elementary knowledge of war, a little army that was incapable of taking the field, and was deficient in all the civil departments, stores, transport, etc., which are to an army what steam is to the engine, would never have been thrown ashore in the Crimea, to fight a Russian army and take Sebastopol. More recent instances might be quoted, but I refrain from doing so.

While I believe the main principles of war are to-day as they were when Napoleon with a small army fought that splendid campaign of 1814, and dealt out crushing blows right and left upon the disunited allied forces, yet it is very evident that the practice of war now, as carried out with huge armies, is very different. The small army in a central position was easily moved, now in one direction, then again toward an opposite point of the compass. But large armies cannot be thus manipulated. It is difficult enough to feed and supply them along lines of communication well studied beforehand, but when the direction is changed from day to day, and forced marches are a necessary part of the plan adopted, any such operations as those so brilliantly executed by the French army in 1814, are out of the question when a large army is concerned. This can be easily understood when it is remembered that the number and quality of the roads in any theatre of war which will enable a small army to move with rapidity, may be entirely insufficient for the advance of those enormous armies that are now placed in the field. One ordinary army corps, with its train of about a thousand wagons, marching by one road, covers about thirty miles of it. The reader will therefore easily understand that the concentration alone for a



great battle under the existing conditions of continental warfare is by itself one good day's work. The practice of war in Europe now is very different from what it was when Napoleon, in 1796, descending from the Maritime Alps, pounced rapidly first on one portion of his enemy's army and then upon another. Railways and telegraphs have, of course, done a great deal to help to move armies and to feed them when moving, but these facilities do not compensate for the greater difficulties under which war is undertaken when armies are counted, not by thousands as formerly, but by hundreds of thousands as at present.

In defining the difference between strategy and tactics, as being respectively concerned, the first with the theatre of war, the latter with the battlefield, I think Colonel Maurice somewhat restricts too much the subjects embraced under the heading of tactics. Battles are of rare occurrence, but marches and outpost and reconnaissance duties are every-day occupations with troops in the field. Yet few will deny that all these minor operations are tactical in their nature. They are certainly not strategical. I should describe them as the tactical incidents of strategy that are not necessarily connected with the battlefield. Colonel Maurice describes with great clearness the changed conditions under which war is now waged from those under which it was made at the beginning of this century. In doing so he naturally dwells upon the danger which the employment of the huge armies of to-day now entail upon a commander-in-chief, through being forced without his consent into a battle at any moment, by the action of subordinate generals. In referring to the early phase of the 1870 war, that is to the battles of Weissenburg, Wörth, Spicheren, Colombey-Nouilly, and of Mars-la-Tour, he says they were "brought on by the determination of subordinate leaders, and were not designed beforehand, either by the king's headquarters or by the headquarters of any one of the three armies" then in the field. The German army was invading France; it had taken the initiative, and of necessity had to accept the contingency of battle whenever and wherever it was

offered. If the French were overtaken they were attacked at once, and when found in position the German general in command of the leading troops went straight for them with whatever troops he had at hand, knowing he would be supported from the rear by the arrival of fresh troops every hour, and that all columns whose commanders could hear the cannonade would be straightway marched to his assistance. The Prussian headquarters in rear could not and did not exercise any effective control over the when or the where the battles I have named were fought. This policy, however, was successful everywhere in 1870. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the defeats, in 1866, of Langensalza and of Trautenaue, we have no means of judging how the German training for war would enable their army to bear the strain of serious defeat. That a beaten army should be able to retreat in safety and attack again, almost immediately, it must not only have reached the highest perfection in battle training, but it must have that species of pluck which enables the knocked-down and severely punished pugilist to "come again, smiling, to the post."

Great confidence in the superiority of military training will cause troops to engage vastly superior forces in a retaining battle, such as that of Mars-la-Tour, but it is only an inherited haughtiness of descent that will enable a people to bear up against repeated defeats, month after month, for several years, as the United States did in the Confederate war, with a dogged, fixed determination to fight on until victory crowned their efforts. It is, I believe, only men of the Anglo-Saxon race who would have persevered as the Northern States of America then did. The genius of a people—the outcome of race peculiarities—have great influence upon the conduct of a war, and still more upon its final result. Superiority in guns, rifles, and battle training may for a period enable the inferior to lord over the superior race, but in the end blood will tell, and the people which possess as their inheritance the most stolid determination, joined to great power of body and soundness of health, must eventually win. Hence one of the greatest difficulties in the de-

termination of all war problems. The race peculiarities which so seriously affect the individual soldier, the love of regiment, and the military spirit which influence the military units into which they are distributed, the value of the battle training imparted to every squad, the ability with which divisions, army corps, etc., are manipulated, all are important elements which combine to complicate the solution.

Surely there is no student of war who is not well versed in all the maxims of Napoleon. Many of them are nothing more nor less than generally accepted rules in strategy. Colonel Maurice falls foul of those who venture to assert that certain commanders won victories in violation of the "principles of war," and without doubt he is substantially correct. To illustrate his meaning, he points out, with sound appreciation of those principles, how faulty the Prussian plan of invasion of Bohemia in 1866 would have been if the intrinsic military value of the two contending armies had been at all equal. The Prussians then invaded Bohemia with two distinct armies operating from two independent bases far removed one from the other, and communicating with one another only by telegraphs through Berlin. I think it will be generally admitted that had the great Napoleon been in Marshal Benedik's place, the fate of the Prussians would have been that of Wurmser in 1796-7. But would Von Moltke have ventured upon such an operation if he had had a Napoleon as an antagonist? I think not. This is a striking instance where a great general knew when he could, and consequently ought, to disregard what is generally recognized as a commonly accepted rule of strategy. It should, however, be remembered that he disregarded it in accordance with a calculation based upon his knowledge of the enemy's position, of the genius of the leader opposed to him, and of the exact time it would take that leader to concentrate in the hopes of beating the Prussian armies in detail. I maintain, therefore, that in reality Von Moltke's plan was not only sound and safe, but in strict accordance with the greatest of all war principles, namely, to devise your plans in accordance with what you know to be your enemy's position, his

intentions, his genius for war, and the moral and physical condition of his army. Von Moltke won because he attended to the first great axiom of war, that is, to know everything about your enemy.

While fully recognizing how greatly changed are the conditions under which wars are now conducted, it is, I think, the greatest folly to imagine that consequently we can learn nothing of importance from the history of past campaigns. A study of all military history is useful to the student of war, and there is no campaign whose story does not afford some lesson, some precept of value to-day.

Formerly we depended upon the perfect drilling of our men; henceforward it is upon the efficiency of battle training and fire discipline we shall have to rely. Unless our regiments be first-rate in both those points, we can no longer hope for victory, although they may be able to march past like a wall, and go through the most complicated barrack-yard evolutions with the utmost precision.

The new conditions of war require far more intelligence on the part of the officers and private soldiers to fit them for it than was formerly the case. In 1870 numerous mistakes in tactics and in troop-leading were made. So it will always be under present war conditions, where the individual action of each fighting man, of each small group in the firing line, means so much. The details upon which success depends must be in the hands of so many that the possibilities and probabilities of error have been multiplied indefinitely.

Colonel Maurice pays a just tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, whose character malice so long sought to blacken, and upon whom failure entailed the ignorant verdict of military incapacity. The careful criticism of the military student has at length shown him to have been one of the few great commanders England has ever had, but it is only through the most graceful and pathetic of poems that his memory has been saved from the oblivion to which cruel English custom ruthlessly condemns the unsuccessful general. It is doubtful if the Duke of Wellington could have ever become the great man

he was, had not the more brilliant Moore been sacrificed at Corunna through his belief in the lying promises of a lazy and ignorant ally. Belief in that same ally afterward nearly ruined Wellington and his army at Talavera.

In an article such as that now under review, it is difficult to convey to the non-military reader a just conception of war, because he has generally the very crudest notion of what an army in the field is like. The ordinary Englishman is apt to imagine that there is some close resemblance between an Aldershot field-day and a battle; that even the time-honored manœuvres in Hyde Park have some counterpart in war. Colonel Maurice has, however, managed to give the general reader a very good notion of what cruel war is now really like. It has lost much of its pomp and glorious circumstance, and each new invention in the destructive power of guns and explosives makes it, alas, necessary to bury some old cherished custom, and to rob war of some of its romance. The brief description given of army transport and of lines of communication is so clear, that henceforward all the information which is really necessary for a just comprehension of the subject can be obtained without poring through military books, which are generally uninteresting to all but soldiers. An army is, now more than ever, like a boy's kite. In each case a long line extends backward, which, if severed, brings starvation on the army, and brings the kite to the ground. In both instances, this long line is vulnerable. In the field, its protection alone often requires a small army. A slight shock anywhere along that long weak tail is felt in the very heart of the army itself, and one of the most effective strokes in war is to cut this line of communication along which your enemy draws all his re-enforcements and supplies. A modern army is such a very complicated organism, that any interruption in the line of communication tends to break up and destroy its very life.

Even a well-carried-out threatened attack upon the base or line of communication often checks the advance of an enemy as effectually as a direct attack made upon the enemy's army itself. Your opponent must largely reduce his

fighting force in front, in order to save his communications, and in so doing gives you a chance of meeting him with superior forces at some objective point, the possession of which may seriously influence the result of the war. This is a feint which, in many forms, is often attempted with a view to induce the enemy to weaken the point you have selected for attack. Against it you will then be able to bring your concentrated strength, an object which is one of the great aims of both strategy and tactics. A victory gained under those circumstances should be so overwhelming, that it should not only break up the military organization, but the very fighting spirit of your enemy. It should destroy the confidence which each individual soldier has in himself, and that mutual co-operation of all ranks and units which is the soul of a modern army, and which can alone hold it together. The reputation for skill and for success you thus acquire is a fresh incentive to your own men, and has a correspondingly depressing influence upon the spirits and confidence of your enemy.

Colonel Maurice combats the old and commonly accepted apothegm, that while the science of strategy is constant, and its teaching the same now as it was in the days of Hannibal, the art of tactics varies from age to age, being obliged to follow all changes in the arts of destruction. He contends that, as human progress improves and revolutionizes what he very aptly terms the "implements of strategy," that what I would call the guiding principles of strategy, and the rules deduced from them, change also. According to my notions, these changes may intensify or lessen the danger attendant upon the violation of those principles, and may alter the practice of strategy, but not its great elementary rules. The greatest of all these rules of war, and which applies equally to both strategy and tactics, is to so move and manipulate your army as to succeed in bringing the enemy to a decisive struggle where he is forced to fight your concentrated army with only scattered and disseminated forces. To fight the enemy in detail with all your concentrated strength, is in fact the first great object at which strategy aims. If on the day of battle yours shall be much

the stronger side, your strategy is good ; and if your troops go into action in better condition, morally and physically—better fed and therefore stronger and more healthy, in better fettle, and therefore in greater confidence of victory—you have succeeded in winning a great strategical success even before the beginning of the battle, in which they will engage under the most satisfactory tactical conditions.

The new "implements" of strategy are railways, electric telegraphs, and telephones, steamships of all kinds and sizes, canals, improved and macadamized roads, all improved modes of conveyance, such as bicycles, tricycles, etc. ; lastly, compressed food. As an illustration of how these implements now differ from those in use at the beginning of the century, think how different would have been Napoleon's position at Moscow at the head of a victorious army, if the railways and telegraphs which now connect that place with the Rhine frontier had existed in 1812 ? The military student will readily admit the difference there would have been under such circumstances in the result of the war. There would have been no disastrous retreat to furnish for all time texts for the moralist's themes, and picturesque incidents for the artist's pencil. The greatest of all men would by success have retained the fidelity of those allies who forsook him when he failed, and turned upon him with all their strength the following year.

I cannot entirely indorse the assertion, "that the weapons of strategy have changed since the Napoleonic era more completely than those of tactics." The great changes brought about by the use of railways and telegraphs are in the magnitude of the armies now used by all great military nations. But we can contemplate a condition of things that may lead again to the use of small armies, armed even more perfectly than soldiers are at present. Railways and telegraphs have not only introduced new complications into the service of strategy, but they enable the strategist in his plans and combinations to ignore distance, and arrange for the movements of armies in the heart of desert countries, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from their base of supply. The

use of the electric telegraph in tactics has been apparent in many actions, and at Magenta the railway was used to good tactical purposes. An army no longer crawls so much on its belly, as in the days when no roads, or only very few, existed. As a boy, when reading Cæsar's *Commentaries*, I was always much struck with the careful manner in which he timed his invasions to the seasons, so as to be able to depend upon finding supplies in the selected theatre of war. When he went into winter quarters, he took care to provide for his wants the following year by sowing large quantities of corn. It is a puzzle to many young military students why Cæsar's armies, and even the armies of the eighteenth century, went into quarters every winter, and did nothing until the fine weather began again. Tactics has a far greater charm for the young than strategy, and few pause to dwell upon the difficulties which are always attendant upon feeding an army in the field, or of moving it in winter through a country where there are few or no roads. As boys, we delight in reading of how battles were won : how Marlborough charged with his cavalry at Blenheim, of how our storming party forced its way into Badajos. We seldom realize that before great macadamized roads and railways came into existence, troops could not move in winter, and were therefore forced to idly hibernate in quarters.

It is not easy to conceive how any science, any art, can be entirely without some general principles, and where there are recognized principles, there will most surely be rules also ; they are the natural product or results of educated study applied to any group of general principles, and the principles, which guide, and always have guided strategy, are no exception. War is a science, and as such has its principles, and rules deduced from those principles, quite as surely as every other science. If it were otherwise, why is it such a *sine quâ non* that a deep and minute study of the history of all great wars, especially of the most recent wars, is essential to the education of every staff officer and of every general ? Surely it is from such study we learn lessons, and those lessons we impress upon the memory by rules deduced from them, and thus for-



mulated, I may say, from the written experience of others.

While maintaining that there are rules which bear upon both the science and practice of war, as directly as the Ten Commandments may be said to bear upon the teaching and practice of morals, I am the first to admit that nothing can be more foolish than any attempt to deal with war as one does with an exact science. To didactically lay down precise formulæ for the guidance of a commander in the conduct of a war would be as absurd as it would be to do so for the artist in the construction of his picture. The painter knows that blue and yellow mixed together produce green; it is a rule he was taught by a master, or learned from experience, just as all generals have learned in a similar manner that, unless certain of success, to fight a general action with your back to an unfordable river is a most dangerous proceeding. Jomini tried to teach war as Euclid is taught, and since his days many have followed his example. But the so-called science of war is simply the shrewd application of common sense to a plan specially devised for the effective movement of one body of armed men upon another for the purpose of destroying it. In the whole so-called science of war, there is nothing more recondite, more complicated, more difficult of comprehension, than there is in the common sense which enables an able man to succeed in any form or phase of public life. But common sense has its axioms, and so has war its rules, which cannot be disregarded or ignored without serious danger. Those rules must be known, the mind should be trained in them, and filled with the examples to be gathered from the history of campaigns where the neglect and violation of these fundamental principles led to defeat, and the reasons why, in exceptional cases, victory was the result.

The deeply read pedant in war is always trying to make his plans, and even the movements which require instantaneous decision, conform to what he has read others have done under similar circumstances. He rakes his mind for a precedent, or for a rule applicable to the exigency, and the result is delay, absence of initiation, and the failure

which generally follows upon want of decision and common sense. All rules of war are merely deductions from the practice of war. It is no exact science, for the same results do not always follow upon the same proceedings or the same combination of circumstances. Apart altogether from the influence on any campaign, which is exercised by the curiously uncertain working of the human mind, with all its contradictions and liability to change, we have to note the startling complications which the chance physical condition of earth, sea, and sky introduce into every military problem. That  $(a + b) \times (a + b) = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$  is a fact to be easily proved. That iron exposed to the air oxidizes, that iron filings acted upon by sulphuric acid generate hydrogen, are physical facts. But that an army occupying an extended position where one wing is widely separated from the other by some impassable or very difficult military obstacle must be beaten, is by no means true. Its commander, in taking up such a position, would have certainly violated a well-known military rule, and have given his opponent such an advantage, that under ordinary circumstances he ought to be beaten, but it is not a certainty. A hundred circumstances may combine to give victory to him who has disregarded, perhaps deliberately, a fundamental rule of his art. We always hear of the faults committed by those who fail; every military student will repeat to you glibly many pedantic reasons to explain why it was that Wurmser, Benedik, MacMahon, and others were beaten. On the other hand, we are not given to be critical as to the plans and movements of those who win great victories, although a strict analysis of all the circumstances would prove, that in some instances they have been achieved in defiance of the commonly accepted theory of war, of the very A B C of its science. At chess we sometimes win through a serious error in play committed by our antagonist, or from a calculation as to what he will do, based upon our own appreciation of his character and of his usual mode of play in certain positions. Even in such a game, where every piece has its certain and constant value, the idiosyncrasies of the players have often much more

to do with the conduct and result of the game, than all the rules ever learned by any beginner. But how much more so is this the case in the game of war, where no piece has any constant value, where the pawn, man, is daily, hourly acted upon by many influences, physical and mental. The private soldier who is a noble hero to-day may be converted into the sneak and straggler of to-morrow. A bad pain in the stomach, an attack of diarrhœa, cold, hunger, thirst, or that wretchedness and misery which are the results of an army being dealt with as ours was by the Treasury in 1854, may take the whole heart and soul out of what had been a gallant band of soldiers. The best of armies may thus be rendered as limp as a party politician and as powerless as a steamship at sea with its shaft broken. On the other hand, some well put and glowing appeal to the patriotism and military sentiment of even shoeless, half-starved soldiers, like that addressed in 1796 by Napoleon to the army of Italy, may so inspire them with hope, energy, and confidence, as to render them invincible.

The longer a man has made war and the more he knows of its history from the earliest times until to-day, the more he must realize its uncertainties. The horse which starts at 3 to 1 on him, and is looked upon as a certainty, may put his foot in a hole near the finish, and be beaten by an inferior animal. The man who taught me billiards impressed upon me that I should never attempt any stroke upon the success of which I was not prepared to bet 3 to 2. And so it is in war. Except when driven by unavoidable circumstances to accept battle, as Moore was compelled at Corunna, for instance, to fight for the honor of his army and of his nation, you should not willingly and on ordinary occasions give battle unless you feel that the odds are at least 3 to 2 in your favor. To eliminate all chances of failure from war is impossible. When you have done your best, have brought your army to the scratch under the most favorable conditions of time and place, the men and horses well fed, all ranks inspired with a feeling of absolute confidence in the result, you will still in your heart, if you know war well, realize how uncertain is the game after all. When

about to engage you may have the utmost confidence in yourself and in the daring valor and battle-training of your men, but in your heart you will acknowledge to yourself that, after all, the result must rest with the God of battles. The smooth stone from the brook may again destroy the giant and disconcert his confident army. A sheeplike panic may at any moment ruin the most ably-conceived plan of attack, and put an end to the most reasonably formed anticipation of victory. It is this which makes the practice of war so difficult, although its theory, that is, the axioms, rules, and principles of its science, are so easily acquired.

Although it is quite certain that no amount of book-learning can ever make a general, that the instinct of war must be natural to you as the love of sport, of art, or of music, yet it is as certain, that in these days especially, it is almost impossible for any man to become a great commander who has not deeply studied the history of all recent campaigns, minutely criticised every movement in each game, and entirely taken in and learned the reasons which led to them. It is after such a study that men make rules for themselves, as we all do for our guidance in small private matters of every-day occurrence.

The old school of English officers were apt to deride book-learning, and to scoff at students of war, and damn them as mere "bookworms." That Napoleon had advised his officers to read and re-read the campaigns of the great men who had gone before, made little impression upon the sturdy old British general, who was quite content to go straight for his enemy, and always ready to do so, whenever or wherever that enemy was to be found. Even now one often hears complaints that we insist upon men being able to pass the very simple and ordinary examinations for promotion which are prescribed by our Regulations. We don't want all our regimental officers to be qualified for the position of general, but of this I am certain, that the more officers there are in the firing line in the day of battle who have thoroughly studied and mastered the art of tactics, and who have a fair conception of the aims and objects of strategy, the better it will be for the

nation, far the better will, indeed, be our chances of victory. That the necessity for book-learning in war was at one time fully recognized is evident from the writings of the Duke of Albemarle—the father of the present English Army—which are now on my table. He is entitled to speak on such a subject, for on Cromwell's death he was in command of the finest army in every respect that England, or I suppose, indeed, any nation has ever owned. The heading of the last chapter of his book runs thus:—"That Reading and Discourse are requisite to make a Soldier perfect in the Art Military, how great soever his knowledge may be, which long experience and much practice of Arms hath gained."

In this article on War the reader is impressed with the necessity of adopting some sort of group system for fighting. All other nations have done so, and most of our thinking officers are strongly in favor of it. A very good plan for the formation of groups of eight men has been for some years back urged upon us by Colonel Macdonald, the late Lord Advocate of Scotland. He is now a Judge, but I am glad to say he continues to act as Brigadier-General in command of the Edinburgh Volunteer Brigade. Many, like myself, have long looked upon him as far ahead of army officers in the matter of modern drill. His system of drill, which allowed each man ample room to use his limbs and to shoot with ease to himself, and his mode of fighting in groups are both very similar to the present practice of the great Continental armies. Colonel Maurice quotes largely from our Volunteer Brigadier-General, and I would strongly urge all those who are not, through ignorance of war, hopelessly wedded to old ideas, to read with an open mind, *Common Sense on Parade, or Drill without Stays*, by Colonel the Right Hon. J. H. Macdonald, C.B.

On this subject Colonel Maurice writes:

"Now this one thing is certain, that whereas the great fighting formation of the past for British infantry was the line, that formation can be used no longer in actual fighting against troops armed with modern weapons, unless exceptionally in purely defensive positions, where its trained cohesion is in any case easy."

Search the stories of the battles fought

in 1870, and you will find that the fighting line always consisted of a series of groups of men of varying strength. Is it not idle to ignore this fact? Is it wise not to frame your system of drill to meet it? Men begin to ask themselves, "Why, therefore, retain all these stiff line formations in our drill book?"

"Our drill must be adapted to deliver such groups as methodically and regularly as possible within the zone of fighting."

Further on Colonel Maurice says:

"The one point that must be thoroughly realized is that the firearm of the present day has become the determining weapon, for the development of the efficiency of which all tactics must prepare the way."

There is one point on which we have every reason, in my opinion, to congratulate ourselves, and that is the smallness of our companies. Most foreign armies have very strong companies, of about two hundred and fifty of all ranks, while ours are just half that size. The Germans adopted these big units not from tactical but from economical reasons. In fact, it is very doubtful if their country could supply them with the number of officers they would require under our system of small companies. These strong companies were created in Prussia long before the present development of tactics, and the Germans have had to make their fighting formation fit into a battalion organization that was not invented to meet any tactical want at all. To me it is quite certain that the tactics of to-day accord far better with a system of small than of very large companies. Our company unit of about one hundred men is far more easily commanded, and its fire more effectively controlled and usefully directed, than can be done with the overgrown German company. The English captain's command in action is far more handy, can be more easily provided with shelter, or effectively introduced anywhere into the fighting line, than the sort of small battalion which the German company of to-day resembles. If it were not for economical reasons, I should not be sorry to see the war strength of our companies made even smaller than at present.

Colonel Maurice addresses to us the following home truths, which I earnestly hope may bear fruit.

"There is a dread of change when change is required, because officers and men have come to look upon the great traditions of the past as sacred. We must frankly face the fact that the character of battles having changed, we must work back from the conditions of our present battle-fields to the peace-forms which will prepare our soldiers for them."

If this be true, and I believe it to be so absolutely, the time has come when we should carefully review every regulation, every point, that bears upon the training of our soldiers in the art of actual fighting. Let us search out what a battle is now really like. We are too apt to take our views of it from Crimean experiences, or from Aldershot field days. We have long had stereotyped views on this subject, and have apparently striven to force war, as it were, to conform to our splashy mode of imitating it during peace manœuvres. We must now reverse the process, and having informed ourselves thoroughly as to what actually takes place in battle, let us work back, and frame our drill and battle training so that it may fit the soldier for what he must do to win in that awful hour. It behoves us to see that the soldier's clothing and equipment is best suited for the work he will then have in hand; and we must if necessary, in ruthless defiance of all tradition and of what our former views on the subject may have been, remodel the soldier's garments until we have made them as suitable for battle work as are the costumes we wear in private life for the sports for which they are intended. Due regard for the soldier's life, for the nation's honor, makes this an imperative duty.

The battles of the future will be very different from even those of 1870, and will bear very little resemblance to those of Crimean times. One remarkable change will be the absence of nearly all that terrific noise which the discharge of five or six hundred field guns and the roar of musketry caused in all great battles. We shall have practically no smoke to mark the position of the enemy's batteries and troops in action. The sound of cannon will be slight, and will no longer indicate to distant troops where their comrades are engaged or the point upon which they should consequently march. Our sentries and advanced posts can no longer alarm the

main body upon the approach of the enemy by the discharge of their rifles. The camp or bivouac will no longer be disturbed at night by the spluttering fire of pickets in contact with the enemy. Different arrangements for giving the alarm upon the approach of hostile columns will have to be resorted to. The main column on the march cannot in future be warned by the shots of flanking parties, of the enemy's proximity, and a battle might possibly be raging within a few miles of it, without that fact becoming at once apparent.

Most of the important mechanical inventions, most of the great discoveries in science, have some direct influence upon the manufacture and use of the arms, ammunition and equipment, of the soldier. Woe to the nation that does not make her tactics conform to the arms of the day, and to the varying conditions under which war is made and battles fought and won. Wellington won great battles, because, being a thoroughly practical soldier, well read in war science and of great experience on the battle-field, he had adopted a system of drill and tactics not only thoroughly in accord with the arms he had to employ, and the conditions under which contending armies then met in battle, but in at least one great respect, far ahead of the tactical formations used by all other nations. I refer to his use of the "thin red line."

Are we certain that we now alter our system of battle training according as those conditions vary? Let the man of war experience, whose mind is thoroughly saturated with the history of what took place in the great struggles between Frank and Teuton in 1870, visit Aldershot, and then tell the nation whether he is or is not satisfied with what he sees there. Our army is beautifully drilled, but it seems to be dawning upon us that our drill still retains much that was invented by Frederick the Great, and subsequently modified by Sir John Moore to suit the different conditions under which men fought in his days, from those of fifty years before. The mathematically straight lines and rigid columns, with all their mechanical wheels and elaborate changes of front, in fact, all that we still term "brigade drill," with its obsolete ex-



actness and dressing upon points, meant a great deal a century ago, but have they any relation to a soldier's battle duties in the present epoch? Are they, as some believe, as useless and objectless now, as would be the hand-grenade drill, or the management and handling of the pike, to which our ancestors attached so much importance in the reigns of the Stuarts? The soldier to be of real use in war has now so much to learn that the Germans have ruthlessly wiped out from their military training all the showy and theatrical movements in which some generals still take delight, and by the accurate performance of which they are still prone to estimate the military efficiency of regiments. There are some even who think that you might quite as usefully teach our soldiers to dance, and as justly estimate their battle value by the exactitude with which they performed the sailor's hornpipe.

Modesty forbids me to say how much superior I know the "turn out" of our cavalry, infantry, and artillery to be to that of all other nations. But although this smartness of appearance may please the eye in Hyde Park, will it in the least degree help toward success in battle? In other armies, the attention which we pay to burnishing our steel chains and polishing our brass buttons is riveted on efficient "battle-training," and the care and energy of their officers are devoted to its teaching. Which is right on this point, the German army or our army? The question is an important one. Many think that our drill is meant to prepare the British army for a "battle experience of the past."

Colonel Maurice, in the earlier part of his article, thus shows how this "battle experience of the past" has ceased to be applicable to our present conditions of war:

"Now the capacity to act together under the orders of one man can never be dispensed with under any of the conditions of modern war. The instinctive obedience of a rank of soldiers to the order to turn 'Right about,' when that order sends them back into the ground where shells are bursting and where bullets are raining, has been a power in fighting too great for us ever willingly to throw it away. Some humorous illustrations of its effect on soldiers, and of the victory-winning power which an even apparently unintelligent submission to this authority of instinct has given, more especially

to English soldiers, are mentioned in the article *Army* (vol. ii. p. 589). In proportion as men understand war they value this effect, and would be unwilling even to diminish at a given moment actual loss of life if that diminution were secured by any sacrifice of this power. An old English battalion trained to the absolute perfection of such mechanical obedience was a splendid fighting instrument. No training, however perfect, to take advantage of ground, to seek cover, to glide on to the weak points of an enemy, will compensate, even in these days, a deficiency in that habit of utter self abnegation, of entire subordination to the one purpose of united action under assigned orders. But, under the modern conditions of war, the loss inflicted within a given time by the terrible weapons now in the hands of all armies is so great that the very formations under which on a parade ground the armies of the past prepared to move in actual fighting under the orders of their commanders, are mechanically as much as morally dissolved. Not even can the voice of the captain or the subaltern be heard, much less that of the lieutenant-colonel, above the din of breechloaders and of shrapnel shells. It is not therefore with a light heart, not willingly, not as thinking that a dispersed order of fight is something in itself more powerful or more advantageous than a rigid formation in which ordered and orderly movement is easy, in which force can be concentrated, in which the habits of discipline can be more certainly maintained, but of dire necessity, that the most experienced soldiers of our day have come to the absolute conviction that only by preparing armies for fighting in dispersed order can discipline be maintained at all. The great problem of modern tactics, in so far as it concerns actual fighting, which regulates everything else, is how to maintain the old unity under the new conditions which make it so difficult."

And afterward, when he has expressed his admiration for the practical way in which our forefathers applied their training to the practical conditions of their time, and has shown how a long peace tended to stereotype the forms they adopted, he continues thus, in words to which I am anxious to direct special attention:

"Men talk about the practice of forms in which their life is spent as 'practical work.' They look upon all experience gathered from the fields where shells actually burst, and where infantry firearms are used to kill, as 'theoretical.' The truth is exactly the opposite. Such merit as the older drill at present has is due to certain theoretical considerations which were at one time soundly deduced from practice in the past. The only practical work is that which tends to prepare men, not for the inspection of some general on a parade ground, but for actual war. An army is doing 'practical' work in the preparation for its real duty—that of winning battles. *It is employed on mis-*

*chievous theoretical work, on false theory, whenever it is doing anything else."*\*

I earnestly trust that all our officers, from the highest to the lowest, will take this wise admonition seriously to heart. If we refuse to do so, if we blindly in-

sist upon preparing for a past condition of war which can never be reproduced, our army will most certainly be found wanting on the day of trial, that is, of battle with any European enemy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### A FEW THOUGHTS BY A PATRIARCH ABOUT FRENCHWOMEN.

BY JULES SIMON.

My readers should take notice of this title, for all its terms have been carefully studied. When I style myself a patriarch I do so in order to give some weight to the testimony which I adduce in favor of my dear countrywomen. "A few thoughts." I do not intend to write a treatise about Frenchwomen; at most only "a few thoughts." A treatise on this subject would require a lifetime devoted to its consideration.

The man who would write a treatise about Frenchwomen should be one who knows womanhood thoroughly, for womanhood is the real subject. You deal first with womanhood, afterward with Frenchwomen or Englishwomen; the distinction is only slight. In the last century, climate, education, local customs, and above all religion, brought about differences which have gone on fading away ever since the steam-engine on the one side and the French Revolution on the other have drawn the two nations together and developed resemblances. It is impossible to dispute the fact; there are no Catholics now as there were in the days of Louis XVI.; there are no longer any great ladies in the old fashion nor even middle-class women of the old type. Englishwomen are in some particulars Parisians, and Frenchwomen are no longer as French as in days gone by. Differences are disappearing. I am told that this is the triumph of philosophy. It well may be; but life will lose thereby a great part of its delightfulness. When Pekin has become inhabited by Parisian women, travelling, which is now so keen a pleasure, will be simply a trouble; we shall travel, but we shall find no variety. The latitude will indeed be

different, but that will be the chief change.

I fancy I have noticed that our neighbors—all without exception, English and Germans, Italians and Dutchmen—still look upon the Frenchwoman as a distinct species in creation. That is because foreigners concern themselves chiefly with our past. They know nothing of the actual life of France to-day. If they come to Paris they only learn about the Parisian woman, and she is not quite the same as the Frenchwoman. And even the Parisian they only know superficially. Do not imagine that any one can know a Parisian in a year; I am afraid that I do not know her after fifty years. It is not so easy as people think to be admitted into a French family; I beg pardon, it is easy to be admitted to it, it is almost impossible for a foreigner to become an intimate in it. We are not like you English. With you it is difficult for a stranger to cross the threshold; but once in the house he is almost one of the family. Our women are indeed well content to show themselves on any stage, but all strangers must be kept in front of the footlights.

Personal observation being impossible, I advise you not to trust too much to the novel and the play. It is a common saying that a society is depicted in its plays. Granted—when a Molière wields the brush. Beyond doubt, Molière painted the world just as it lay before his eyes, but he was a great philosopher as well as a great painter. We have still some painters, but no philosopher since Balzac; at least, if we have one left, he is sure to be the personification of paradox, a philosopher who has no sense of general laws. Such a man supplies us with nothing but the

\* The italics are mine.

exceptions and the exaggerations, because we care no longer for anything else, and because he has a thesis to maintain—a thesis that would not be proper if not paradoxical. If you come to Paris to look for a Francillon, go straight to the Théâtre Français; there you will find an adorable Francillon, because the character was created by Alexandre Dumas and played by Mdlle. Bartet. But do not look for her elsewhere, for she is a special creation.

Further, do not trust our newspapers. Above all, shun those journals which pretend to describe society. The society that they know, the only society that they can describe, is not society at all; it is Bohemia. They talk, it is true, of a live duchess, but they have only seen their duchess from a distance. She was in her box, they were all away below in the stalls. The woman whom they really know is Marguerite Gautier, and it is Marguerite to whom they assign the ducal name. Most frequently they do not even take the trouble to find a fictitious trade-mark for their wares; they furnish you, without disguise, with the scandal of the world of pleasure, a perfect series of orgies, a Bacchanalia of courtesans. Thereupon you say to yourself, This is great Babylon! Indeed it is not; it is only a tiny corner of Babylon, no bigger than a nutshell—a tiny corner, such as may be found in London, in Rome, or in Vienna. This corner is a trifle larger in proportion as the town is more famous and attracts more foreigners. But this is not the immorality of Paris, it is the immorality of the world; nay, it is not Paris, nor is it the Parisian woman. There is no more amusing madcap than the Parisian courtesan, and no more sensible and charming person than the Parisian woman. The two exist in two distinct worlds, and have nothing in common except their hats. We have, at the outside, two or three thousand of the madcaps, reckoning in that number those who are on the border-line, and who have one foot in each of the two worlds. It is a large number; but only think what a host of foreigners come to us. And yet the madcaps attract more attention than our five hundred thousand virtuous Parisian women and our twenty million virtuous Frenchwomen. For-

eigners are not the only persons who make a mistake about this matter. In France itself the novel makes such a fuss that many Frenchmen fancy that the one class of women is the other. Our excellent little middle-class women are judged by the standard of Indiana. Fifty years ago they were all reading Indiana with fervor, forcing themselves to find their own image in it, just as at the present day we force ourselves for an hour or so to believe that François Le Champi's peasants are men of flesh and blood. Nay, my dear ladies, you are not such Indianas nor such Francillons as all that. When you go to see Francillon on the stage you are so charmed with the happy ending of the third act that you forgive the improbabilities of the other two. Meilhac maintains that your French virtue is a steadily diminishing quantity; but at all events you cling to what remains of it. Still, I am only now speaking of Parisian ladies, fashionable Parisian ladies; for the others keep simply to the old standard. Vice requires but little time to blossom, but it takes a long time to spread its roots. We are accustomed to say that French society was sadly corrupt under Louis XV. and under the Directoire, and I will not deny it. In high places there were in those two periods abominable morals, but, on the other hand, there were also respectable morals, the morals of the great mass of the people. So it is at the present day. Paris is as moral as any large capital, and France, as a whole, is more moral than many of her neighbors. Our life is threatened by this disease, as is the life of many other peoples, and possibly we are in more danger than some others. But the life force in us is still abundant and healthy.

To proceed to prove this in proper form, all the classes of French society will have to be taken one after the other. The current phrase is that classes exist no longer. That is more true in regard to men than in regard to women; there are no longer any classes before the law, they are disappearing in actual practice, and yet they are indestructible. Let me except the aristocracy, rightly so called, the aristocracy of birth. It is easier for this class than for others to keep aloof, because birth

is a clearly defined characteristic. Besides birth, this aristocratic society is distinguished by its devotion to royalty and to religion. It is the great world, but it is not a populous world. Its numbers are gradually diminishing from day to day through the falling-off of its worst members, and further, it is breaking down its barriers; it does so, grumbling, protesting, with looks of pious horror, but it does it all the same. The influx of foreigners, who are not infected by the prejudices of caste, is the principal cause of this. Politics, which cause many divisions, also sometimes bring about union, and religion effects still more. M. Chesnelong belongs to the ducal world. If M. Buffet expressed the wish he could occupy the rank of prince in this aristocracy. I am not a member of it; that hardly needs to be said. I have never even looked into it through the key-hole; but I have a fair sprinkling of friends who are in it, and I know what goes on there. What does go on there? Nothing; at any rate, nothing that calls for any comment. A good deal of refinement and taste, a very pure and very keen appreciation of literature and art, an energetic and inexhaustible charitableness, the most obstinate prejudices, the blindest hopes—there you have the sum total of this world. Its women are very virtuous, very pious, and quite worldly enough. They were severe upon the Comte de Paris before Frohsdorf. We can only smile at this austere eccentricity in duchesses.

This is not our only aristocracy; there is another, which plays a greater part in Parisian life, because it is not fenced round and exclusive, like the Faubourg St. Germain. It is a heterogeneous world, because all distinctions meet therein on a footing of equality, and it is a cosmopolitan world, because foreigners are welcomed and invited to it. You may even find in it some deserters from the Faubourg St. Germain who have lost their faith in the aristocracy by divine right and take shelter in the aristocracy of reality; others who belong at once to the charmed circle and the outside world, which means that they go on shutting their doors in your face while with the greatest pleasure accepting your invitations. The

titled lords are to be found in this circle, paying a visit or reconnoitring the land, like those of their number who consented to enter the household of the first Napoleon; on the other hand, the kings of finance are here at home—the aristocracy of money, the genuine nineteenth-century aristocracy. Our great manipulators of money are also managers of men; they are no ridiculous guinea-pigs like those of the eighteenth century, who got men of brains about them to be toadied to and jeered at. Ours of to-day get men of brains around them, because they have brains themselves and because they like to enjoy the wits of others. In this aristocracy an absolute equality reigns, without the slightest feeling of condescension or of gratitude in any member of it. It is not a caste, it is Society. It is European society of to-day—I wish I could say Parisian society, but we do not live any longer to ourselves since Europe has invaded us. Europe—in which I include America, and I am not sure that America is not the larger half of Europe—has introduced its manners, of which the most characteristic and most deplorable feature is the separation of the sexes. Nothing is more anti-French than this separation. We had our bedchamber receptions in which the *Précieuses* flourished, and after them we had our gatherings in their dressing-rooms. By degrees we have trained our women to keep in their boudoirs. At last we have brought them into the drawing-room; and once brought together there, we make them a low bow and leave them there and go off to argue and smoke in the tap-room (*estaminet*), which is an indispensable portion of a fashionable dwelling. Women have surrendered instead of struggling against this innovation. They tell you in their gentlest tone, "I do not object to tobacco." Look at their hypocrisy. "But, madam, it is you whom I object to. If you stay here I am compelled to be civil and courteous, whereas I want to be comfortable, that is to say, rough and rude as suits my nature." We do dine together; this is something, a relic of the old times, the good old days gone by; and we meet a couple of hours later, exchange a few words, and separate. I assure you I am not in love



with this fashion. The Frenchwoman has been false to her duty and to her history; she ought to have been the first to resist such a fashion. She has not been able to preserve the salon, and she will have reason to repent her folly. I wish that Frenchwomen, instead of playing the fool and saying, "Come to us as you like, in riding-breeches if you will"—by which concession she only gains the shame of having spoken, for men do not accept the invitation—had had enough courage and firmness to grapple with these ill-bred people who abjure conversation. Abjure conversation! Think of it! They might as well give up having brains, and taking delight in the intellect of others.

I accuse women of cowardice for not having declared war against the smoking-room; I accuse the women of France of lack of patriotism. It is no use to tell me that the ball-room is still with us; the ball-room is miles below the drawing-room. And besides dancing and I have another quarrel—a quarrel of fifty years' standing. . . .

Well, what about the morals of this class? In a mixed society there is a little of all sorts. Scandals are not tolerated here; but weaknesses are; and provided that it is possible flatly to deny them, we do not insist that the denial should be true. Respectability, in spite of all, keeps the upper hand; it maintains an enormous majority. But its excessive tolerance pains me. It says to the fair sinners, as to the smokers, "I do not object to that;" and in this case it is taken at its word. Besides, there is this theory of "the diminishing quantity" of virtue which alarms me. What happens at the outposts is no longer of importance; the outer walls may even be dismantled provided always the citadel—the *turris eburnea*—be left safe. Thus, nobody reads Zola, or they read him with little shrieks of indignation; but a novel of fine society, neat in style, and with adultery displayed in all its graces, is read with delight. I do not admit for a single instant that society is more corrupt in France than elsewhere; but I am beginning to see that we, as well as the rest of the world, have gone too far in our flirtation with vice. We have still only reached the stage of imprudence,

but this is not very far from decadence.

Between the great world and the world of working men and peasants, are to be found all the classes which make up French bourgeoisie, from the class which at times mixes with the upper ten down to the class which can rub shoulders with the mass of the people and not feel out of place among them. It would need a very delicate and very subtle analysis to enumerate these strata and differentiate the one from the other, but the task will be profitable. Once you begin the details of their distinctions you must enumerate every one; for instance, the same class has not the same characteristics in Paris and in Lyons, nor in Lyons and a small country town. There are remarkable differences between the inhabitants of the south and the north: politics, with their perpetual revolutions, are always bringing new layers and new persons to the surface. In the midst of all these wranglings, rivalries, and distinctions, which appear enormous to those who are concerned in them, and diminish rapidly if looked at from above and from a distance, I think the real features of a worthy French middle-class woman can be caught with sufficient clearness. One moment, however; here above all points the separation between the woman of Paris and the woman of the country district is accentuated. All our great ladies are Parisians, even those who were born in the country and who spend their lives in it; but with the middle-class women things are very different. I am not going back to antediluvian periods—I mean to the stage-coach days. At that time contrasts struck one at once; they were found in dress, language, accent, customs, manners. Those days of charming variety are gone forever. Paris fashions penetrate right into our hamlets. Paris style and Paris customs spread rapidly among them; there is no provincial woman so poor as not to find the means of visiting Paris, and above all, not to wish to be taken for a Parisian. Still, there is one point where the assimilation has not been brought about, and this point is the one which concerns us most nearly. The Parisian woman, even when she plays no part in the great French manufactory of ideas,

lives near it, sees its productions constantly, admires it, is subjected to its influence. Besides, Paris never allows her to rest for a moment. This city, the most refined and the most supersubtle in the world, is the very city which allows itself to be represented by the most uncultivated and the coarsest individuals. The rudest hamlets of Brittany have municipal councillors who are more sensible than those of Paris. The everlasting claim of the Paris Municipal Council since 1788—that is, since the election of the States General—is to govern Paris, and through Paris France; not, indeed, to govern the finance, the soldiery, the police of France, but her schools, her morals, and her very thoughts. So it is M. Lavy, M. Joffrin, M. Navarre, M. Patenne, who guide the spirit of education, and choose the books for our libraries. You may be sure that they take care that laicising should become a reality. We have lay masters and mistresses in the schools, lay nurses in the hospitals, lay members on the committees of public education and the charity committees. At the same time they expurgate books, purify school furniture, banish sacred images, forbid religious processions. To please them, the foreigner who runs through Paris, and even who stays awhile in it, ought, unless some Catholic imparts to him the secret of how to get into a church, to be able to forget, even to ignore the fact, that France is a Catholic country. Our Municipal Council does not succeed in realizing this magnificent vision, because immense as is its ambition, its power is insignificant; but fail as it does of achieving its ultimate aim, it is impossible that this constant attack, in which at intervals public authorities and the highest personages in the State take part, should not produce some victims—that is to say, some dupes. A few women feel their faith strengthened by this opposition; more are perplexed, disconcerted, discouraged by it, possibly take up with the new fashion, and with the extravagance proper to their sex, rush from senseless credulity to frantic scepticism. It is not only the Catholic religion which suffers thus, all religion suffers, all spiritual philosophy, all doctrines and all customs which cling in greater or less degree to the concep-

tion of a life after death. Since 1879 the proportion of women who go through the civil ceremony of marriage in Paris has increased enormously. They are now going on to say that the mayor is just as unnecessary as the priest. But all this is Parisian rather than French. The country has not been infected, at least it has suffered so little that we may fairly take no notice at all of the infection, and say that up to the present moment it clings to its faith. And I must add that a reaction has come about even in Paris. The freethinkers of 1879, at the present moment, are within an ace of being converted. This is the natural instinct of women in general; it is as powerful in France as in England, and perhaps more so, because Catholicism has a far better comprehension of how to manage women. If people tell you that the women of the French middle class have become atheists or infidels, indifferent in regard to religious ideas and practices, rest assured that this is true of only an infinitesimal minority, a minority almost exclusively made up of Parisian women. If I were asked to reckon up the qualities of our French middle-class woman, I should say that she is religious, and even has a tendency to be superstitious; that she is strictly moral and even a trifle austere, devoted to worldly gains, a good manager, splendidly faithful to her duties as a mother, though obeying rather blindly tradition and habit in preference to her own lights; finally, ignorant in political matters—a defect which could easily be overlooked if she were not so enthusiastic for or against individuals; scrupulously honest in her dealings, an earnest patriot; in a word, superior to her husband. She has a larger heart, more enthusiasm, more intense devotion to her duties, a more impregnable common sense. During the last siege of Paris, she set the example of patient suffering, and encouraged men to work and to fight. At the very least she saved us all from despair. All this is very unlike the portraits which the enemies of French society draw; and yet it is the simple naked truth, the result of a long and conscientious investigation. I have studied women in every corner of the country and under every kind of circumstance, and I am sure that I am not

mistaken. I need only just add one word : I know the *Ecole des Maris* by heart.

The fault of our middle-class women is that they are vain, even foolishly vain, and that their vanity includes all whom they love. They will not put up with any superiority ; that is the disease of France ; and further, they insist upon showing themselves superior to others, which is an absurd contradiction, and ruinous alike to persons who are attacked by this lunacy and to the whole of society. The proof of this twist in their natures is to be seen in their ideas about education. They want their children to be well educated, which is admirable ; but if they have under their nose a good primary school and a bad college, they select the college because it seems to them a grade higher. Their son might become an intelligent foreman ; at the end of four years he would pass an examination and get into a technical school ; but they keep him for seven years at college at the cost of unheard-of sacrifices, in order to lift him out of his proper sphere and make him a bachelor of arts. The taste for Government service is not, as is imagined, based upon the consideration of its material advantages ; that would be an utterly mistaken calculation, for our public servants are treated as outcasts : their pay is small, their position low, their chances of advancement dubious. Trade and business are far more profitable. But there it is—the craze for a uniform, to be a somebody, to lord it over some one, to rise higher in the social scale than one's father. A father would be content to limit his ambition to his son's capacity, a mother will not. She displays the same mistaken judgment in all that concerns her daughter. She wants her to make "a good match," *i.e.*, a marriage above her rank in life. This is a special characteristic of the middle class which has not spread to the peasantry. What? you have classes? Assuredly, yes ; classes, indeed, may exist no longer, but their vices and their virtues survive them. If you tell a bourgeoisie : "Your son is a fool ; take him away from his college and have him educated in a good primary school," she rebels against such an attack upon her dignity. But tell a peasant woman,

"Send your son to school, that he may not be an *ignoramus* like his father," and she will reply, "I don't want him to know more than we do and to come to look down upon us. What was enough for us ought to be enough for him." She makes no exception except for the Church, because if her son becomes a priest he rises from his caste ; but if he is to be a peasant, let him be a peasant, and nothing more. "He will not know more of our craft than we do."

Vanity, which was one of the strongest influences in French society under the old *régime*, and which plays its part, too, in the present day, has not reached the peasant. Everywhere endeavors are made to initiate our peasantry into the delightfulness and the extravagances of vanity. The laborer in the towns has been reduced ; the laborer in the fields holds out ; he occupies himself only with hard cash and his land. Our middle class, on the other hand, is absolutely rotten with vanity, and one of the most remarkable instances of this eccentricity is the notion, which obtains specially among women, that idleness has something peculiarly splendid about it. The old prejudice of our nobility, who looked upon work as a degradation, has found a shelter in the women of the middle class. You will hear them say as a common phrase, "My daughter shall never work." Workrooms, technical schools, are for the daughters of workmen, or humble, very humble, clerks. All the time that these women managed their academies and their boarding-schools without interference, they allowed nothing in them but history, literature, drawing, music, dancing. Cooking and household management were never dreamed of. Of sewing they would scarcely speak. Make your own dresses ! horror ! The duchesses of the old *régime* were not so vain and were more far-sighted, as any one may satisfy himself by reading the memoirs of the *Princesse de Ligne*.

I am by no means anxious to banish the agreeable arts from the education of girls. In the girl we must train the future mother of a family, but the girl must first find a husband ; and even when she is at the head of a house it will be her interest as well as her duty

to render it pleasant to those who live in it. Therefore, in the education of women, I look upon a certain kind of superfluity as really a necessary. For instance, take singing. Many of these little ones cannot sing at all; such as have an accurate voice and have learned music sing in order to allure a suitor, and are dumb when he has been transformed into a husband. This is a great misfortune. Singing cheers and consoles; it adorns life, it makes it amiable and enduring. At least they should be able to sing their morning and evening prayers. Hymns learned in childhood cling to one's memory for life, and if they are attached to the memories of the mother, they give birth to a twofold religion in the recesses of the heart. If you visit a factory of women in England, you are almost always greeted by the singing of young fresh voices; recollections of childhood and of home are awakened, and the stern slavery of trade is forgotten. Our workwomen and our peasant women have a hard life and have no heart for singing, while our middle-class women throw away their voices, that is to say, all the charm of their personality, in favor of the piano, which does not admit of mediocre handling. They think the piano is more "correct." It assumes the existence of a drawing-room, and costs a deal of money. This being so, what does it matter if it is a wretched instrument? Let me for a moment wail over this absurdity. The human voice is the real music; the piano is simply a noise. I want to hear the hymn of humanity chanted every morning and every evening; that would awaken and gladden the earth. The world would seem less far distant from heaven if it would sing. All religions sing. Still my love for singing does not go so far as to forget apprenticeship. Instead of saying, as our middle-class women say, "My daughter shall never work," I want to say, "All our daughters shall learn, and shall be able, to work." Even the rich shall have an occupation. I should like to be able to say with La Fontaine, "At least our foundations are well laid."

The same longing for an idle life, under pretence of refinement and aristocratic ideas, drives mothers to select the occupation of governess for their daughters.

This at first blush sounds like a contradiction, for no more toilsome employment exists. The reason is that, even if they cannot play the lady, and have those two magic words, "no occupation," after their names—which are almost the same as those blessed words "independent gentleman" or "landed proprietor"—they at least long to escape from manual labor. To work at all is humiliating. To work with the hands is degrading. The same sentiment induces the peasants of western and central France to put forth inconceivable efforts to make one of their sons a priest. They have this vanity if they have no other. It does not come purely from love of religion, nor is it simply in order to escape from military service; it is mainly to make their son "a gentleman." Just so, among the middle class, a girl who is forced to be a teacher will not cease to be "a lady." So the overcrowding of the profession is caused, and the number of the applicants is legion. In Paris, with 1,800 women teachers and about sixty vacancies a year, there have sometimes been as many as 8,000 applications. In the whole of France, in 22,313 schools carried on by women, more than 50,000 girls offered themselves for examination in 1885; half of these, 27,792, passed; 2,000 obtained appointments. The remaining 25,000 (25,000 every year) will spend their youth in fruitlessly sighing for occupation. Thenceforth they have two reasons for not working with their hands: first, their prejudices; and secondly, their certificate. When one is officially certified as knowing so many fine subjects, it is impossible to sink to earning half-a-crown a day as a weaver. It is better to die heroically of hunger.

These same middle-class women, who have a dread of work and above all of manual work, and whose dread of it is stronger the lower they are on the middle-class ladder, and the nearer they consequently are to the working class with whom they cannot bear to be confounded, are they really idle? On the contrary, they are hard workers, heroic and untiring. I beg you to look at our little middle-class woman under this new aspect. She does nothing in novels except amuse herself and flirt. In real life she does not flirt at all, she does not



amuse herself at all, and she works from morning to night ; but—and this is the important point in her eyes—she does not work for payment ; she does not become a workwoman, she remains a middle-class woman and therefore a lady ; her honor is intact.

What is this work which she willingly takes on herself ? A menial servant's. She is the maid-of-all-work. Nothing disheartens her ; she is housekeeper, pantry-maid, and cook ; she mends the clothes ; first out of bed and last to go to bed ; ill or well, always at her toil, watching over the welfare of the whole house ; a skinflint in economizing, especially about her own expenses, disputing with every single tradesman, not allowing a pin to be wasted in the house ; servant and manageress in one. What, you say, is this the woman of the middle classes in France ? It is, indeed, of the lower middle class, the bulk of the nation. The fine ladies of the middle class do amuse themselves, but still not as much as is commonly supposed, nor as much as they themselves pretend ; but the poorer women work themselves to death.

There is also a large number of them who are saved by their position from descending to the occupation of domestic servants, and are still compelled to contribute by their personal exertions to the income of the family, and occupy in it the post of a clerk or a book-keeper. Here we pass into the world of the small tradesman. Women are very clever retailers ; they are also very clever at superintendence. Some are to be seen who might retire and give up business, yet they prevail upon their husband to stay in business in order to increase his children's dowries. Such as these are at their counter or in their office from the first dawn of day until the house is closed, without absenting themselves or doing anything else for a minute. Not a word of conversation, no reading, not a single relaxation for them. One receives customers and offers her wares for sale with a politeness which is inexhaustible. Another remains seated for more than a dozen hours upon a kind of throne, which is a place of torture, taking in money, giving out change, writing down what is spent, keeping a watch over her salesmen and sales-

women, writing letters between whiles, with the whole of her shop in her head, and able to give an account of the tiniest article without referring to the stock-book. Her husband will have some relaxations ; he goes to his club or the café, he will stroll about. The wife has none—she is a piece of the house, a fixture of her own free choice. All this does not prevent her from playing the fine lady on a Sunday, from maintaining her position, nor from displaying her costumes in church or on the promenade. She even has receptions if her husband is in the consular or municipal service. Almost invariably this class of woman is strictly pious, even in Paris ; in the country universally so.

I now pass to the working-women, and at first I divide them into two principal classes, those of the towns, who are working-women in the strict sense, and those of the country, the peasant women ; and I must draw one further distinction in the working-women of the towns, between those employed in small trades and those who work in factories.

Those of our working-women who work at home or go out by the day, or work with four or five others in shops, have had their novels and their novelists. Paul de Kock has related their love affairs, and Georges Sand as well, especially in *Geneviève*. Paul de Kock's grisette is a perfect madcap. To speak properly, she is not a working-woman at all ; she is a grisette. She is not steady, but neither is she vicious ; she has good feelings with a spice of recklessness in her ; she loves pleasure, and makes others love it. Similarly she makes extravagance and laziness attractive. Her faults are redeemed to some extent by her gayety and kindheartedness. I do not deny that her portrait, everlastingly reproduced by the painter, is a fair likeness ; we found it a good likeness in our own young days.

Outside of France it has been believed that all our working-women were made after the same model, and once more the Parisian woman has been mistaken for the Frenchwoman. Well, this grisette of Paul de Kock is extinct, as extinct as the Lisette of Béranger, and as that more refined, more seductive, but less real type, Mimi Pinson. Business on a large scale has taken some of these

girls away to a serious life, others have turned to a life of vice, vulgar or pre-tentious. Paul de Kock would not recognize them, Georges Sand, who is above all extolled as a great writer and as a painter of passion, has produced in her *Geneviève* a portrait of provincial working-women, with a charming grace and a striking likeness. Hers is a very delicate and precise observation, such as Balzac might envy her. *Geneviève* herself is slightly idealized, but the women around her are drawn from the life, and I will not assert that *Geneviève* herself, in spite of her excessive sentimentality, is not a living being. The poor girls of whom this class is made up are certainly exposed to danger in Paris and in large central towns; shop girls even more than others, and particularly those whose pleasing face and graceful costume are part of the capital of the business. There are some of them who are virtuous, and these deserve the most absolute respect; those who give way may plead in excuse their solitude, their youth, their imperfect education or their utter want of it, necessity, evil examples, constant temptations. I think that women of this class are the same in all our large towns, though perhaps somewhat less respected in Paris than elsewhere, a fact which facilitates their fall and makes their influence after their fall of less importance. I have carefully gone through the statistics of large towns and centres of industry. I have read a large number of books and magazine articles. I am not saying that I have gone to see for myself, although I might say so with justice, because it is impossible to judge for one's self by a short journey; one can only see with accuracy after a long residence. But I think I am right in saying that the morals of the working-women in towns—and herein I draw no distinction between the different kinds of employment—are almost identical in all great centres of industry, no matter what their nationality may be. The differences which I have observed are chiefly due to the sedentary or nomadic character of the working population.

In some towns the workman gets a furnished lodging, has his meals at a restaurant, is hired for a definite piece of work or a short period of time, is not known to and scarcely knows his em-

ployer, and deals only with the head foreman. The slightest cause is enough to decide him to leave; he may hope for better wages, for an easier life, or for overseers and comrades more to his taste. This nomad is usually a bachelor. The married workman who is a father of a family has a hundred reasons for avoiding any change of situation. Employers do not like these "bird of passage" workmen, who are absolutely not to be depended upon; but it is for women that they are particularly dangerous. They go with women of loose character, or if they form a more serious connection it rarely lasts beyond the first fancy, perhaps till the first baby comes. The father leaves the house a few days before the child is born, he departs from the town without leaving a trace behind him, but leaving the girl to misery and disgrace. This is a primary, a permanent cause of vice. Some towns, like Mulhouse, have been able to establish a sedentary population, by giving workmen facilities for buying their houses, and relations, which are almost family relations, are formed between employer and employed. Morals are so powerfully influenced thereby that scandals are extremely rare at Mulhouse, while respectability is almost unknown in centres which have a roving population.

However, in regard to this last point there are still some distinctions to be drawn. In certain towns prostitution is predominant; in others irregular unions prevail. These are exceedingly common at Rouen, at Lyons, and particularly in Paris. To go by statistics, the number of illegitimate children being considerable, it is manifest that marriage is the exception among the working classes, and that they almost all live in a state of concubinage. There is no answer to be made to this, since it is proved by figures; but it is certain that a great number of these irregular connections last just as long as if they were sanctified by the law and the Church. As they have neither property nor patrimony, nor any prejudice against natural children, they are less able to understand the necessity of official formalities. If sickness comes to them, they do not separate. The promise once made, their word once pledged, are strictly ob-

served even when one or the other is ill. This does not compensate for their immoral conduct, but it does tone down both its influence and its consequences. Another circumstance of the same kind is the frequency of adoption in France. A workman dies and leaves his orphans without any resources. His friends, his mates in the workshop who come to the funeral, take the child's hand to lead it to the cemetery, and once taken they never let it go. They share the "inheritance" with one another, according to their means; and at nightfall each of the forlorn orphans has a family where no distinction will be made between the new-comer and the others. Our workmen are good-hearted fellows. Our mistakes about them are caused by the loafers and criminals who join the workmen simply to plunder and cheat them.

I have nothing more to mention except in regard to the peasant women, who form the most numerous portion of the wives of workmen, and I admit at the outset that among them, as among all, there are abandoned creatures. Some recover their position by marriage, which is not so hard to do as it is in a town. Young fellows are not over particular; they require, above all, a woman in good condition for hard work; a child, if he is old enough to earn a day's wages, is looked upon rather as a dowry than a drawback. Some girl-mothers do give themselves up to vice. Of these the majority migrate to towns; their position would be too hard in the country and almost an impossibility.

The parish priest has retained considerable influence in most of our rural communes. The party in power since 1879 is making strenuous exertions against him, but it has nothing to offer in his stead. The notion of making the schoolmaster the successor of the priest is almost ridiculous, although it has seduced some of our statesmen. The fact that the priest is respected, shows that the large majority of our peasant women are respectable, pious, sober, and hard-working. Their life is a hard one; their pleasures few, their conduct uniformly good. They have no idle dreams, and this is a fair guarantee that they will remain in the path of virtue. They work with energy all the week long. A stroll on Sunday, attendance at the par-

ish church, a dance on a saint's day, are enough for these poor creatures, who too often have to put up with the brutality of their husbands. If you meet in the country a woman doing nothing, you may be sure that she is seriously ill; with the single exception of the shepherdesses, whose work simply consists in remaining in one spot. While watching the flocks they can spin or knit, and many farmers' wives set them heavy tasks, as much for the purpose of keeping them employed as to gain something by their work. Still you see some who walk about swinging their arms or remain seated for hours together, all alone, never singing and perhaps never dreaming. We have a proverb in France like your "Satan finds some mischief still," etc. My opinion is that vice finds its way into our villages through these idle loafing women. It has no way of getting at our brave farm girls, who look after the house and the kitchen, tend the cattle, mow grass, truss hay, go to town to sell their milk and vegetables, weed the fields, pick insects off the vines, and with all this have always a stocking to finish or a dress to make, and find time to distribute cuffs and kisses to the children of the house. These girls are healthy both in body and in mind. They take this world as they find it; as for the other world, they trust to their confessor.

Foreigners who reproach us with the frailty of our women are guilty of slander, pure and simple. What they term the frailty of our women is nothing but the amiability of our gay women. It seems that we do possess this superiority over the rest of the world, that we have women with greater aptitude for giving pleasure. No other capital furnishes so many opportunities for ruining one's health and draining one's purse. At least, this is popular report; I have no means of verifying it. If it is correct, I am not on this account very proud of my country. But I at least ask that no inference be drawn therefrom disparaging to the morals of the nation. The world of pleasure and the virtuous world are as far asunder with us as in all other countries. The work proper to each is excellently carried out, in the one by a number of splendid excesses, in the other by a number of excellent actions.

I always distrust a man who denies that women are virtuous, or who says impudently, "The majority of Italian or Frenchwomen are gay women." If he is speaking from experience, it simply proves that he is a rake, and it scarcely proves anything else. Usually, it is merely a pleasant hypothesis propounded in jest to display the speaker's wit, while he forgets that a nation is a family, and is obliged by duty and by interest to defend the honor of its women. Ours are worthy creatures, devoted to their duties, their family, and their country, and merit the respect which we pay to them. I do not deny that we have scandals, as the rest of the world has; but that they are rare may be inferred from the commotion which they cause. France is the one country in the world where it is most difficult to conceal a false step. Now and again a sore is opened. Granted; but I am not speaking about a few thousand madcaps; I am speaking of eighteen millions of virtuous Frenchwomen.

Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women. They do not ask their husbands to go to confession because they are quite sure they would not go; but in the country they compel them to go to church on Sundays. If they were to let us men alone, we should have nothing but civil marriages and civil funerals; our women insist that religion should have part in both, and we obey their wish. Often they stop blasphemy on the lips of the blasphemer. They it is who tell children about God, and they are the first to advise the dying to think of Him. France remained Christian after 1793; it is still Christian after 1879, thanks to its noble women. I simply put 1793 and 1879 together, without meaning to compare them. I know that the bloodshed of the one makes a difference, but there is no other. Men dare not go too far in their opposition to religion, because when they return home they find themselves in the presence of their wives. M. Cousin told me once a saying of Louis Philippe. In 1840 there was a quarrel between the Jesuits and the University: it was the old struggle between belief and unbelief, which takes every possible shape according to the spirit of the age,

and according to the period shows itself in petty persecutions or in massacre. There had been a long discussion in the Cabinet. "Above all," said the King as he rose to go away, "do not get me into hot water with my good queen." M. Cousin made fun at it; but he was wrong. Almost every Frenchman says as the King said, "Don't get me into hot water with my good queen." For my part I commend them, because I do not want to get into hot water with this "good queen," and I congratulate them, because this influence which they feel prevents them from yielding to the influence of sectaries, which would break up society, if allowed to do as it pleased.

The evil from which we are suffering is not a degraded state of morals, a condition which I do not believe exists. It lies in the attempts made on two sides, by the Socialists and the Jacobins, to unchristianize France. Ay, every evening the Socialists preach their Positivism, which to the mass of them is merely a low form of Nihilism; and our Jacobins, or our politicians who pay court to the Jacobins, turn to scorn all Christian ideas, all religions, and all spiritual philosophy. They do not confine themselves to ranting: they lay violent hands on all the laws enacted to unite human legislation to divine, to unite the earth with God. They have hunted the priest and the monastic orders out of our schools, they have suppressed our army chaplains, they have made oaths optional; in our hospitals they watch by the bedside of the dying for fear that a priest might come, without having been sent for, to say a word about the life to come; they talk of taking away our churches to convert them into schools or barracks; they declare war against our sisters of charity; they loudly proclaim that they will not be satisfied until they have won over every mind to infidelity and every heart to their everlasting No. My opinion is that they will not succeed, and for the last three or four years a powerful reaction has set in against them. But if they did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality: not that it is impossible to construct a moral system without the support of a religion,



but because this purely philosophical morality is only intelligible to great intellects, and exercises absolutely no influence upon the masses. The evil which

we must fight against lies here, in the politics of the present day ; it is not in the great mass of the nation, which is religious as well as virtuous.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### FAITH-HEALING AS A MEDICAL TREATMENT.

BY DR. C. LLOYD TUCKEY.

IN the course of my annual holiday, I found myself last August in the ancient and interesting town of Nancy, attracted thither, however, by no desire for sight-seeing as generally understood, but by a special and professional curiosity. This curiosity was perhaps all the more piquant for a spice of scepticism and a flavor of professional prejudice which were blended with it. I went prepared to coldly investigate, to criticise, to depreciate, and probably reject. I remained to find admiration and conviction growing upon me, and came away with developed power of scientific vision, and wide vistas of scientific possibilities opening before me.

The ancient capital of the Duchy of Lorraine has an eventful history, and from its position, so near the German frontier, we may safely prophesy that stirring times are yet in store for it. But, whatever may be its future, this thriving and charming town has one claim to celebrity which may perhaps dwarf and outlive all others : it is the birthplace of a system of healing which seems destined to be of immense importance to humanity, and which may considerably modify the present practice of medicine.

Treatment by psycho-therapeutics has been so much written about and so universally discussed on the Continent, that it is somewhat surprising to find the subject unknown commonly or misunderstood in this country. It is to introduce the general reader to a discovery of unusual interest and importance that this paper is written. The scientific and professional inquirer, and all who would go further afield in their investigations, are referred to the exhaustive and critical works of Liébault, Bernheim, Beaunis,\* Liégeois, Ochorowicz,† Braid,‡

Hack Tuke,\* Charles Richet, and others.

It is now about thirty years since the first author on this list—Dr. Liébault of Nancy—conceived the idea of employing suggestion combined with hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, not merely for the relief of so-called nervous and fanciful complaints, but for the cure of the majority of diseases which afflict humanity. Those were the declining days of mesmerism. After having excited universal attention and some enthusiasm, it had been finally boycotted by the medical profession and left to ignorant quacks, with whom any one who dared to practice a system at all likely to be confounded with it was likely to be associated. This is what befell Dr. Liébault. For many years he had to contend with prejudice and strenuous opposition from every side ; but through good and evil report he persevered in his work, laboring chiefly among the poor, and devoting the best part of his life to their gratuitous relief. In spite of the publicity with which he carried on his treatment—his dispensary having from the first been open to all who chose to visit it—and of a very able treatise † in which he fully described his method and recorded his cases, his system seems to have attracted little attention until it was taken up by Dr. Bernheim, professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy, who publicly demonstrated its success in his hospital clinique, and published (in 1880) his celebrated book *De la Suggestion et de ses applications à la Thérapeutique*.‡ This work at once secured the attention of the medical profession and of physiologists and psychologists generally, and did much to place the system on a firm basis. Knowledge and appreciation of Dr. Liébault's method

\* *Le Somnambulisme provoqué*, 2me édit. Paris, 1887.

† *The Power of the Mind over the Body*. London, 1846.

‡ *De la Suggestion Mentale*. Paris, 1887.

\* *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind over the Body*, 2d edit. London, 1884.

† *Du Sommeil et des Etats Analogues*. Paris, 1866.

‡ Second edit., Paris, 1887.

of treatment spread rapidly, and took root, and we now find it practised by a considerable number of specialists and other medical men all over the Continent.

I believe that if the intelligent traveler who breaks his journey to the Vosges or Germany at Nancy were to know what an interesting drama is daily being enacted in one of the back streets of the town, he would spend a couple of hours with Dr. Liébault, even at the risk of curtailing his visit to the Ducal Palace or leaving unseen the rather mean-looking cathedral. The genial doctor welcomes all inquirers, and generally inoculates them with some of his own enthusiasm.

Let us look into his dispensary, and see what is going on. It is an unpretentious one-storied building, separated by a garden from his house. Every week-day morning its doors open punctually at seven—for the day begins early in French provincial towns—and patients come crowding in. Of these there will be on an average about thirty or forty, belonging mostly to the small shop-keeping, the artisan, and laboring classes. These invalids are of all types, from the keen-eyed little *bourgeoise*—whose sedentary life in some small shop has not dulled her vivacity—to the stolid-looking, heavy-footed hind from some Alsatian farm. Most of them are suffering from some chronic complaint. One is sure to see cases of old-standing paralysis, asthma, epilepsy, rheumatism, neuralgia, and especially of dyspepsia in its Protean forms. The professional observer will note examples of rare disease of the circulatory and nervous systems, sent up probably from the surrounding districts by practitioners whose science they have baffled.

A new patient enters upon his course of treatment in the usual fashion. His medical history is inquired into, with any side facts which may bear upon it; his present symptoms are investigated; he is, if necessary, examined, and every detail of his case is entered for future reference. He is then desired to sit down and watch the treatment being applied to other sufferers: this is found to have a quieting effect upon patients, and to give them confidence. In half an hour or so his turn comes, and Dr.

Liébault calls him to take his place in the large arm-chair, which probably has held more devotees of Morpheus than any other chair in the world. The Doctor speaks kindly and reassuringly to him, tells him to banish all fear and, as far as possible, all extraneous thoughts, but to closely follow his words and suggestions. One by one the phenomena which attend the oncoming of sleep are suggested to him. "Your eyelids," says the Doctor, "are becoming heavy; you can hardly keep them open. My voice sounds more and more distant. Your sight grows dim, and objects appear indistinct to you. A numbness is creeping over your limbs. It is impossible for you to keep awake: your eyes are shut." (Here the eyes are held closed by the operator's hand.) "You are fast asleep." If the subject is of average sensibility, he will indeed be asleep by this time, and his appearance will be exactly that of one slumbering naturally and peacefully.

It is now that the treatment commences. We will take a very common case, and suppose that we have before us a sufferer from chronic indigestion. For years he has not eaten a meal with healthy appetite nor without feeling some uneasiness after it. He has constant nausea, tightness across the chest, headache, sleeplessness, and depression of spirits—in short, all the miserable symptoms of dyspepsia. With these his appearance fully agrees. He is heavy and apathetic; his eyes are dull, his body wasted, his skin dry and discolored.

The Doctor begins by rubbing and gently pressing the parts chiefly affected, at the same time telling the patient that the pain he now feels is to pass away; that his digestion is to become easy; that he is to take food with appetite; that the secretions and functions are to become natural; the circulation is to improve; the chilliness and nausea are to be replaced by warmth and well-being. He next touches the head, saying that the dull aching and heaviness are to disappear; that sleep is to come at night, quickly and naturally; that the complaint is to be entirely cured.

These "suggestions" given, the sleeper is allowed but a few moments more of oblivion. Patients are still

coming in, and the chair is wanted. So the Doctor arouses him with a word, or a few passes of a fan, and his place is taken by another sufferer. He will most likely feel wide awake at once and all the better for his short sleep. The pain has vanished, and in its stead is a comfortable sensation of warmth; his head feels cool and clear, and he returns home with a more natural appetite than he has known for a long time. Before leaving he is told to come again next day, when the same process will be gone through; but he probably will be more quickly influenced, and on subsequent visits it may be enough for him to sit down, to have Dr. Liébault look at him, close his eyes, and say "Dormez" for him to fall into a profound sleep. This sleep is apt to become more sound each time it is induced, and the sounder it is the better for the patient. But even when only a slight torpor can be obtained good results may be expected.

If possible the treatment is repeated every morning for several days, and all that the Doctor has foretold comes to pass. The dyspeptic recovers his appetite, his cheeks begin to fill out, he loses the cadaverous hue of chronic ill-health, the distressing symptoms disappear, and in a short time he is cured.

I have purposely chosen a very simple case, in which the disease was due to some functional disorder, such as a slight local congestion or an abnormality of secretion. But it would be wrong to suppose that the suggestive treatment is adapted for only comparatively mild ailments. Experience has taught the exact contrary, and indeed I am inclined to doubt the wisdom of treating all patients and all maladies indiscriminately by this system, and to think that it should be reserved for cases which have resisted ordinary methods of dealing.

Dr. Bernheim divides the progress to complete hypnotic sleep into a series of defined stages. The first stage is characterized by torpor of the limbs and general somnolence, though the subject can still exercise his will if called upon to do so. He is conscious of all that goes on around him, and would probably deny having any unusual sensation. The second stage resembles catalepsy. If a limb be placed by the operator in any position, no matter how strained, it

will remain so fixed for an indefinite period; the subject, if ordered to relax it, will attempt to obey, but the will has lost its power over the muscles, and the limb retains its attitude, or, after some time, falls, as by its own weight. The sleeper, if here aroused, may still deny having slept, and is frequently able to repeat any conversation that may have been held near him.

In the next two stages the influence of the operator becomes more apparent. A movement of the patient's limbs, induced by him, is automatically continued. The patient becomes deaf to every voice except his; bystanders may speak to him as loudly as they will, but he takes no notice of them, while each word of the operator is heard and, in many instances, replied to in the toneless, level voice familiar to all who have heard persons talk in their sleep. The fifth and sixth stages are more advanced states of automatism. In the seventh comes absolute forgetfulness of all that has occurred during the sleep. In the eighth the patient is prepared to entertain any hallucination suggested to him by the operator. Give him water to drink, telling him it is wine of some specified vintage, and as such he will accept it; hold strong ammonia to his nostrils, describing it as some delicate perfume, and he will inhale the strong fumes without wincing and with evident satisfaction. In the ninth and final stage, which is only reached in rare instances, he becomes susceptible to post-hypnotic hallucination. Tell him that on his awaking he is to sit in a particular chair, to open a certain book, to address some person present; he will in due time obey, though often with visible reluctance, and if questioned as to the motive of his action, he will reply that something, he knows not what, impelled him to it. On the contrary, he may be required *not* to see some given person. He is awakened, and though that person may be at his elbow, may speak loudly to him, and even touch him, the patient will utterly ignore his existence. This state, which is termed *negative hallucination*, may continue for some hours unless dispelled by the operator. I must here explain that such experiments have no place in serious practice, and that those I witnessed in Dr. Liébault's dis-

pensary were made by him only as a means of easy demonstration, and of course with the full consent of the subjects.

Persons under treatment, when asked *why* the sleep has come upon them, assign various reasons. Some attribute it to having fixed their eyes on one particular object—the operator's hand, for instance, held in front of them. Others suppose that his voice has lulled them to unconsciousness, as a cradle song lulls an infant. But they generally agree in saying that both the falling asleep and the awaking are easy and pleasant; as regards the latter, however, there are occasional exceptions. Now and then a patient, especially in the early days of his treatment, will awake with feelings of chilliness, nausea, and faintness, such as many of us have experienced after sleeping at an unwonted hour and in an unusual position. But these effects are removed by putting him to sleep again for a few moments and "suggesting" that he shall awake without any disagreeable sensations.

Hearing for the first time of this treatment by suggestions, one may be inclined, if not to set the whole thing down as a delusion, at least to take for granted that the induced state is a form of hysteria, attainable only by impressionable women, or by men of unusually feeble mental and physical organization; to consider it useless as a means of healing, or effectual only for those *malades imaginaires* who are always in search of some new medical dissipation and are prone to fancy cures as unreal as their ailments. Such a conclusion would, however, be entirely false. All physicians practising this system are agreed that men—no feeble valetudinarian, but soldiers, outdoor laborers, artisans of the most commonplace and practical type—are, if anything, more susceptible than women. It is true, indeed, that Dr. Liébault's patients, and hospital patients generally, are peculiarly impressionable. This is easily accounted for. Those persons, as a rule, belong to the working classes; they are accustomed to obey and to conciliate their superiors in social rank; with them the voice of authority falls on ears prepared to receive it, acts upon a brain that is unaccustomed to weigh, to argue, to resist.

This is one reason why children are the best subjects. Between the ages of three and fourteen, all children, except idiots,\* may be considered hypnotizable.

Observing this, though thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dr. Liébault's system, I still felt some doubts as to its general applicability. Desiring to either confirm these or dispel them, I determined on leaving Nancy to visit Amsterdam, where Drs. Van Renterghem and Van Eeden, disciples of Dr. Liébault, carry on an extensive practice, chiefly among the middle and upper classes. In Holland, and especially in the capital, education and culture reach a very high standard, while it cannot be said that among any class the emotional and imaginative faculties have undue predominance. Accordingly I watched with great interest the practice of these physicians, to whose professional courtesy and kindness I owe much gratitude. Among their patients I found the same results as among the humbler clients of the good doctor at Nancy. The hypnotic or somnolent state was indeed not always induced with equal rapidity, but unsusceptible patients were extremely rare, and, the state once induced, the suggestive treatment had exactly the same effect as on the poorest and most illiterate subjects.

There are, of course, persons who pride themselves on their strength of intellect, and their superiority to all influences of this nature. These are usually not hypnotizable, because they refuse to concentrate their thoughts, or concentrate them to resist the suggestions of the operator. But such persons would, naturally, no more put themselves under suggestive treatment than they would consult any physician whose advice they were determined beforehand not to follow.

As I have already said, the most generally susceptible age is from three to

\* The system has, however, done wonders for children of extremely weak intellect. Dr. Liébault told me of one case in particular, that of a boy eleven years of age, who, when first brought to him, appeared almost idiotic and quite incapable of being taught. But during a three-months' course of treatment his brain became so developed that he had learned to read, and to do sums in the first four rules of arithmetic.



fourteen ; but susceptibility, once existent, continues in the adult subject to an advanced period of life. In old age it diminishes, or entirely ceases, and in children under three no effect can, as a rule, be produced, it being hardly possible to command their attention. For this same reason lunatics and idiots\* are commonly unsusceptible. It is also extremely difficult to affect persons whose minds, though not in conscious opposition to the influence, are preoccupied or excited, or who are suffering acute bodily pain, or even some minor discomfort, the thought of which they are not able to put aside. It follows that, although operations have been performed during the hypnotic sleep, and as painlessly as if chloroform had been administered, yet hypnotism and suggestion can never supplant the ordinary anesthetics. Before an operation the patient's mind must, except in very rare cases, be too much perturbed to be brought under the hypnotic influence : and it is indeed as well that the treatment should be regarded as purely medical, and not as an accessory to surgical practice.

One is asked whether treatment by suggestion has power over every form of disease. Over some it has none, or only to a very limited extent. It cannot remove developed cancer or tumor. It cannot reconstruct what disease has destroyed, nor make the mortified limb sound, nor do the legitimate work of the surgeon's knife. Neither can it stay the course of small-pox, diphtheria, and other acute maladies whose name is a terror. In their presence, so far as our experience goes, it is comparatively ineffectual, or must at least go hand in hand with the ordinary systems of medicine.

It is in diseases of slower development, in diseases that may become, or have become, chronic, that treatment by suggestion is eminently successful. It is especially so in affections of the brain, of the nerves, of the digestive system. It frequently acts like magic on rheumatism, on paralysis, on hysteria, which is indeed no fanciful ailment, as some will persist in calling it, but a real and terrible foe, taking many shapes,

and requiring to be combated with the best and strongest methods at our command—moral as well as physical.

And the effect of this treatment is, in many cases, not merely physical ; it has decided power over evil habits and vicious propensities. Dr. Liébault has counted among his patients many slaves of alcoholism and other forms of self-indulgence who through him have become enfranchised. One man whom I remarked, a French soldier, had for months been under almost continual punishment for drunkenness. Dr. Liébault has made a temperate man of him—I say "temperate" advisedly, because in that part of France teetotalism does not as yet enter into the scheme of things. He is allowed a small quantity of wine at meals only, and is forbidden to take an extra glass or to drink between whites. The man declares that he feels no desire to exceed his allowance, nor to accept offers of drink from his comrades. I should judge him to be by nature singularly destitute of the moral strength necessary for self-restraint.

Another case was that of a railway porter, who, by persistently smoking and chewing tobacco, had brought himself into a lamentable state of health. He suffered from dyspepsia, intermittent action of the heart, sleeplessness, and muscular tremor, and had threatenings of amaurosis. The Doctor suggested complete disuse of tobacco, and ordered him to feel a distaste for every form of it. This command was strictly obeyed. The patient smoked and chewed no longer, because he could not ; he turned with loathing from his pipe and his quid, and in about a week he was cured of the consequences of his indulgence. The doctors at Amsterdam told me they had treated many victims of the morphia-craving with equally good results.

The passion for intoxicating drink, regarded formerly as altogether a moral vice, is now recognized as a form of disease, and called alcoholism, dipsomania, and such-like names. The opium passion, and all uncontrollable cravings for narcotic poisons, are looked upon in the same light—as disorders of nerve or brain, hereditary or self-acquired, to be less condemned than pitied, and to the care of which not the moralist alone,

\* See note, p. 170.

but also the physician must bring his best efforts.

It is possible that in time *all* vice may come to be so considered—sin, as a physical malady; crime, as its manifestation. Facts given in Dr. Liébault's book, and others brought forward by Dr. Bérillon at the meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Nancy in 1886, also instances published from time to time by Dr. Auguste Voisin (of the Salpêtrière) in the *Revue d'Hypnotisme*,\* point unmistakably to such possibilities. Treatment by suggestion has been tried on many devotees of vice, and with the happiest results. Inmates of the Paris female reformatories—women steeped in depravity, obscene of tongue, and as it seemed utterly incorrigible—have, by a course of this treatment, been transformed into decent members of society, and, in some instances, have for years held, and deserved to hold, positions of trust.

From this point of view, how important, how doubly grave becomes the vocation of the physician who in very truth shall minister to a mind diseased. What is termed Preventive Medicine has, during the last few decades, become a branch of medical science; so likewise, in the not very remote future, Reformatory Medicine may take a recognized place.

What is the explanation of these phenomena which we have here imperfectly discussed? In the various scientific treatises on the subject, by the authors whom I have referred to and others, several theories are advanced to account for them—theories differing materially from each other, and yet agreeing at some important points. The Nancy school has followed the example of Braid, the celebrated Manchester surgeon, who was the first to formulate a rational explanation of the mesmeric and kindred states.† Its disciples reject all theories of supernatural and mystic influence; they deny the presence of a "magnetic fluid," and maintain that hypnotic and natural sleep are analogous. Professor Bernheim quotes instances in which, by speaking to a pa-

tient who had fallen into natural sleep, he has produced the hypnotic sleep without awakening him, and without any visible sign of transition. The subject still slept peacefully; only his mind had come into communication with that of the physician. "Then," a reader may insist, "some emanation, some magnetic or electric current, must have passed from the one organism to the other." Not so: the relation between them was merely such a relation as may at any moment exist between any two human beings. The sleeper obeyed the doctor's voice—yes, because he *heard* it, and it was a voice which he had perhaps been accustomed to obey. Or he followed the doctor's gestures, either because his intensified sense of hearing conveyed to him the faintest sound made in producing them, or because, his sleep being light, he *saw* the movement from between his slightly open eyelids. A gesture made behind the patient, and so cautiously as to produce no sound, or made before him, his eyes being kept covered, says Dr. Bernheim, produces no response whatever.

We all know that hallucinations, which we call dreams, are common attendants upon natural sleep, and that in certain conditions of the sleeper's health or nerves they remain with him for a short time after his awaking, and may even be acted upon. Such a case is cited by Drs. Guy and Ferrier in their *Forensic Medicine*. "Two men, being in a place infested with robbers engaged that one should watch while the other slept; but the former, falling asleep and dreaming that he was being pursued, shot his companion through the heart." These natural hallucinations may certainly be originated or influenced by impressions from without, occurring during the sleep. A heavy cart rumbling by the house shakes the sleeper's bed, and he goes perhaps through all the experiences of an earthquake; or there is a persistent knocking at his door, and in the second before it awakes him he is transported to a ship-builder's yard, where he sees the men at work and the great vessel in process of construction. But the suggestion more usually precedes the sleep, and is a reminiscence of some bygone incident.

Dr. Liébault maintains that natural

\* Published monthly in Paris.

† *Neurypnology*. London, 1843.

sleep is the result of *auto suggestion*. We retire to our room at the usual hour and make our usual preparations for the night. We put out the light, lie down in our accustomed position, close our eyes, try to compose our thoughts. All this *suggests* sleep, which presently comes, unless it is kept away by some counteracting influence. We are in a strange bed, perhaps, or we feel some bodily discomfort, or an agitating or perplexing thought enters our mind—and the slumber we have tried to woo is banished. Auto-suggestion has failed, just as medical suggestion may fail if the conditions are adverse.

Many persons can, by auto-suggestion, determine their time of waking. A man has to rise at an unwonted early hour in order to begin a journey or to transact some important business. Before allowing himself to sleep, he impresses this necessity on his mind, and in all probability he will awake at the appointed time. With some people such self-obedience has become a regular habit, and however fatigued they may be they are certain to awake at any moment they may have determined on before going to sleep.

Indian fakirs and Mohammedan dervishes, who by long practice have attained an amazing power of concentration, can at will produce in themselves a state of hypnotism, shown by mental exaltation and complete unconsciousness of their surroundings. While so absorbed, they will placidly endure conditions which in their normal state would cause unbearable fatigue and agony. Buddhist devotees—and indeed devotees of many other religions—attain by what, practically, is auto-suggestion a foretaste of Nirvana, or a state of trance, ecstasy, or beatific vision. The history of cults abounds with such cases.

Dr. Liébault tells me that he has frequently employed auto-suggestion as a means of self-cure: when suffering from some slight ailment, such as an attack of neuralgia, he has lain down, fixed his eyes on some bright object, and wished to sleep for half an hour and awake free from pain. A true hypnotic sleep has been thus induced, and he has awaked at the suggested moment, with the pain gone. I take it, however, that his case is exceptional, and that the curative

suggestion, to be effective, must generally be supplied by another person.

Professor Bernheim defines the hypnotic state as a *psychical condition, in which the subject is influenced by suggestion to an increased degree*. In this state, as we have seen, he is in relation with the operator, whose suggestions he accepts and obeys unquestioningly. These suggestions may be trivial and useless, as in the case of some experiments which I have quoted for illustration; or they may be, and in treatment are, serious and beneficial. But, whatever be their nature, the patient's mind is, for the time being, entirely bent on carrying them out; and, if so directed, will act on the body to effect changes of beneficial tendency. Thus some morbid habit is, for the time, controlled by a command or suggestion acting through the imagination. A patient is subject to periodical attacks of some complaint—say asthma or neuralgia. His system has accepted the morbid condition, which has become as much a habit as waking in the morning, or eating at regular hours. Such a one is put into the hypnotic sleep; his mind is closed against all impressions except the suggestion of the operator; it strives to obey this suggestion, that the pain shall not return at the usual time. That time arrives, and the morbid habit tries to assert itself. There will be some uneasiness, a transient difficulty of breathing in the one case, a slight pricking or burning in the other; but the morbid habit is weakened, and a few repetitions of the treatment suffice to overcome it. In cases where the complaint is of long standing, very little, of course, can be done without perseverance, as a complete change has to be effected in the constitution.

And still, though we see and record such results, we cannot tell *why* or *how* a patient in the hypnotic state is influenced to his cure. We may theorize on this subject, but as yet it remains a mystery. Whether human intelligence will ever compass it, is doubtful, though great neurologists, among others Professor Charcot of Paris, are at work trying to make it clear. In the mean time, the friends of treatment by suggestion accept it, as we all accept much that we cannot understand.

In what hands is vested this power? What gifts of mind and body must its possessor be endowed with? With none that can be called exceptional. Magnetizers and mesmerists used to hold that to obtain an influence over his subjects, the operator should be in robust health, as the process was extremely exhausting for both mind and body. They no doubt found it so, as they considered it necessary to concentrate their every faculty upon each subject—to strain their will-power to the utmost—to employ much muscular force in making "passes." The Nancy school, believing that the condition they produce is a simple result of psychical and physiological laws, find that no special effort of will is required, and dispense altogether with passes. There is no physiological reason why the majority of people should not possess power to hypnotize, but there are the strongest moral reasons why that power should be exercised only by approved persons, and within strictly regulated limits.

No one can see Dr. Liébault's disinterested work among the poor, nor can, with impartial eyes, observe any conscientious practice of his system, without being struck by its immense power for good. Should that power be neglected or discouraged because it is capable of abuse? Do we forswear the use of chloroform because robberies and outrages are occasionally committed by its aid? Do we choose to proscribe poisons in medical practice because a Palmer has murdered with strychnine or a Lamson with aconite? Neither should we taboo the use of hypnotism and suggestion because in unworthy hands they may become a source of danger. What have we of good that holds not also the germs of evil?

Let it be our task to suppress the evil and develop the good. Let us surround the practice of hypnotism with those precautions which the welfare of society demands, and suffer it to be employed by qualified men only, who may be trusted to use it as they use other curative agents, without any affectation of mystery or occultism. Let us put down degrading exhibitions of unhealthy psychical experiments, as they have been put down in Holland, Switzerland, and other countries; and let no one

allow himself to be psychically influenced by a stranger, nor by any person in whom he has not well-founded confidence. Stories of men and women being hypnotized against their will by strangers, are, I am inclined to believe, mostly mythical—the general experience of experts being that no person can hypnotize another for the first time without his or her consent. The hypnotizer is able to guard even his most susceptible patients against being so affected by another than himself, by suggesting during the sleep that they shall obey no hypnotic influence except his own. Of this Dr. Bernheim gives an interesting example. A very susceptible patient, whom he had formerly hypnotized with ease, put herself under his care. Judging that she was again a fit case for the psycho-therapeutical treatment, he endeavored to induce the sleep, but, to his surprise, found her absolutely unsusceptible. He presently called in Dr. Liébault, who in a few seconds put her in a deep sleep, and, while she was in that condition, asked her why she had resisted Dr. Bernheim. She replied that Dr. Beaunis, whose patient she had recently been, had suggested to her during sleep that she must be susceptible only to his influence and that of Dr. Liébault. Of this order she had no recollection in her waking moments.

The Continental physicians who practise this system, are wisely careful to protect themselves and their patients with such precautions as they would use in administering anæsthetics:—never hypnotizing any patient without his own free consent, or that of his natural or legal guardians, and insisting on some third person being present—if possible a relation or friend of the patient. The more cultured and broad-minded of them regard the treatment, *not* as a universal specific, to be used against all diseases and with all patients to the exclusion of other means of healing, but rather as a valuable adjunct to these in certain cases. They choose not to be innovators but improvers—not to take away but to add; and they work with a firm conviction that it should be the aim of medical science and of its exponents to press all remedial agents into the service of humanity.—*Nineteenth Century*.



## THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

BY H. G. KEENE, C.I.E., M.A.

THOSE who attack any very old-established human usage have, by the nature of the case, an inevitable advantage. There is nothing that man can establish but must have its inherent drawbacks; and additional evils come, of themselves, and by lapse of time. You have only to dwell on these, keeping out of sight the benefits that have accrued from the institution, and avoiding all temptations to particularize any project of your own that you would have substituted. By such a method there is nothing in Church and State that could not be shown to be rotten or effete. When the attack is made on the particular usage of monogamous marriage a further special advantage is provided for the assailants. Not only can they point to the defects and demerits inseparable from human institutions—the infirmities of temper, the errors of major and minor infidelity, which are too notorious to be denied—but their own views and habits are probably such that the arguments of those by whom the custom is defended are unintelligible to them.

Take, for example, the objections to marriage urged by the ordinary newspaper-writers, of whom one of the smartest and most frankly cynical is the writer of a late issue of a paper in *Temple Bar*, headed "Why we men do not marry." It may be unhesitatingly admitted that there is nothing in all their complaints that is not true—for them at least, and for their like. And in this admission may be included the greater part of the counts in the indictment of "Mona Caird" in the *Westminster Review*. Those counts, indeed, rest upon grounds less materialistic and more composed of sentiment and opinion; nevertheless, they too contain a great element of truth. Not only does marriage involve a large amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the man, it entails some sacrifice upon the woman also. The former may have to give up his brougham, his valet, his hunting and shooting, his bill at Poole's, his *brut champagne*, and his whist, and all his *menus plaisirs*. But the woman for her part must surrender

something; as, for instance, a good deal of her independence, her artistic leisure, many of her habits and opinions. These sacrifices, doubtless, appear appalling to those who value the discharge of social obligations below the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

To enable one to decide whether they are right or wrong there must, necessarily, be found a standard of endeavor. We must make up our minds whether it is well to consider first the pleasure of isolated egoists or the welfare derived from being members of an organized society. The objectors themselves, however, will hardly all go so far as to put their own immediate enjoyments before the indispensable necessities of associated mankind. "We do not," says one of them, "quite assert that the time is come for a system of absolutely free marriage." "Of course," says another, "if these views were to become general, society would come to a dead-lock?" If by "society" the objector to the existing system means only the ill-organized body of sybarites to which he belongs, that would not only come to a dead-lock, it would be perfectly stone dead at the end of a few years: and no great loss either! We may imagine such a case occurring in the fifth century of the Christian era, say in Southern Gaul. The barbarians of Germany, hardy, brave, and healthy, have poured into the rural parts of a province of the Empire. Year by year the new-comers would increase in the farms and villages. Townships would be formed, fields would be tilled, the Aborigines would be driven out or incorporated as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Meanwhile, in some old Gallo-Roman municipality, the old civil life would be going on in its accustomed course. Strong in their civic organization, defended by their circumvallations and engines of war, the citizens might pursue their wonted way of life. The baths in the morning, the theatres in the afternoon, are thronged by cultured frequenters enjoying, with fastidious superciliousness, their pleasant luxuries. But there is a

great and growing dislike of the dulness of domestic life, and of the obligations of rearing offspring. The lower classes are enslaved, or are regarded as proletarians—spawners. To the effeminate citizens there are fewer and fewer children born; the young men grow mature, the mature grow old; at last there are not combatants enough left to man the walls, or to speak with the enemies in the gate. Then comes the end: the city is besieged and stormed; the temples, the baths, the theatres, the libraries, are laid in ruin; the citizens are massacred; their sons are drafted into the armies of the conquerors, their daughters are taken into the families of the barbarians; the "society" is at an end. Such things have happened;\* the like may happen again.

But the welfare of a country does not lie in the wholesale extermination of classes. The object of society is not disintegration but association. And of association the very nucleus and core is monogamous marriage. In the words of Mr. Herbert Spencer—no conservative Philistine—"Monogamy has long been growing innate in the civilized man." *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Every other conceivable method has been tried: the seclusion and polygamy of the *haram* system, the promiscuity of Polynesia, the license of Paris and London in the last century; with what results all can perceive. The instincts of civilization have established the permanent devotion of one of either sex to the other, until it has become the accepted convention and ideal of all the community that have attained to the highest levels. If it be asked, why "highest," what is the criterion of elevation? the answer must be "That is highest which is most useful." The object of all human association is to make life worth living; not to fold the hands in idle optimism, but not to wring them in equally idle pessimism. A society which has for its standard the rearing of young people to serve the State is the most likely to be of use to itself, and to other societies. No incoherent collection of self-indulgent celibates can perform this

duty as well as a well-knit body of disciplined and self-denying couples.

With sound and well-inspired feeling, therefore, have men in the brightest periods always listened to the teaching of the poets and preachers of wedded love. Love, in this finer sense, altruism reduced to a quintessence, will always differentiate civilized life; and the best men, in their happiest moments, value that love which incurs the responsibilities of the home, while it gives to each of the couple who rule the home the opportunity to acquire some of the qualities in which the sex of each is by nature deficient. "So in the long years may they liker grow."

The life of ancient Greece was somewhat too oriental; it can hardly be cited as a successful experiment in this direction. With all their sense of beauty and their achievements in art, the Greeks combined a mass of depravity which caused their ruin, and which is distinctly traceable to their views of wedded life. The ideals of the Romans, however, were very different; and their civilization, with all its faults, lasted more than a thousand years, and still lives in its influence on our modern life. In the very earliest Roman literature we find high views of the married state as understood still. Lucretius, for example, did not live in Christian times; and the circumstances of his death, if correctly reported, are not altogether creditable to his morals. His Fourth Book is by no means squeamishly worded; yet there are arguments in it which are not yet without their weight; and the superiority of wedded love to the wandering habits of dogs have not been often better stated. See, for example, the concluding lines:—

For oftentimes the wife, by her own deeds,  
And by her gracious ways and pleasant body,  
Will make you pleased to lead your life with  
her.

Moreover, for the rest, use sweetens love;  
For, lightly though the frequent blow be struck,  
In length of time it conquers and prevails.

And what can be sweeter than the address of Alcmena, in Plautus, when Amphitryon returns to her from the wars?

I would not think my dowry  
What men a dowry call,  
But modesty and bashfulness,  
And scorn of passion's thrall;

\* The names of the older cities of Gaul, and of Britain too, are mostly of Roman origin; showing that they must have long survived the conquest of the open country.

The fear of God, the love of kin,  
And peace within the hall,  
Sweet ways for thee, a bounty free,  
And charity for all.

Catullus, too, has a charming passage in his marriage ode, where the bridesmaids sing a modest antiphone to the rude jesting of the youths; but the youths, rising to the dignity of the subject, cease from ribaldry, and close the argument with manly force:—

As in the naked field the vine that springs  
Neither arises nor produces fruit,  
Her tender substance on the soil she flings,  
The topmost tendril tangled with the root;  
But, when the elm-tree with her limbs she  
girds,  
The husbandman will prize her, and the herds.

It cannot be necessary to pursue the study. Modern society is built on Roman ideas; but it has brought contributions of its own. A *catena* may easily be formed by any one who tries, especially in the best of our English writers, Chaucer, and Spenser, Jeremy Taylor, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, all among the chief favorites of our race. We of all nations, cannot make a *tabula rasa*, or consider the relation of the sexes as an open question.

There is, nevertheless, one point taken by "Mona Caird" which, could it but be established, might be taken as a set-off to much that has been urged above. We are, in these days, nothing, if not scientific; and the fair writer's scientific contribution to the discussion was only to be expected. "Current ideas are scarcely on a higher plane than they were centuries ago, when women were openly and ostensibly treated as the property of men. Just as the slave-girl belongs to her master, with all the children that she may have, so the wife belongs to her husband, and her children also. . . . The same idea, the purchase of womanhood, in more or less attractive garb, under more or less attractive conditions, rules from base to substance of the social body." These statements are not proposed by way of argument; they occur merely as a suggestion. But it is a *suggestio falsi*, which it may be as well to expose. Doubtless, from the moment that man began to exist in any sort of social way, the male has been forced to go abroad and use his superior physical powers for the sup-

port of his family, while it has been the part of the female to stay under cover and attend to matters of the hearth. Common needs of this kind have impressed common characteristics on the relation of the sexes in all ages and countries, and in all stages of civilization. But the points as to which these relations have differed, in different times and places, are far more numerous than their points of coincidence. Any one may satisfy himself—or herself, if a lady can be convinced—by referring to so popular a work as Tylor's *Anthropology*,\* where will be found a sketch of the marriage customs of various primitive races in various parts of the world. From this we learn that marriage has sometimes been but a temporary pairing; here a man has had several wives, there a woman has taken many husbands. It has become the rule among us for the son to bear the father's name, in lower stages of civilization the children belong to the mother's clan; and it was possible for father and sons to meet as foes in tribal warfare. Some rude peoples view marriage as a civil contract, some regard it as a matter of capture, some treat it as a subject of negotiation and purchase. The system of modern English marriage, where a man and a woman unite for life by mutual consent, so far from being a survival from primitive life, is the ripest present development of mature experience. No doubt the male is usually the richer, and that must of itself give him some superiority; but penniless youths who marry mature widows of means or wealthy old maids probably discover the reverse of the medal.

It is not always easy to perceive "Mona Caird's" real meaning. If, however, she points to any intelligible reform of the present marriage system it seems likely to be one that would involve far greater facilities for dissolution of marriage than what exists among us now. If that be meant in the interest of both sexes alike, it has, doubtless, a plausible aspect. But, even if society could allow it, could it be so worked? Of course there are cases where conditions are all so favorable to the woman that her loss by the dissolution of the

\* London, Macmillan & Co., 1881, p. 402, fcap. folio.

marriage will be but small. If she has not been married very long, if she has means of her own or another partner ready, if she can plant her husband so as to make him incur the contempt and ridicule of the world, in such cases it may not do her much harm to be set free. But if there should be a family of children, she must either give them up or have an income out of which they are to be supported; and it would be hard indeed upon an unoffending husband to have his home broken up, and a large share of his means taken from him, merely to gratify the caprice and love of change of his *varium et mutabile*. Really, we might recollect that even a husband is, in some sort, our fellow creature. If, on the other hand, the wife has outgrown her attractions and ceased to please her fickle consort, would any amount of alimony console her for losing her position—a married

woman and the head of a household?

Once more, then, let us beware of trifling with anything that has been gained by the care and virtue of our ancestors. Cemented by the tears and blood of many generations, how can marriage be treated as an open question? That is, indeed, "the marriage question." Till it is answered we may be content to jog on in the beaten track, grumbling but submissive Philistines. So long as marriage is for life, people may fret and long to cast off the yoke. But, only let them know that they cannot do so without heavy loss of peace and of reputation, and they will mostly learn to bear it. When we cannot change circumstances to suit ourselves we can change ourselves to suit circumstances; and the discipline that is so galling at first may prove, in the end, our greatest gain.—*National Review*.

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#### POETRY AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

PLATO thought that boys are the most untamable of wild beasts; and his opinion has had eminent supporters. Pope probably meant much the same thing when he said that schoolboys have no character. In view of this opinion, the story of Fénelon and the young Duke of Burgundy has a peculiar significance. There is, indeed, no more signal example of the immense importance of well-conceived, well-directed methods of education than the transformation which Fénelon wrought in his royal pupil. A more intractable subject probably never exercised the wits and the patience of his instructor. Before he was placed in the hands of Fénelon, the Duke was in simple truth much more of a wild beast than a rational human being. One of his chief pleasures was in kicking and biting all his attendants who approached him. At times he refused to speak a word for hours. On other occasions he would not eat, though tempted with all the triumphs of the royal cooks. His grandfather, Louis XIV., had been at infinite pains to obtain for him the most judicious attendants and tutors; but all had given up their charge as hopeless. At length Fénelon was called in. Fénelon was not without experience in deal-

ing with young people, and he had already written a book on Education; but his peculiar fitness for the task he had undertaken was that of a character unique in charm and sympathetic insight. It is unnecessary to speak here of the marvellous skill and delicacy with which he wrought on the young Duke's nature, and how he so completely transformed him that Michelet even expresses a doubt whether in the transformation the strongest springs in the boy's character had not been broken.

In Fénelon's dealings with his pupil he had one leading idea, to which, perhaps, educationists have not given the importance it deserves. This idea was, that for every individual there is one poet who above all others appeals to the deepest instincts of his nature, and is therefore fitted to be one of the highest forces in educating the best qualities of his mind and heart. Fénelon had not been long with his pupil before he discovered that with all his ungovernable passions he had a "Virgilian soul"—in other words, that in the depths of the boy's nature there was that which responded to the grace and tenderness which distinguish Virgil above all other poets. Virgil accordingly was made the



instrument through whom he sought to effect his ends. The result exceeded his hopes. Virgil did indeed become the Duke's favorite poet, and the chief formative influence of his brief life.

It is admitted that education at school and college as it is in these days realized is directed not so much to the formation of character as to the communication of knowledge. It is perhaps impossible that it should be otherwise. The needs of society must determine its educational code. In ancient Persia, to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth, was all that the conditions of his mature life demanded of a youth. In modern England a boy is maimed in the race of life if he has not made some acquaintance with the "circle of the sciences." It follows from this that poetry, since it does not supply facts that can be of any practical use in life, receives but a subordinate place in our scheme of studies. All men of science would not express themselves so harshly as Newton when he said that poetry is "but ingenious trifling;" yet there is undoubtedly a feeling abroad that when we compare him with the worker in any department of science, the poet is after all but a frivolous personage. If we have any doubt that such is the general conviction, we have but to reflect how most people would regard such a passage as this from Wordsworth. "It is an awful truth," he says, "that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature or reverence for God." Such a conception of poetry as is conveyed in these words would certainly appear to many people as in the highest degree strained and fantastic; yet it is the fact that the greatest of the world's thinkers from Aristotle to Stuart Mill have been of Wordsworth's opinion.

It was one of England's greatest lawyers who said that the wisdom of a country is to be searched for in its poets; and it was Aristotle's opinion that poe-

try deals with the highest forms of truth and conveys it most impressively. The production of poetry is certainly no trifling matter for the poet himself. There is, indeed, no form of mental exercise that puts such a strain on the whole man. Goethe, who is remarkable among poets for his self-control, declared that to write more than one tragedy a year would kill him; and Scott, who prided himself on his stoical self-repression, says in an interesting passage: "I will avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating as poetry must be to be worth anything." As far, therefore, as the expenditure of intellectual and emotional force is concerned, poetry demands as serious consideration as the most abstruse of the sciences.

The question has often been discussed whether or not the tendency of civilization is to benumb the higher imaginative faculties. However this may be, it is at least certain that the influence of the poet of necessity diminishes as the interests of society grow more complex. In the simpler states of men the bard is, next to the chief, the most important personage in the nation. As poetry is almost universally the earliest form of literature, he is at once the historian, the lawgiver, the prophet of the race. He originates public opinion, and he makes the tradition that gives birth to national sentiment. Even at comparatively late periods of a nation's development, it is extraordinary what a power the poet still wields over the minds of men. During the middle ages the words of the *trouvères* and the *troubadours* determined the ideals and formed the temper of the choice spirits of the time. When the revival of letters came, and the birth of the scientific spirit followed, it was no longer possible that imaginative literature could fill the place in men's minds it had hitherto done. Their thoughts were directed into a thousand other channels, calling into play other mental faculties, which gradually overthrew the paramount rule of the imagination. In this relation Sir Philip Sidney's delightful treatise, *The Defence of Poesie*, acquires a peculiar interest. Sidney was the last and noblest of the knights; and his passionate plea for the high function of the poet is but the expression of the sentiment of

chivalry toward its *trouvères* and its *troubadours*. What poetry had been in the past to men of action, he conceived that it might still be in the future. It cannot be owing to the disappearance of poetical genius from the world that his hope has not been fulfilled, as we have had Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley since his day. The truth must therefore be that the poet has simply been jostled from his high pedestal, and is now but one of a thousand other intellectual forces.

In one respect, indeed, the poet is as greatly honored as ever he has been. It is frankly acknowledged by men of science of the best type that poetry is the highest expression of the human mind, and that the poet himself is the finest and rarest product of nature. Analysis has done its utmost in the way of explaining to us the genius of the poet and the essence of his work, yet both still remain the same incalculable elements that have bewildered and enchanted the mind of man from the beginning. The poet thus, even in those days of the all-pervading lights of science, sings like Wordsworth's lark in a "privacy of glorious light." Nevertheless, the reputed question of the senior wrangler regarding *Paradise Lost*, "But what does it prove?" is doubtless the genuine expression of the general attitude toward poetry in the present day.

As has been said, it is idle to think that poetry can ever have that place in public instruction it once legitimately held. The conditions of modern life have made this impossible. An Athenian boy might have leisure to commit the twenty-four books of the *Iliad*; but though the discipline would doubtless be an excellent one, it would hardly be wise that the schoolboy of to-day should achieve the rival feat of committing *Paradise Lost* or the *Excursion*. Still, if we but keep before us the idea of Fénélon, poetry, even in the present condition of things, might surely be made a far more efficient instrument in education than it actually is. It has often been pointed out of late that as it is at present taught in our schools poetry is simply tortured into a fitting subject for examination. Poems are chosen for reading not so much because they are of a kind to appeal to the feelings

and experience of childhood, but because they afford excellent material for an examination paper. What, for example, could be more absurd than to place *Paradise Regained* in the hands of pupils of fifteen or sixteen? That poem, the enjoyment of which, according to a high authority, is the last reward of consummated scholarship, is, in truth, of all poems in the world the best fitted to engender in a boy a life-long disgust for every form of poetic production. Short poems judiciously chosen and taught from the point of view of Fénélon would certainly go far to counterbalance that deadening of the emotional side of our nature which Darwin so sincerely regretted in his own case as the result of exclusively realistic studies.

But after all, if Fénélon's notion be correct, it lies with each to make the most fruitful application of it for himself. Thoroughly to master one poet and enter into his spirit is in any case a finer discipline than the cursory reading of a thousand. This is, indeed, the counsel of all the great masters of knowledge. Historians have been careful to tell us that they never really understood history till they had thoroughly mastered one period; and it used to be the earnest advice of an eminent professor of philosophy to his students, that in his department the wisest course to follow was first to understand completely one great teacher.

An interesting question here suggests itself: Is it not the function of music to effect for the highly civilized societies of to-day what poetry effected for the simpler societies of the past? It is undoubtedly the fact that music in its highest development is as peculiarly the art of the last three centuries as architecture was the art of the middle ages. It might seem to follow, therefore, that in music we should find the natural compensation against the excess of the scientific spirit. But great as are the achievements of modern music, it cannot be seriously maintained that it touches the springs of human conduct in the same degree as poetry. Music is, in truth, the "least intellectual of all the arts," and cannot, therefore, in the very nature of things, compete with poetry in influencing men's views of life and shaping the general course of their actions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## [SANDRO GALLOTTI.]

BY H. P.

SANDRO GALLOTTI,—sir, your slave !  
 What service does your honor seek ?  
 Stand closer, pray, if you would speak,  
 For there be babblers here who rave,  
 And hang with hints my fair repute.  
 Fat Beppo there, who tunes his lute,  
 Has switched his ears this way to catch  
 The reason why my humble latch  
 Should yield admittance to your feet.

Step in, sir ; never fear Pepete,  
 He's blind and toothless ; so's the hag,—  
 Ho, mother ! see if you can wag  
 Your ears an hour in yonder yard.  
 Now, sir, the door is safely barred,  
 And I stand by to know your will.  
 But first, let me the glasses fill.  
 The wine is good ; perhaps you know  
 I have a vineyard, where the flow  
 Of Arno stopped Moroni's flight.  
 He was a monk, a foolish wight  
 Who pencilled some fair lady's face,  
 And straightway loved it, losing grace  
 With honest folk : and one dark night  
 Rode forth to seek the western hills,  
 The lady with him ;—but their wills  
 Were sadly crossed : pursuit was swift ;  
 They rode them down, and never shrift  
 Was shorter than they gave to him.  
 For this fact my remembrance takes,  
 That, when the dawn was showing dim,  
 They spilt his blood among the stakes.  
 Forgive the tale, I'd no design  
 To tell it through ; yet by the rood,  
 I think the young monk's amorous mood  
 Still circles in this golden wine.

But now, sir, let me know your quest.  
 This portrait ! yea, the man is blest  
 Who sees in heaven a fairer face.  
 It has the lovely oval form,  
 Deep twilight in the eyes, yet warm,  
 And laughing with an airy grace.  
 This dagger, too, and on its hilt  
 I read Isole in letters gilt.  
 And what is this you hand to me ?  
 Another portrait,—ah, I see  
 A youth this time of mournful mien,  
 A face a maid would muse upon,  
 And one, sir, I have sometimes seen  
 In paintings of the loved St. John.  
 But stay, upon a closer view,  
 I think I know the features well ;  
 Ay, by my soul, and I could tell

A tale of them that touches you.  
For know, one night-fall, it fell out  
That as I stood within the shade  
Of that south-wall of yours, and made  
Remonstrance with a sorry rout  
Of scarecrow sins, I turned, and heard  
The myrtle bushes near me stirred ;  
And there stepped forth, at stealthy pace,  
A form with this same mournful face.  
I marked it very well ; it went  
Straight to the chapel, doubtless bent  
On prayer, and softly entered in.  
And following close, I thought to win  
The fragrance of his holy mood,  
And therein gain such grace as would  
Ease hell's hot foretaste in my soul.  
Beneath the rose-hung porch I stole,  
And loosed my sword against surprise ;  
And seeing how the night was fair,  
Thought that with some donzella's eyes  
A rhymers might its charm compare.  
A moment then I paused, and made  
Christ's emblem on my sinful breast,  
And so, with some vague doubt possest,  
Right swiftly passed into the shade  
That wrapt the chapel's western wall.  
And, standing close, I thought I heard  
A rustled mantle, and the fall  
Of footsteps pacing to and fro ;  
And then, somehow, the darkness stirred,  
And shrunk into the aisles, and lo !  
A fluent shaft of moonlight fell  
On traceried arch and imaged cell,  
And I beheld the youth again.  
And was it love, or was it pain,  
That made his eyes so sadly fair ?  
The waving curls of his dark hair  
Fell from his brows, and seemed to cast  
A pallor o'er his face, wherein  
The features of an antique past  
Bespoke high claim to princely kin.  
Fearful he seemed of some surprise,  
For now and then his hand would grip  
The dagger-hilt, that my quick eyes  
Saw shrewdly lurking on his hip.  
And as he moved a pace apart,  
I saw, what my poor sight opprest,  
A ruby in a golden heart  
Flash its resentment on his breast.  
Now, sir, if haply I had been  
The common stabber that they say,  
That gaud would have been mine, I ween,  
Before the breaking of the day.  
But, as I live, I had no thought  
To foul my soul with further sin,  
And did but seek to come within  
The motive that so strangely brought  
This youth at midnight in my way.



"Isole! Isole!" I heard him say,  
 And then "Isole!" as though his breath  
 Bursting the very seals of death,  
 Went forth to seek its own again.  
 And then, methought, a muffled strain  
 Of music stirred the slumbrous air,  
 And wooed the heart, and lured the brain  
 With odors to its silver lair,  
 A sun-lit glimpse of something fair,—  
 A palace-garden old and sweet,  
 A great King's daughter dreaming there,  
 Her lover harping at her feet.  
 And as I shook my senses free  
 From these soft languors, like a flame  
 That licks the darkness up, there came  
 A form so fair, she seemed to me  
 The offspring of a fabled race.  
 I marked the sorcery of her face,  
 I saw her immemorial eyes,  
 Her lips, the Orphir of Love's sighs,  
 The carven mystery of her breast;  
 And one blush rose methought lay dead  
 Upon her cheek, and all her head  
 With aureate hair was effloresced.

She passed—one pause—and then they met;  
 And every boundary that was set  
 Betwixt their souls was swept away.  
 They knew not that the world still lay  
 Around them in its ceaseless fret.  
 Nor that their souls' ecstatic flight  
 Was clipped with clouds of death and night.  
 They knew but Love,—in him they saw  
 Their God, their worship, and their law.  
 They met to part; 'twere vain to tell  
 The anguish born of their farewell.  
 I know a tear came stealing down  
 From some old corner dry and brown.  
 And wreaked an outrage in my eye.  
 And how they went, I know not, I—  
 I turned to go, and then a laugh,  
 Like to a dagger's jagged half,  
 Shivered the stillness of the night.

And do I read your thoughts aright?  
 It is your will that they should die,  
 Nor make your life a haggard lie?  
 Your will, sir, is my own. I'll take  
 Two hundred nobles down; the stake  
 Of my poor life is haply more.  
 They shall not meet in dalliance sweet,  
 Nor sigh, as riding down the street  
 Their severed lots they do deplore.  
 And she for you no more shall be  
 The gentle lady, bright, and free,  
 Who laughs i' the sun, and looks so fair,  
 And mocks you with her eyes and hair.  
 She dies to-night,—and so does he!

Farewell ! how soon the twilight faints !  
 Relieve your mind of all its fears,  
 And may God's Mother and the Saints  
 Preserve your life for many years.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

THE DECAY OF LYING: A DIALOGUE.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

SCENE.—*The Library of a Country House in England.*

PERSONS.—CYRIL and VIVIAN.

*Cyril (coming in through the open window from the terrace).* My dear Vivian, don't coop yourself up all day in the library. It is a perfectly lovely afternoon. Let us go and lie on the grass and smoke cigarettes and enjoy nature.

*Vivian.* Enjoy nature ! I am glad to say that I have entirely lost that faculty. People tell us that art makes us love nature more than we loved her before ; that it reveals her secrets to us ; and that after a careful study of Corot and Constable we see things in her that had escaped us. My own experience is that the more we study art, the less we care for nature. What art really reveals to us is nature's lack of design, her curious crudities, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. When I look at a landscape I cannot help seeing all its defects. It is fortunate for us, however, that nature is so imperfect, as otherwise we should have had no art at all. Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. As for the infinite variety of Nature, that is a pure myth. It is not to be found in Nature herself, but in the imagination, or fancy, or cultivated blindness, of the man who looks at her.

*C.* Well, you need not look at the landscape. You can lie on the grass and smoke and talk.

*V.* But nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of horrid little black insects. Why, even Maple can make you a more comfortable seat than nature can. Nature pales before the Tottenham Court Road. I don't complain. If nature had been comfortable, mankind would never have invented architecture, and I prefer

houses to the open air. In a house we all feel of the proper proportions. Everything is subordinated to us, fashioned for our use and our pleasure. Egotism itself, which is so necessary to a proper sense of human dignity, is absolutely the result of indoor life. Out of doors one becomes abstract and impersonal. One's individuality absolutely leaves one. And then nature is so indifferent, so unappreciative. Whenever I am walking in the park here, I always feel that I am no more to nature than the cattle that browse on the slope, or the burdock that blooms in the ditch. Nothing is clearer than that Nature hates Mind. Thinking is the most unhealthy thing in the world, and people die of it just as of any other disease. Fortunately, in England at least, it is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity. I only hope we shall be able to keep this great historic bulwark of our happiness for many years to come ; but I am afraid that we are beginning to be over-educated ; at least everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching—that is really what our enthusiasm for education has come to. In the mean time you had better go back to your wearisome uncomfortable Nature, and leave me to correct my proofs.

*C.* Writing an article ! That is not very consistent after what you have just said.

*V.* Who wants to be consistent ? The dullard and the doctrinaire, the tedious people who carry out their principles to the bitter end of action, to the *reductio ad absurdum* of practice ? Not I. Like Emerson, I write over the door of my library the word "Whim." Besides, my article is really a most salutary and valuable warning. If it is attended to, there may be a new Renaissance of Art.

*C.* What is the subject ?

V. I intend to call it "The Decay of Lying: A Protest."

C. Lying! I should have thought our politicians kept up that habit.

V. I assure you they do not. They never rise beyond the level of misrepresentation, and actually condescend to prove, to discuss, to argue. How different from the temper of the true liar, with his frank, fearless statements, his superb irresponsibility, his healthy, natural disdain of proof of any kind! After all, what is a fine lie? Simply that which is its own evidence. If a man is sufficiently unimaginative to produce evidence in support of a lie, he might just as well speak the truth at once. No, the politicians won't do, and besides, what I am pleading for is lying in art. Shall I read you what I have written? It might do you a great deal of good.

C. Certainly, if you give me a cigarette. Thanks. By the way, what magazine do you intend it for?

V. For the *Retrospective Review*. I think I told you that we had revived it.

C. Whom do you mean by "we"?

V. Oh, the Tired Hedonists of course. It is a club to which I belong. We are supposed to wear faded roses in our button-holes when we meet, and to have a sort of cult for Domitian. I am afraid you are not eligible. You are too fond of simple pleasures.

C. I should be black-balled on the ground of animal spirits, I suppose?

V. Probably. Besides, you are a little too old. We don't admit any one who is of the usual age.

C. Well, I should fancy you are all a good deal bored with each other.

V. We are. That is one of the objects of the club. Now, if you promise not to interrupt too often, I will read you my article.

C. (*slinging himself down on the sofa*). All right.

V. (*reading in a very clear, musical voice*). "THE DECAY OF LYING: A PROTEST.—One of the chief causes of the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts un-

der the guise of fiction. 'The blue-book is rapidly becoming his ideal both for method and manner. He has his tedious '*document humain*,' his miserable little '*coïn de la création*,' into which he peers with his microscope. He is to be found at the Librairie Nationale, or at the British Museum, shamelessly reading up his subject. He has not even the courage of other people's ideas, but insists on going directly to life for everything, and ultimately, between encyclopædias and personal experience, he comes to the ground, having drawn his types from the family circle or from the weekly washerwoman, and having acquired an amount of useful information from which he never, even in his most thoughtful moments, can thoroughly free himself.

"The loss that results to literature in general from this false ideal of our time can hardly be overestimated. People have a careless way of talking about a 'born liar,' just as they talk about a 'born poet.' But in both cases they are wrong. Lying and poetry are arts—arts, as Plato saw, not unconnected with each other—and they require the most careful study, the most disinterested devotion. Indeed, they have their technique, just as the more material arts of painting and sculpture have, their subtle secrets of form and color, their craft-mysteries, their deliberate artistic methods. As one knows the poet by his fine music, so one can recognize the liar by his rich rhythmic utterance, and in neither case will the casual inspiration of the moment suffice. Here, as elsewhere, practice must precede perfection. But in modern days while the fashion of writing poetry has become far too common, and should, if possible, be discouraged, the fashion of lying has almost fallen into disrepute. Many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nurtured in congenial and sympathetic surroundings, or by the imitation of the best models, might grow into something really great and wonderful. But, as a rule, he comes to nothing. He either falls into careless habits of accuracy—"

C. My dear Vivian!

V. Please don't interrupt in the middle of a sentence. "He either falls into careless habits of accuracy, or takes to

frequenting the society of the aged and the well-informed. Both things are equally fatal to his imagination, as indeed they would be fatal to the imagination of anybody, and in a short time he develops a morbid and unhealthy faculty of truth-telling, begins to verify all statements made in his presence, has no hesitation in contradicting people who are younger than himself, and often ends by writing novels which are so like life that no one can possibly believe them. This is no isolated instance that we are giving. It is simply one example out of many; and if something cannot be done to check, or at least to modify, our monstrous worship of facts, art will become sterile, and beauty will pass away from the land.

"Even Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that delightful master of delicate and fanciful prose, is tainted with this modern vice, for we positively know no other name for it. There is such a thing as robbing a story of its reality by trying to make it too true, and *The Black Arrow* is so inartistic that it does not contain a single anachronism to boast of, while the transformation of Dr. Jekyll reads dangerously like an experiment out of the *Lancet*. As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really has, or had once, the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvellous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it was a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible 'points of view' his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire. Mrs. Oliphant prattles pleasantly about curates, lawn-tennis parties, domesticity, and other wearisome things. Mr. Marion Crawford has immolated himself upon the altar of local color. He is like the lady in the French comedy who is always talking about 'le beau ciel d'Italie.' Besides, he has fallen into a bad habit of uttering moral platitudes. At times he is almost edifying. *Robert Elsmere* is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the 'genre ennuyeux,' the one form of literature that the English peo-

ple seem to thoroughly enjoy. Indeed it is only in England that such a novel could be possible. As for that great and daily increasing school of novelists for whom the sun always rises in the East-End, the only thing that can be said about them is that they find life crude, and leave it raw.

"In France, though nothing so deliberately tedious as *Robert Elsmere* has been produced, things are not much better. M. Guy de Maupassant, with his keen mordant irony and his hard vivid style, strips life of the few poor rags that still cover her, and shows us foul sore and festering wound. He writes lurid little tragedies in which everybody is ridiculous; bitter comedies at which one cannot laugh for very tears. M. Zola, true to the lofty principle that he lays down in one of his pronunciamientos on literature, 'L'homme de génie n'a jamais de l'esprit,' is determined to show that, if he has not got genius, he can at least be dull. And how well he succeeds! He is not without power. Indeed at times, as in *Germinal*, there is something almost epic in his work. But his work is entirely wrong from beginning to end, and wrong not on the ground of morals but on the ground of art. From any ethical standpoint his work is just what it should be. He is perfectly truthful, and describes things exactly as they happen. What more can any moralist desire? I have no sympathy at all with the moral indignation of our time against M. Zola. It is simply the rage of Caliban on seeing his own face in a glass. But from the standpoint of art, what can be said in favor of the author of *L'Assommoir*, *Nana*, and *Pot-Bouille*? Nothing. M. Ruskin once described the characters in George Eliot's novels as being like the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus, but M. Zola's characters are much worse. They have their dreary vices, and their drearier virtues. The record of their lives is absolutely without interest. Who cares what happens to them? In literature we require distinction, charm, beauty, and imaginative power. We don't want to be harrowed and disgusted with an account of the doings of the lower orders. M. Daudet is better. He has *esprit*, a light touch, and an amusing style. But he has lately com-



mitted literary suicide. Nobody can possibly care for Delobelle with his 'Il faut lutter pour l'art,' or for Valmajour with his eternal refrain about the nightingale, or for the poet in *Jack* with his 'mots cruels,' now that we have learned from *Vingt Ans de ma Vie littéraire* that these characters were taken directly from life. To me they seem to have suddenly lost all their vitality, all the few qualities they ever possessed. The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of them as copies. As for M. Paul Bourget, the master of the *roman psychologique*, he commits the error of imagining that the men and women of modern life are capable of being infinitely analyzed for an innumerable series of chapters. In point of fact what is interesting about people in good society—and M. Bourget never moves out of the Faubourg—is the mask that each one of them wears, not the reality that lies behind the mask. It is a humiliating confession, but we are all of us made out of the same stuff. In Falstaff there is something of Hamlet, in Hamlet there is not a little of Falstaff. The fat knight has his moods of melancholy, and the young prince his moments of coarse humor. Where we differ from each other is purely in accidentals: in dress, in manner, tone of voice, personal appearance, tricks of habit, and the like. The more one analyzes people, the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature. Indeed, as any one who has ever worked among the poor knows only too well, the brotherhood of man is no mere poet's dream, it is a terrible reality; and if a writer insists upon analyzing the upper classes he might just as well write of match-girls and costermongers at once." However, my dear Cyril, I will not detain you any further on this point. I quite admit that modern novels have many good points. All I say is that, as a class, they are quite unreadable.

C. That is certainly a very grave qualification, but I must say that I think you are rather unfair in some of your strictures. I like *Robert Elsmere* for in-

stance. Not that I can look upon it as a serious work. As a statement of the problems that confront the earnest Christian it is ridiculous and antiquated. It is simply Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* with the literature left out. It is as much behind the age as Paley's *Evidences*, or Colenso's method of Biblical exegesis. Nor could anything be less impressive than the unfortunate hero gravely heralding a dawn that rose long ago, and so completely missing its true significance that he proposes to carry on the business of the old firm under the new name. On the other hand, it contains several clever caricatures, and a heap of delightful quotations, and Green's philosophy very pleasantly sugars the somewhat bitter pill of the author's fiction. I also cannot help expressing my surprise that you have said nothing about the two novelists whom you are always reading, Balzac and George Meredith. Surely they are realists, both of them?

V. Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language: as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Somebody in Shakespeare—Touchstone, I think—talks about a man who is always breaking his shins over his own wit, and it seems to me that this might serve as the basis of a criticism of Meredith's style. But whatever he is, he is not a realist. Or rather I would say that he is a child of realism who is not on speaking terms with his father. By deliberate choice he has made himself a romanticist. He has refused to bow the knee to Baal, and after all, even if the man's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance. By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and with some wonderful roses. As for Balzac, he was a most remarkable combination of the artistic temperament with the scientific spirit. The latter he bequeathed to his disciples: the former was entirely his own. The difference between such a book as M. Zola's *L'Assommoir* and Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* is the difference between unimaginative

realism and imaginative reality. "All Balzac's characters," said Baudelaire, "are gifted with the same ardor of life that animated himself. All his fictions are as deeply colored as dreams. Each mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. The very scullions have genius." A steady course of Balzac reduces our living friends to shadows, and our acquaintances to the shadows of shades. His characters have a kind of fervent fiery-colored existence. They dominate us and defy scepticism. One of the greatest tragedies of my life is the death of Lucien de Rubempré. It is a grief from which I have never been able to completely rid myself. But Balzac is no more a realist than Holbein was. He created life, he did not copy it. I admit, however, that he set far too high a value on modernity of form, and that, consequently, there is no book of his that, as an artistic masterpiece, can rank with *Salammô*, or *Esmond*, or *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

C. Do you object to modernity of form then?

V. Yes. It is a huge price to pay for a very poor result. Pure modernity of form is always somewhat vulgarizing. It cannot help being so. The public imagine that, because they are interested in their immediate surroundings, art should be interested in them also, and should take them as her subject-matter. But the mere fact that they are interested in these things makes them unsuitable subjects for art. The only beautiful things, as somebody once said, are the things that do not concern us. As long as a thing is useful or necessary to us, or affects us in any way, either for pain or for pleasure, or appeals strongly to our sympathies, or is a vital part of the environment in which we live, it is outside the proper sphere of art. To art's subject-matter we should be more or less indifferent. We should, at any rate, have no preferences, no prejudices, no partisan feeling of any kind. It is exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are such an admirable motive for a tragedy. I do not know anything in the whole history of literature sadder than the artistic career of Charles Reade. He wrote one beautiful book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a

book as much above *Romola* as *Romola* is above *Daniel Deronda*, and wasted the rest of his life in a foolish attempt to be modern, to draw public attention to the state of our convict prisons and the management of private lunatic asylums. Charles Dickens was depressing enough in all conscience when he tried to arouse our sympathy for the victims of the poor-law administration; but Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of modern life like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist, is really a sight for the angels to weep over. Believe me, my dear Cyril, modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter are entirely and absolutely wrong. We have mistaken the common livery of the age for the vesture of the Muses, and spend our days in the sordid streets and hideous suburbs of our vile cities when we should be out on the hill-side with Apollo. Certainly we are a degraded race, and have sold our birthright for a mess of facts.

C. There is something in what you say, and there is no doubt that whatever amusement we may find in reading an absolutely modern novel, we have rarely any artistic pleasure in re-reading it. And this is perhaps the best rough test of what is literature and what is not. If one cannot enjoy reading a book over and over again, there is no good reading it at all. But what do you say about the return to Life and Nature? This is the panacea that is always being recommended to us.

V. (*taking up his proofs*). I will read you what I say on that subject. The passage comes later on in the article, but I may as well read it now:

"The popular cry of our time is 'Let us return to Life and Nature; they will recreate Art for us, and send the red blood coursing through her veins; they will give her feet swiftness and make her hand strong.' But, alas! we are mistaken in our amiable and well-meaning efforts. Nature is always behind the age; and as for Life, she is the solvent that breaks up Art, the enemy that lays waste her house."

C. What do you mean by saying that nature is always behind the age?

V. Well, perhaps that is rather ob-

scure. What I mean is this. If we take nature to mean natural simple instinct as opposed to self-conscious culture, the work produced under this influence is always old-fashioned, antiquated, and out of date. If, on the other hand, we regard nature as the collection of phenomena external to man, people only discover in her what they bring to her. She has no suggestions of her own. Wordsworth went to the lakes, but he was never a lake poet. He found in stones the sermons he had already hidden there. He went moralizing about the district, but his good work was produced when he returned, not to nature but to poetry. Poetry gave him "Laodamia," and the fine sonnets, and the "Ode to Immortality," and nature gave him "Martha Ray" and "Peter Bell."

C. I think that view might be questioned. I am rather inclined to believe in the "impulse from a vernal wood," though of course the artistic value of such an impulse depends entirely on the kind of temperament that receives it. However, proceed with your article.

V. (reading). "Art begins with abstract decoration, with purely imaginative and pleasurable work dealing with what is unreal and non-existent. This is the first stage. Then Life becomes fascinated with this new wonder, and asks to be admitted into the charmed circle. Art takes Life as part of her rough material, recreates it, and refashions it in fresh forms, is absolutely indifferent to fact, invents, imagines, dreams, and keeps between herself and reality the impenetrable barrier of beautiful style, of decorative or ideal treatment. The third stage is when Life gets the upper hand, and drives Art out into the wilderness. This is the decadence, and it is from this that we are now suffering.

"Take the case of the English drama. At first in the hands of the monks dramatic art was abstract, decorative, and mythological. Then she enlisted life in her service, and using some of life's external forms, she created an entirely new race of beings, whose sorrows were more terrible than any sorrow man has ever felt, whose joys were keener than lover's joys, who had the rage of the Titans and the calm of the gods, who had mon-

strous and marvellous sins, monstrous and marvellous virtues. To them she gave a language different from that of actual life, a language full of resonant music and sweet rhythm, made stately by solemn cadence, or made delicate by fanciful rhyme, jewelled with wonderful words, and enriched with lofty diction. She clothed her children in strange raiment and gave them masks, and at her bidding the antique world rose from its marble tomb. A new Cæsar stalked through the streets of risen Rome, and with purple sail and flute-led oars another Cleopatra passed up the river to Antioch. Old myth and legend and dream took form and substance. History was entirely rewritten, and there was hardly one of the dramatists who did not recognize that *the object of art is not simple truth but complex beauty*. In this they were perfectly right. Art herself is simply a form of exaggeration; and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of over-emphasis.

"But life soon shattered the perfection of the form. Even in Shakespeare we can see the beginning of the end. It shows itself by the gradual breaking up of the blank verse in the later plays, by the predominance given to prose, and by the over-importance assigned to characterization. The passages in Shakespeare — and they are many — where the language is uncouth, vulgar, exaggerated, fantastic, obscene even, are due entirely to life calling for an echo of its own voice, and rejecting the intervention of beautiful style, through which alone it should be allowed to find expression. Shakespeare is not by any means a flawless artist. He is too fond of going directly to life, and borrowing life's natural utterance. He forgets that when *art surrenders her imaginative medium she surrenders everything*. Goethe says somewhere —

In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,

'It is in working within limits that the master reveals himself,' and the limitation, the very condition, of any art is style. However, we will not linger any longer over Shakespeare's realism. The *Tempest* is the best of palinodes. All that we desired to point out was, that the magnificent work of the Eliza-

bethan and Jacobean artists contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, and that if it drew some of its strength from using life as rough material, it drew all its weakness from using life as an artistic method. As the inevitable result of this substitution of an imitative for a creative medium, this surrender of an imaginative form, we have the modern English melodrama. The characters in these plays talk on the stage exactly as they would talk off it; they are taken directly from life and reproduce its vulgarity down to the smallest detail; they have the gait, manner, costume, and accent of real people; they would pass unnoticed in a third-class railway carriage. And yet how wearisome the plays are! They do not succeed in producing even that impression of reality at which they aim, and which is their only reason for existing. As a method realism is a complete failure.

"What is true about the drama and the novel is no less true about those arts that we call the decorative arts. The whole history of decorative art in Europe is the record of the struggle between Orientalism, with its frank rejection of imitation, its love of artistic convention, its dislike to the actual representation of any object in nature, and our own imitative spirit. Wherever the former has been paramount, as in Byzantium, Sicily, and Spain, by actual contact, or in the rest of Europe by the influence of the Crusades, we have had beautiful and imaginative work in which the visible things of life are transmuted into artistic conventions, and the things that life has not are invented and fashioned for her. But wherever we have returned to life and nature, our work has always become vulgar, common, and uninteresting. Modern tapestry, with its ærial effects, its elaborate perspective, its broad expanses of waste sky, its faithful and laborious realism, has no beauty whatsoever. The pictorial glass of Germany is absolutely detestable. We are beginning to weave possible carpets in England, but only because we have returned to the method and spirit of the East. Our rugs and carpets of twenty years ago, with their healthy national feeling, their inane worship of nature, their sordid reproductions of visible objects,

have become, even to the Philistine, a source of laughter. A cultured Mahomedan once remarked to me, 'You Christians are so occupied in misinterpreting the fourth commandment that you have never thought of making an artistic application of the second.' He was perfectly right, and the whole truth of the matter is this: *the proper school to learn art in is not Life but Art.*"

And now let me read you a passage which deals with the commonplace character of our literature:—

"It was not always thus. We need not say anything about the poets, for they, with the unfortunate exception of Mr. Wordsworth, have always been faithful to their high mission, and are universally recognized as being absolutely unreliable. But in the works of Herodotus, who, in spite of the shallow and ungenerous attempts of modern sciolists to verify his history, may be justly called the 'Father of Lies'; in the published speeches of Cicero and the biographies of Suetonius; in Tacitus at his best; in Pliny's *Natural History*; in Hanno's *Periplus*; in all the early chronicles; in the Lives of the Saints; in Froissart and Sir Thomas Mallory; in the travels of Marco Polo; in Olaus Magnus, and Aldrovandus, and Conrad Lycosthenes, with his magnificent *Prodigiorum et Ostentorum Chronicon*; in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; in the memoirs of Casanuova; in Defoe's *History of the Plague*; in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; in Napoleon's despatches, and in the works of our own Carlyle, whose *French Revolution* is one of the most fascinating historical romances ever written, facts are either kept in their proper subordinate position, or else entirely excluded on the general ground of dulness. Now everything is changed. Facts are not merely finding a footing in history, but they are usurping the domain of Fancy, and have invaded the kingdom of Romance. Their chilling touch is over everything. They are vulgarizing mankind. The crude commercialism of America, its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high, unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero, a man, who according to his



own confession, was incapable of telling a lie, and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature."

C. My dear boy!

V. I assure you it is quite true, and the amusing part of the whole thing is that the story of the cherry-tree is an absolute myth. However, you must not think that I am too despondent about the artistic future of America or of our own country. Listen to this:—

"That some change will take place before this century has drawn to its close, we have no doubt whatsoever. Bored by the tedious and improving conversation of those who have neither the wit to exaggerate nor the genius to romance, tired of the intelligent person whose reminiscences are always based upon memory, whose statements are invariably limited by probability, and who is at any time liable to be corroborated by the merest Philistine who happens to be present, society sooner or later must return to its lost leader, the cultured and fascinating liar. Who he was who first, without ever having gone out to the rude chase, told the wondering cave-men at sunset how he had dragged the Megatherium from the purple darkness of its jasper cave, or slain the Mammoth in single combat and brought back its gilded tusks, we cannot tell, and not one of our modern anthropologists, with all their much-boasted science, has had the ordinary courage to tell us. Whatever was his name or race, he was certainly the true founder of social intercourse. For the aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. He is the very basis of civilized society, and without him a dinner party, even at the mansions of the great, is as dull as a lecture at the Royal Society or a debate at the Incorporated Authors.

"Nor will he be welcomed merely by society. Art, breaking from the prison-house of realism, will run to greet him and will kiss his false, beautiful lips, knowing that he alone is in possession of the great secret of all her manifestations, the secret that truth is entirely and absolutely a matter of style. While Life—poor, probable, uninteresting human life—tired of repeating herself for

the benefit of Mr. Herbert Spencer, scientific historians, and the compilers of statistics in general, will follow meekly after him, and try to reproduce, in her own simple and untutored way, some of the marvels of which he talks.

"No doubt there will always be critics who, like a recent writer in the *Saturday Review*, will gravely censure the teller of fairy tales for his defective knowledge of natural history, who will measure imaginative work by their own lack of any imaginative faculty, and who will hold up their ink-stained hands in horror if some honest gentleman, who has never been farther than the jew trees of his own garden, pens a fascinating book of travels like Sir John Mandeville, or, like great Raleigh, writes a whole history of the world, in prison, and without knowing anything about the past. To excuse themselves they will try and shelter under the shield of him who made Prospero the magician, and gave him Caliban and Ariel as his servants, who heard the Tritons blowing their horns round the coral-reefs of the Enchanted Isle and the fairies singing to each other in a wood near Athens, who led the phantom kings in dim procession across the misty Scottish heath, and hid Hecate in a cave with the weird sisters. They will call upon Shakespeare—they always do—and will quote that hackneyed passage about Art holding up the mirror to Nature, forgetting that this unfortunate aphorism is deliberately said by Hamlet in order to convince the bystanders of his absolute insanity in art-matters."

C. Ahem! Ahem! Another cigarette, please.

V. My dear fellow, whatever you may say, it is merely a dramatic utterance, and no more represents Shakespeare's real views upon art than the speeches of Iago represent his real views upon morals. But let me get to the end of the passage:—

"Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no botanist knows of, birds that no museum possesses. She makes and unmakes many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread.

Hers are the 'forms more real than living man,' and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. Nature has, in her eyes, no laws, no uniformity. She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond tree blossom in winter, and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thicket as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side."

C. Is that the end of this dangerous article?

V. No. There is one more passage, but it is purely practical. It simply suggests some methods by which we could revive this lost art of lying.

C. Well, before you read me that, I should like to ask you a question. What do you mean by saying that life, "poor, probable, uninteresting human life," will try to reproduce the marvels of art? I can quite understand your objection to art being treated as a mirror. You think it would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking-glass. But you don't mean to say that you seriously believe that life imitates art, that life in fact is the mirror, and art the reality?

V. Certainly I do. Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that *life imitates art far more than art imitates life*. We have all seen in our own day in England how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasized by two imaginative painters, has so influenced life that whenever one goes to a private view or to an artistic salon one sees here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved, there the sweet maidenhood of "The Golden Stair," the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the "Laus Amoris," the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the Vivien in "Merlin's Dream." And it has always been so.

A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Vandyck found in England what they have given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models. The Greeks, with their quick artistic instinct, understood this, and set in the bride's chamber the statue of Hermes or of Apollo, that she might bear children like the works of art that she looked at. They knew that life gains from art not merely spirituality, depth of thought and passion, soul-turmoil or soul-peace, but that she can form herself on the very lines and colors of art, and can reproduce the dignity of Pheidias as well as the grace of Praxiteles. Hence came their objection to realism. They disliked it on purely social grounds. They felt that it inevitably makes people ugly, and they were perfectly right. We try to improve the conditions of the race by means of good air, sunlight, wholesome water, and hideous bare buildings for the better housing of the people. But these things merely produce health, they do not produce beauty. For this art is required, and the true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times: in fact, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature. The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate apple-women, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning from the city by leaping out on them, with black masks and loaded revolvers. This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have named, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake. The imagination is essentially creative and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is Fact, occupied,

as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale through the whole of life. Schopenhauer has analyzed the pessimism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgénéieff, and completed by Dostoeffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau, as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs, and De Marsays made their first appearance in the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy of a great novelist. I once asked a lady, who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years after the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, the governess ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style, and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places. The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died a few months after *The Newcomes* had reached a fourth edition, with the word "Adsum" on his lips. Shortly after Mr. Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious

to get to a railway station, he took what he thought was a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous he was walking extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. The child fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and not a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who kept pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr. Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible scene, and at having done accidentally what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and he finally took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young man, apparently an assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The crowd was induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was "Jekyll."

Here the imitation was of course accidental. In the following case the imitation was self-conscious. In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a lady who interested me very much, not merely in appearance, but in nature. What interested me most in her was her strange vagueness of character. She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types. Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture-galleries or museums. Then she would take to attending race-meetings, would wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting. She was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as the sea-god was when Odysseus got hold of

him. One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine. She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognized herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance. I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from the Russian, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend. Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterward I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up to see what had become of the heroine. It was a most piteous tale, as the heroine had ended by running away with a man inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in nature and intellect also. I wrote to my friend that evening, and added a postscript to the effect that her double had behaved in a very silly manner. I don't know why I wrote, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing. Before my letter had reached her, she had run away with a man who deserted her in six months. I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action. She told me that she had felt an absolutely irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that life imitates art far more than art imitates life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realizes in fact what has

been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died. Think of what we owe to the imitation of Christ, of what we owe to the imitation of Cæsar.

C. The theory is certainly a very curious one. But even admitting this strange imitative instinct in life, surely you would acknowledge that art expresses the temper of its age, the spirit of its time, the moral and social conditions that surround it, and under whose influence it is produced.

V. Certainly not! *Art never expresses anything but itself.* This is the principle of my new æsthetics; and it is this, and not any vital connection between form and substance, as Mr. Pater fancies, that makes music the true type of all the arts. Of course, nations and individuals, with that healthy natural vanity which is the secret of life, are always under the impression that it is of them that the Muses are talking, always trying to find in the calm dignity of imaginative art some mirror of their own turbid passions, always forgetting that the singer of life is not Apollo, but Marsyas. Remote from reality, and with her eyes turned away from the shadows of the cave, Art reveals her own perfection, and the wondering crowd that watches the opening of the marvellous, many-petalled rose fancies that it is its own history that is being told to it, its own spirit that is finding expression in a new form. But it is not so. The highest art rejects the burden of the human spirit, and gains more from a new medium or a fresh material than she does from any enthusiasm for art, or from any lofty passion, or from any great awakening of the human consciousness. She develops purely on her own lines. She is not symbolic of any age. It is the ages that are her symbols, her reflections, her echoes.

Even those who hold that Art is representative of time and place and peo-



ple, cannot help admitting that the more imitative an art is, the less it represents to us the spirit of its age. The evil faces of the Roman emperors look out at us from the foul porphyry and spotted jasper in which the realistic artists of the day delighted to work, and we fancy that in those cruel lips and heavy sensual jaws we can find the secret of the ruin of the Empire. But it was not so. The vices of Tiberius could not destroy that great civilization, any more than the virtues of the Antonines could save it. It fell for other, for greater reasons. The sibyls and prophets of the Sistine may indeed serve to interpret for some that new birth of the emancipated spirit that we call the Renaissance; but what do the drunken boors and brawling peasants of Dutch art tell us about the great soul of Holland? The more abstract, the more ideal an art is, the more it reveals to us the temper of its age. If we wish to understand a nation by means of its art, let us look at its architecture or its music.

C. I do not quite agree with you there. The spirit of an age may be best expressed in the abstract ideal arts, for the spirit itself is abstract and ideal; but for the visible aspect of an age, for its look, as the phrase goes, we must surely go to the arts of imitation.

V. I don't think so. After all, what the imitative arts really give us are merely the various styles of particular artists, or of particular schools of artists. Surely you don't imagine that the people of the Middle Ages bore any resemblance at all to the figures on mediæval stained glass, or in mediæval stone and wood carving, or on mediæval metalwork, or tapestries, or illuminated MSS. They were probably very ordinary-looking people, with nothing grotesque, or remarkable, or fantastic about them. The Middle Ages, as we know them in art, are simply a form of style, and there is no reason at all why an artist with this style should not be produced in the nineteenth century. No great artist ever sees things as they really are. If he did, he would cease to be an artist. Take an example from our own day. I know that you are fond of Japanese art. Now, do you really imagine that the Japanese people, as they are presented to us in art, have any existence? If

you do, you have never understood Japanese art at all. The Japanese people are the deliberate creation of certain artists. If you set a picture by Hokusai, or Hokkei, or any of the great native painters, beside a real Japanese gentleman or lady, or beside a photograph of a Japanese gentleman or lady, you will see that there is not the slightest resemblance between them. The actual people who live in Japan are not unlike the general run of English people; that is to say, they are extremely commonplace, and have nothing curious or extraordinary about them. In fact the whole of Japan is a pure invention. There is no such country, there are no such people. One of our most charming painters, whose tiny full-length portraits of children are so beautiful and so powerful that he should be named the Velasquez to the Court of Lilliput, went recently to Japan in the foolish hope of seeing the Japanese. All he saw, all he had the chance of painting, were a few lanterns and some fans. He was unable to discover the inhabitants, as delightful exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery showed only too well. He did not know that the Japanese people are, as I have said, simply a mode of style, a whimsical fancy of art. Take the Greeks. Do you think that Greek art ever tells us what the Greek people were like? Do you believe that the Athenian women were like the stately dignified figures of the Parthenon frieze, or like those marvellous goddesses who sat in the triangular pediments of the same building? If you judge from the art, they certainly were so. But read an authority, like Aristophanes for instance. You will find that the Athenian ladies laced tightly, wore high-heeled shoes, dyed their hair yellow, painted and rouged their faces, and were exactly like any silly fashionable or fallen creature of our own day. We look back on the ages entirely through the medium of Art, and Art very fortunately has never once told us the truth.

C. But modern portraits by English painters, what of them? Surely they are like the people they pretend to represent?

V. Quite so. They are so like them that a hundred years from now no one will believe in them. The only portraits

that one believes in are portraits where there is very little of the sitter and a great deal of the artist. Holbein's portraits of the men and women of his time impress us with a sense of their absolute reality. But this is simply because Holbein compelled life to accept his conditions, to restrain itself within his limitations, to reproduce his type, and to appear as he wished it to appear. It is style that makes us believe in a thing—nothing but style. Most of our modern portrait painters never paint what they see. *They paint what the public sees, and the public never sees anything.*

C. Well, after that I think I should like to hear the end of your article.

V. With pleasure. Whether it will do any good I really cannot say. Ours is certainly the dullest and most prosaic century possible. Why, even Sleep has played us false, and has closed up the gates of ivory, and opened the gates of horn. The dreams of the great middle classes of this country, as recorded in Mr. Myers's two bulky volumes on the subject and in the Transactions of the Psychical Society, are the most depressing things I have ever read. There is not even a fine nightmare among them. They are commonplace, sordid, and probable. As for the Church I cannot conceive anything better for the culture of a country than the presence in it of a body of men whose duty it is to believe in the supernatural, to perform daily miracles, and to keep alive that mythopœic faculty which is so essential for the imagination. But in the English Church a man succeeds, not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only Church where the sceptic stands at the altar, and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle. Many a worthy clergyman, who passes his life in good works of kindly charity, lives and dies unnoticed and unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow uneducated passman out of either University to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's ark or Balaam's ass or Jonah and the whale, for half of London to flock to his church and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration at his superb intellect. The growth of common-sense in the English Church is a thing very much to be regretted. It is really a de-

grading concession to a low form of realism. However, I must read the end of my article:—

"What we have to do, what at any rate it is our duty to do, is to revive this old art of lying. Much of course may be done, in the way of educating the public, by amateurs in the domestic circle, at literary lunches, and at afternoon teas. But this is merely the light and graceful side of lying, such as was probably heard at Cretan dinner parties. There are many other forms. Lying for the sake of gaining some immediate personal advantage, for instance—lying for a moral purpose, as it is usually called—though of late it has been rather looked down upon, was extremely popular with the antique world. Athena laughs when Odysseus tells her what a Cambridge professor once elegantly termed a 'whopper,' and the glory of mendacity illumines the pale brow of the stainless hero of Euripidean tragedy, and sets among the noble women of the world the young bride of one of Horace's most exquisite odes. Later on what at first had been merely a natural instinct was elevated into a 'self-conscious science. Elaborate rules were laid down for the guidance of mankind, and an important school of literature grew up round the subject. Indeed, when one remembers the excellent philosophical treatise of Sanchez on the whole question, one cannot help regretting that no one has ever thought of publishing a cheap and condensed edition of the works of that great casuist. A short primer, 'When to Lie and how,' if brought out in an attractive and not too expensive form, would no doubt command a large sale, and would prove of real practical service to many earnest and deep-thinking people. Lying for the sake of the improvement of the young, which is the basis of home education, still lingers among us, and its advantages are so admirably set forth in the early books of the *Republic* that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. It is a form of lying for which all good mothers have peculiar capabilities, but it is capable of still further development, and has been sadly overlooked by the School Board. Lying for the sake of a monthly salary is of course well known in Fleet Street, and the profession of a

political leader-writer is not without its advantages. But it is said to be a somewhat dull occupation, and it certainly does not lead to much beyond a kind of ostentatious obscurity. The only form of lying that is absolutely beyond reproach is lying for its own sake, and the highest development of this is, as we have already pointed out, lying in Art. Just as those who do not love Plato more than truth cannot pass beyond the threshold of the Academe, so those who do not love beauty more than truth never know the inmost shrine of Art. The solid stolid British intellect lies in the desert sands like the Sphinx in Flaubert's marvellous tale, and fantasy, *La Chimère*, dances round it, and calls to it with her false, flute-toned voice. It may not hear her now, but surely some day, when we are all bored to death with the commonplace character of modern fiction, it will hearken to her and try to borrow her wings.

"And when that day dawns, or sunset reddens, how joyous we shall all be! Facts will be regarded as discreditable, Truth will be found mourning over her fetters, and Romance, with her temper of wonder, will return to the land. The very aspect of the world will change to our startled eyes. Out of the sea will rise Behemoth and Leviathan, and sail round the high-pooped galleys, as they do on the delightful maps of those ages when books on geography were actually readable. Dragons will wander about the waste places, and the phoenix will soar from her nest of fire into the air. We shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. The hippogriff will stand in our stalls, champing his gilded oats, and over our heads will float the Blue Bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not and that should be. But before this comes to pass we must cultivate the lost art of lying."

C. Then we must certainly cultivate it at once. But in order to avoid making any error I want you to briefly tell me the doctrines of the new æsthetics.

V. Briefly, then, they are these. Art never expresses anything but itself. It has an independent life, just as Thought has, and develops purely on its own lines. It is not necessarily realistic in

an age of realism, nor spiritual in an age of faith. So far from being the creation of its time, it is usually in direct opposition to it, and the only history that it preserves for us is the history of its own progress. Sometimes it returns on its own footsteps, and revives some old form, as happened in the archaistic movement of late Greek art, and in the pre-Raphaelite movement of our own day. At other times it entirely anticipates its age, and produces in one century work that it takes another century to understand, to appreciate, and to enjoy. In no case does it reproduce its age. To pass from the art of a time to the time itself is the great fallacy of all historians.

The second doctrine is this. All bad art comes from returning to life and nature, and elevating them into ideals. Life and nature may sometimes be used as part of art's rough material, but before they are of any real service to art they must be translated into artistic conventions. The moment art surrenders its imaginative medium it surrenders everything. As a method Realism is a complete failure, and the two things that every artist should avoid are modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter. To us, who live in the nineteenth century, any century is a suitable subject for art except our own. The only beautiful things are things that do not concern us. It is, to have the pleasure of quoting myself, exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are so suitable a motive for a tragedy.

The third doctrine is that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. This results not merely from Life's imitative instinct, but from the fact that the desire of Life is simply to find expression, and that Art offers it certain beautiful forms through which it may realize that energy. It is a theory that has never been formularized before, but it is extremely fruitful, and throws an entirely new light on the history of Art.

The last doctrine is that Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of Art. But of this I think I have spoken at sufficient length. And now let us go out on the terrace, where "the milk-white peacock glimmers like a ghost," while the even star "washes

the dusk with silver." At twilight nature becomes a wonderfully suggestive effect and is not without loveliness, though perhaps its chief use is to illus-

trate quotations from the poets. Come! We have talked long enough.—*Nineteenth Century*.—

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#### FEDERATION *VERSUS* WAR.

IN ancient times, when war so often desolated the then known world, and when, at the bidding of the Emperor or the despot, hordes of men were driven, docile as sheep, to encounter hordes of other men in sanguinary contests, the mass of the people knew little, and perhaps cared less, for the immediate cause of the quarrel. Nations rose and nations fell, and rival races entered on many a death-struggle, impelled by no other reason than the mandate of a tyrant, or as the result of a palace intrigue. The science of diplomacy, then in its infancy, was rarely invoked to arrest national bloodshed, and to the sword alone was the ultimate appeal for the settlement of international disputes. Even in more recent times we see diplomacy exercising but little power, and the caprice of the individual is shown by the pages of history to be largely accountable for the bloodiest wars of modern times. The mistress of Louis XV. wishes to be revenged for an epigram, and France engages in hostilities which from first to last demand the sacrifice of five hundred thousand lives. Frederick the Great covets Silesia, and desires also, according to his own account, to be talked about; as a consequence Germany is convulsed with a series of struggles the last of which endures for seven years, which deluges the country with blood, and produces a state of impoverishment, combined with disastrous effects, which are felt even at the present day. It is true the policy of Frederick has in some quarters been ably defended and excuses have been made for his actions, but on one point the verdict of posterity must be unanimous. The wars were in their origin dynastic, and not prompted by national sentiment. They merely turned on the question as to whether the people of Silesia were to be ruled over by Frederick or Maria Theresa. Had the classes on both sides, who paid the taxes and shed their

blood to sustain the policy of these potentates, been properly consulted, it is pretty certain that no war would have ensued and that an incalculable amount of human suffering would have been averted.

Again we see, in the late Franco-Prussian War, two powerful nations engaged in a conflict which, for the time it lasted, was one of the fiercest on record, yet it is a positive fact that immediately before the outbreak of hostilities the people of France and the people of Germany most emphatically wished for peace. It is said, and we believe on the best authority, that the Emperor was to a certain extent passive in the diplomatic manœuvres which preceded the catastrophe, but, at the same time, his inclination lay in the direction of whatever events would secure a peaceful future for his son and undisturbed possession of the Imperial power. Now it is manifest that a successful campaign against Prussia would most easily have secured that object, and would at the same time have counteracted the Republican feeling which had become so rampant of late years; therefore, the Emperor gave, reluctantly or not as the case may be, his acquiescence. With more truth, perhaps, the Empress is charged with the responsibility of the rupture; there are good reasons for believing that, besides the influence of her consort's views, priestly counsels emanating from the Vatican fomented the quarrel, as a means of curbing the growing Protestant power of Germany and at the same time of gaining territorial possessions for France. Should this be a correct statement of the case, and it is generally received as such, the Franco-Prussian War, springing from dynastic and religious causes, was not the less, as most other international conflicts have been, due also to selfish personal reasons.

In the case of the Russo-Turkish War, we believe we may say, without fear of



contradiction, that the Turkish people at large entertained no desire to make any aggression on Russia, either for the purpose of extending Mohammedanism or of acquiring territory, and, however fanatical followers of the Greek Church the masses of the Russian people may be, still those masses showed no sign of a national desire to draw the sword against Turkey, the real cause for doing which appears to have been the personal wish of the Czar, stimulated by a small but influential party in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The Nihilistic power had been gaining ground rapidly; Russia was known to be honeycombed with secret societies; and probably the Czar imagined that a successful contest with the Turks would re-establish his popularity and spread contentment with the existing *régime*. Thus this struggle, like the others, had in reality its origin in private and personal reasons.

Of late years a strong feeling has set in among the thinking masses of Europe that after all war, so long considered a hideous necessity, is in reality no necessity whatever; that it, with all its attendant horrors, may be dispensed with, and that an efficient substitute might be found for one of the most deplorable inheritances of barbarism. The sentiment above mentioned may be ascribed to various causes, but principally to the spread of education, the increased diffusion of political knowledge among the general population, and the growing force of philanthropy. The question is asked, Why should several millions of men in Europe alone, and when nations are on a peace footing, be withdrawn from the cultivation of the fields, from the workshop, the counting-house, and the mart, to be huddled together in barracks, supported by the taxation of other toiling millions, in order that the conscripts might be trained to a life which unfits them for industrial pursuits, while only teaching them how best and most expeditiously they may destroy their fellow-men? The answer has been given in no doubtful accents by the thinking and rapidly increasing educated classes of Europe, who no longer desire to spend their hard-earned treasure or their blood in the gratification of the personal ambition of their rulers.

The tabular statement given below,

showing the amount of the standing armies of Europe, even when on a peace footing, will convey some idea of the waste of human energy involved, to say nothing of the cost of their maintenance.

That a substitute for war should be found, and eventually must be found, is now pretty well established, but a serious and very difficult question arises—How is that substitute to be provided? The subject is one surrounded truly with tremendous difficulties, for it must be remembered that hardly a nation exists in Europe which does not wish for something it has not got, but which is possessed by some other nationality; and there is scarcely a single Power which does not desire to do something conducive to its own prosperity, but which would essentially militate against the interests of others. Still, though the difficulties are, no doubt, very great, they do not appear to be insuperable, and those statesmen will indeed deserve well of their respective countries who may exert themselves to hasten the time when a peaceful settlement of international difficulties may be arranged in lieu of the disastrous alternative of international slaughter.

#### EUROPEAN ARMIES ON A PEACE FOOTING.

*Great Britain, . . .	208,357 (officers and men)
Austria-Hungary, . . .	309,659 (17,867 officers, 291,792 men)
Belgium, . . .	53,886 (3,315 officers, 50,571 men)
Denmark, . . .	16,653 (335 officers, 16,318 men)
France, . . .	525,711 (officers and men)
Germany, . . .	432,000 (officers and men)
Greece, . . .	26,340 (officers and men)
Italy, . . .	265,889 (under arms)
Permanent Army, . . .	630,523 (on unlimited leave)
Netherlands, . . .	55,000
Portugal, . . .	32,000 (men and officers)
Roumania, . . .	19,812 (1,200 officers, 18,612 men)
Russia, . . .	763,858 (combatants only)
Servia, . . .	18,000 (standing cadre of the army)
Spain, . . .	144,664 (officers and men)
Sweden, . . .	39,464 (combatants only)
Norway, . . .	18,000 (actually under arms)
Switzerland, . . .	201,828 (including Landwehr)
Turkey, . . .	158,810 (officers and men)

†Total, . . . 3,980,513

It has been computed that, including the population of the United States of America, some hundred and five millions of people speak the English language, and belong generally to the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, supposing that England and the Colonies united in forming an Imperial Parliament, to which delegates

\* This number includes the garrisons on foreign stations.

† Including the reserves, which could be called out in a few weeks, the amount is approximately twelve millions.

might be sent from each of our dependencies; and suppose the Parliament had for its functions the consideration of Imperial interests, leaving Colonial matters to local legislation, it is manifest that the bond of union between the mother country and her dependencies would be drawn much closer than at present, and greatly to the advantage of all. In this assembly, Canada, Australia, the South African Colonies, New Zealand, and the West Indian Islands would be represented, questions of general utility would be freely ventilated and fairly discussed, reciprocal trade regulations would be established on a satisfactory basis, and projects for mutual defence in case of war would be arranged. In India it may be said that two hundred and seventy millions of natives are directly or indirectly governed by England, while among this teeming native population European ideas, a system of European education, and a knowledge of the English language are making rapid progress. As the different phases of Hindoo idolatry fade away before enlightenment our fellow-subjects in the East are beginning to see that, if they are a conquered people, still they have been rescued from a most degrading religious and political thralldom, that they have exchanged for the infamous rule of their native princes a civilized Government which gives them security for life and property, which also provides public works and education, thus gradually developing in the native mind a capacity for free institutions and for the refinements of European social life. Under these influences we may hope that the Hindoo and Mohammedan millions of India will soon view their position, not so much in the aspect of a subdued people than as that of a contented and prosperous part of an Empire governed by the great Aryan race, of which the Hindoo is himself one of the chief Asiatic branches. It would be too much to say that the Indian native is, at present, fit for representative institutions, but he is becoming so, and, in the future, native statesmen may, it is to be hoped, represent India in an Imperial Congress.

At present, the British Empire possesses the most extensive territory and the largest population, together with the

greatest amount of wealth and commerce, owned by any nation in ancient or modern times. We monopolize one-third of the world's trade; more than one-fifth of the world's population is ruled over by the Queen of England; our flag waves over one-eighth of the habitable globe. In time, and possibly not a very long time hence, the people of the United States, numbering at present more than sixty millions, may form a part of an Anglo-Saxon Confederation, which would then be, unquestionably, the strongest in the world, and which would unite the great Anglo-Saxon family by the strongest ties of any—those of self-interest. Thus, were the Union we have alluded to formed by England, her colonies, her Asiatic dependencies, and the United States of America, the important fact would be established that about one-fourth of the human race would have agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration instead of by the inhuman and costly process of war.

The question now arises, How would the other Powers of Europe profit by this example? When we consider that the weaker nations have everything to lose and nothing to gain by war, yet that they are obliged to retain, at the cost of heavy taxation, considerable military forces to resist possible aggression, it is natural to suppose that they would be likely to join in a confederation which, to the extent of their relations with it, would assure them of immunity from disturbance; and, therefore, we may suppose that one by one the weaker nations would join the great Anglo-Saxon Union. It would then remain for four or five of the principal Governments of Europe to consider whether they would keep up enormous armies at ruinous taxation, with the result of augmenting public debt and increasing the discontent of their subjects, or whether they would agree to a system which would enable them to disband their armies, lessen taxation, reduce debt, and banish discontent. It would certainly be a question for autocrats to consider, but not for them only. The subjects of the great Powers would also express their opinion, and there is little doubt as to the form that opinion would take, for, judging by the present strong tendency of European thought, the ques-

tion will in some way solve itself at no distant period. We see Nihilism, Socialism, Communism, in their different phases, growing more powerful every day, and it is not difficult to discern the origin of these movements in the systems of over-taxation and of military conscription, which, to supply enormous armies, check the industry of the working classes. It is not surprising, then, that national discontent, with its invariable outcome, the formation of secret societies, grows daily more intense and more formidable. Were the civilized nations of the world to form a Union as above suggested, on the basis of a system of arbitration instead of an appeal to the sword, there would still remain a very considerable portion of the globe occupied by races which have not yet emerged from barbarism, who would not, and indeed could not, be made subject to the conditions of the above arrangement. For a long period of time, doubtless, negro tribes in Central Africa, and Tartar hordes in Central Asia, will continue to slaughter each other for more or less valid reasons; but civilization, every year rapidly extending her bounds, displays a well-marked tendency to crush out of existence those races which show no capacity for elevation from the barbaric state, while, on the other hand, she draws within her influence other varieties of our species which do evince that capacity, and, such being the case, we can hope the time may come when, savage man having disappeared from the scene, enlightenment, always advancing, will unite the dominant types of the human family into one great brotherhood of nations.

The closer the subject is examined the more clearly does it appear that the difficulties attending a peaceful settlement of international disputes, though great, are only those which are inseparable from any project of the kind, and that they can be grappled with. At the present time there is a strong tendency among European nations to appropriate different portions of the world which are still under the dominion of barbarism, but which, from geographical position or natural causes, give a promise of future utility, or of constituting colonial wealth. In fact, nations are beginning to recognize how limited in extent are

the unappropriated fragments of the world, and that in a short time the more enterprising Powers will have absorbed everything that may yet be worth having.

The decision arrived at by the Powers of Europe and America to arrange their various claims with regard to the navigation of the Congo by international congress is in itself a very important step, as indicating a general determination that in the scramble for foreign possessions the advantages appertaining to valuable territories coveted by many, at the same time will be open to all, and that the weaker among civilized nations will share with the greater Powers the profits following in the wake of enterprise and progress.

However desirable the fact, it would perhaps be Utopian to suppose that the nationalities of Europe and America would simultaneously agree to map out the portions of our world yet occupied by savage man, and administer the possessions by international commissions for the general benefit of those concerned; but it is by no means certain that this process could not be carried out by degrees and in the course of time. For the present, the international scheme arranged with reference to the navigation of the Congo is in abeyance, but let us suppose that ultimate success attends the deliberation of the delegates, and that what have been declared the common rights of different nations may be regulated by the international commission, could not the same process be applied in a more extended sense, with equal success and mutual profit, to many other portions of the globe? It should not be forgotten that some of the very richest of these are in the hands of races occupying the lands without developing their resources, races which, living under wretched administrative systems, drag on a miserable existence under an inferior and never advancing form of government, too apathetic and indolent to utilize the natural wealth which surrounds them, yet denying to the activity and enterprise of Europe that of which they themselves decline to take advantage.

Should the idea which we have endeavored to formulate be acted on by the Powers of Europe and America, a

very large portion of the richest tracts of the earth would be speedily taken from beneath the sway of barbarism, the superabundant capital, population, and energies of the civilized communities would find an outlet, and the happiness of a very large proportion of the human family would be palpably advanced. In addition the important fact

would present itself, that in the amicable agreement to administer jointly the territories thus acquired an essentially powerful cause of national jealousies or quarrels would disappear, and a very considerable step would be taken toward the ultimate cessation of war.—*Westminster Review*.

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ART IN ENGLAND.\*

An Address delivered at the Liverpool Art Congress, and revised by the author for this Review.

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., PRESIDENT NATIONAL ACADEMY.

I CANNOT but feel that to some of my hearers, and to not a few of those who do not hear me, but whom the words spoken in this place may chance to reach through the Press, some brief explanation is, at the outset, due as to my occupancy of this chair. To them it is known that weighty reasons have for many years compelled me to decline all requests—and those requests have been frequent, urgent, and most gratifying to me in form and spirit—that I should publicly address audiences, beyond the walls of Burlington House, on the subject which is to occupy this Congress, the subject of art. It is not without some compunction that I have followed this course, but the exigencies, on the one hand, of the duties of my office, and, on the other, a firm purpose, which you will not, I hope, rebuke, to remain always and before all things a working artist, have left to my too limited strength and powers no alternative but that which I have adopted. Nevertheless, I have felt justified in obeying the summons of the founders of this Congress—and for this reason, that while the far-reaching character of the effort here initiated and my earnest desire to contribute, in however small a measure, to whatever of good may flow from it, have seemed to make it incumbent on me to accept the duty of saying a few words on this occasion, its comprehensive and national character lift it into a category wholly apart from and outside

the sphere of purely local interests, such as those which I had hitherto been invited to support.

I trust I shall be pardoned this short obtrusion of private considerations, and that you will see in it not a movement of egotism, but the discharge of a simple debt of courtesy; which said, let me address myself to the task imposed upon me—the task of showing cause and need for the existence of the association which inaugurates to-day its public work, and of arousing, if it is in my power, your efficient sympathy in that work, that it may not remain barren and without fruit. But here I am at once conscious of a perplexity lurking in your minds. "Why," I hear you ask, "should an organization have been called into life for the sole purpose of considering in public matters relating to the development and spread of art in this country? What hitherto unfulfilled ends do you seek to achieve? Do you aim at the wider extension of artistic education in this country? But vast sums from the public purse are annually devoted to its promotion; schools of art multiply, one might almost say swarm, over the face of the land. Or do you tax the great municipal bodies of England with remissness on this score? But day by day efforts in this direction among the great provincial centres of trade and industry become more marked and effectual. No announcement more frequently meets our eyes than that of the opening, with due ceremony and circumstance, and seemingly with full recognition that the event is an important one, of spacious public galleries for the annual ex-

\* This paper applies so forcibly to the conditions of art in the United States that the editor of THE ECLECTIC thinks it eminently desirable to reprint it.



hibition, or for the permanent housing, of works of contemporary art. Or does art find private individuals lacking in that noble spirit which so often prompts Englishmen to devote to the enjoyment and profit of their fellow-citizens a large share of the wealth gained by them in the pursuit of their avocations? But a great gallery of art which rises, hard by, across the road would shame and silence any such assertion. Or, again, can it be denied that what encouragement to artists is afforded by the purchase of innumerable pictures, at all events, was never more liberally meted out to them than within our generation, and does not the crowding of exhibitions, of which the name is Legion, evince abundantly the responsive attitude of the country, as far at least as one of the arts is concerned? Are not statues multiplying in our streets? Is not architecture, as an art, finding at this time increasing, if tardy, acceptance at the hands of private individuals? Is not a wholesome sense dawning among us that even a private dwelling should not offend, nay, should conciliate, the eye of the passer-by in our public thoroughfares; and, lastly, has not a more than marked improvement taken place within our day in the character of all those intimate domestic surroundings which are the daily diet of our eyes, and should be daily their delight? Are these not facts patent to all, and do they not seem to cut from under your feet the ground on which you seek to stand?" Yes, all this and more may be said, and I should be blind as an observer, I should be ungrateful as one speaking in the name of artists, did I not recognize the force of these words which I have put into the mouth of an imaginary querist. I acknowledge with joy that there is in all these facts, and still more in their significance, much on which we may justly congratulate ourselves, much that points to a quickening consciousness, a stirring of slumbering æsthetic impulse, a receptive readiness, a growing malleability in the general temper, which promise well; and it is precisely such a condition of things which justifies our hope of good results from this Congress, and in it we find our best encouragement.

Well, what, then, is our charge in respect to the present relation of the

country to art? What are the shortcomings for which we are here to seek a remedy? Our charge is that with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic; that our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness; that they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride; that they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity; that, while what is excellent receives from them honor and recognition, what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them, is, indeed, accepted and borne with a dull, indifferent acquiescence; that the æsthetic consciousness is not with them a living force, impelling them toward the beautiful, and rebelling against the unsightly. We charge that while a desire to possess works of art, but especially pictures, is very widespread, it is in a large number, perhaps in a majority of cases, not the essential quality of art that has attracted the purchaser to his acquisition; not the emanation of beauty in any one of its innumerable forms, but something outside and wholly independent of art. In a word, there is, we charge, among the many in our country, little consciousness that every product of men's hands claiming to rank as a work of art, be it lofty in its uses and monumental, or lowly and dedicated to humble ends, be it a temple or a palace, the sacred home of prayer or a Sovereign's boasted seat, be it a statue or a picture, or any implement or utensil bearing the traces of an artist's thought and the imprint of an artist's finger—there is, I say, little adequate consciousness that each of these works is a work of art only on condition that, is a work of art exactly in proportion as, it contains within itself the precious spark from the Promethean rod, the divine fire-germ of living beauty; and that the presence of this divine germ ennobles and lifts into one and the same family every creation which reveals it; for even as the life-sustaining fire which streams out in splendor from the sun's molten heart is one with the fire which lurks for our uses in the gray and homely flint, so the vital flame of

beauty is one and the same, though kindled now to higher and now to humbler purpose, whether it be manifest in the creations of a Phidias, or of a Michael Angelo, of an Ictinus, or of some nameless builder of a sublime cathedral; in a jewel designed by Holbein or a lamp from Pompeii, a sword-hilt from Toledo, a caprice in ivory from Japan, or the enamelled frontlet of an Egyptian Queen. We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the development of art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production, and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our lives. And with the absence of this true æsthetic instinct, we find not unnaturally the absence of any national consciousness that the sense of what is beautiful, and the manifestation of that sense through the language of art, adorn and exalt a people in the face of the world and before the tribunal of history; a national consciousness which should become a national conscience—a sense, that is, of public duty and of a collective responsibility in regard to this loveliest flower of civilization.

Well, it is in the belief that the consciousness of which I have spoken is rather dormant with us than absent, waiting to be aroused rather than wholly wanting, that the founders of this Association have initiated the movement which has brought you together, and laid upon me the ungracious task to which I am now addressing myself—a task I have accepted in the hope that at least some good to others may come out of the wreck and ruin of any character for courtesy which may hitherto have been conceded to me.

But let us now look closer into my indictment; and let us, first, for a moment, and by way of getting at a standard, turn our thoughts to one or two of those races among which art has reached its highest level, and round whose memory art has shed an inextinguishable splendor. Let us first consider the Greek race in the day of its greatest achievements and the most perfect balance of its transcendent gifts. What is it that impresses us most in the contemplation of the artistic activity of this

race? It is, first, that the stirring æsthetic instinct, the impulse toward and absolute need of beauty, was universal with it, and lay, a living force, at the root of its emotional being; and, secondly, that the Greeks were conscious of this impulse as of a just source of pride and a sign of their supremacy among the nations. So saturated were they with it that whatever left their hands bore its stamp. Whatever of Greek work has been preserved to us, temple or statue, vessel or implement, is marked with the same attributes of stately and rhythmic beauty; in all their creations, from the highest to the lowest, one spirit lives, and whatever be the rank of each of these creations in the hierarchy of works of art, in one thing they are even-born and kin—in the spirit of loveliness. And of the dignity of this artistic instinct, which they regarded as their birthright, they were, as I have said, proudly conscious. Would you have an instance of this high consciousness? Here is one. At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian war the Athenians having, according to ancestral custom, decreed a public funeral to those who had fallen in battle, Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, was chosen by them to speak the praises of the dead. It is a famous speech, that in which he obeyed their injunction, and it opens with a lofty eulogy of the Republic for which the heroes whom they mourned had fallen. In this magnificent song of praise he enumerates the virtues of the Athenians; he shows them heroic, wise, just, tolerant, *lovers of beauty*, philosophers—in all things foremost among men. Mark this! At a celebration of the most moving solemnity—in a breathing space between two acts of a gigantic international struggle for hegemony—you have here a great statesman enumerating the titles of his fellow-citizens to headship among the nations, and placing not at the end of his panegyric and as an oratorical embellishment, but in its very heart and centre, these words: "We love the beautiful."

But we may gain, perhaps, a yet more vivid sense of the extent to which the artistic impulse possessed and filled this people in the fascinating epitome of Grecian handicraft which is presented

to us at Pompeii, or rather in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Here you have the work not of Athenian Greeks of the Periclean or of the Alexandrian age, but the work of provincial Greeks inhabiting a watering-place of no very great importance, in the first century of our era; a period as far removed from the days of the Parthenon sculptures as we are from those days of the Canterbury Tales. And what a display it is! How full of interest! Here we are admitted into the most intimate privacy of a multitude of Pompeian houses—the kitchens, the pantries, the cellars of the contemporaries of the Plinies have here no secret for us; indeed, for aught we know, more than one of those dinners of which that delicate *bon vivant*, the nephew of the naturalist, was so appreciative a judge may have been cooked in one of these very ranges, one of those ladies may have skimmed his soup, his quails may have been roasted on yonder spit. Nothing is wanting that goes to make the complete armament of a kitchen—stoves, caldrons, vessels of every kind, lamps of every shape, forks, spoons, ladles of every dimension. And in all this mass of manifold material perhaps the most marked characteristic is not the high level of executive merit it reveals, high as that level is, but the amazing wealth of *idea*, the marvellous intellectual activity brought to bear on what we now call objects of industrial art—whatever that may mean—in this outpost of Greek civilization. These accumulated appliances of the kitchen and the pantry form a museum of art—a museum of art of inexhaustible fascination; and not only does this vast collection of necessary things contain nothing ugly, but it displays, as I have just said, an amazing wealth of ideas; each bowl, each lamp, each spoon almost, is an individual work of art, a separate and distinct conception, a special birth of the joy of creation in a genuine artist. But, above all, let us bear this main fact in mind—the *absence there of any ugly thing*; for the instinct of what is beautiful not only delights and seeks to express itself in lovely work, but forbids and banishes whatever is graceless and unsightly.

As next to the Greeks, and as almost their equals in this craving for the beau-

tiful, the Italians will occur to you. And here it may be well to note, in a parenthesis, that a vivid sense of abstract beauty in line and form does not necessarily carry with it a keen perception of shapeliness in the human frame. This curious fact we see strikingly illustrated in a race which possesses the artistic instinct in certain of its developments in a greater degree than any other in our time—I mean the Japanese. With them the sense of decorative distribution and of subtle loveliness of form and color is absolutely universal, and expresses itself in every most ordinary appliance of daily life, overflowing, indeed, into every toy or trifle that may amuse an idle moment; and yet majesty and beauty in the human form are as absent from their works as from their persons. Be this said without prejudice to the fact that in the movement imparted by them to the fingers in their designs there is often much of daintiness and dignity, the outcome of that keen perception of beauty of line in the abstract which we have seen to be dominant in them. I need not follow further this, I think, interesting train of thought, but the digression seemed to me useful, not as illustrating the fact that beauty is not to be regarded only in connection with the human form, which is a mere truism, but as showing that the abstract sense of it, in certain aspects, may possess and penetrate a race in which the perception of comeliness in the human body is almost entirely absent; and I meet by it also, in anticipation, certain objections that may suggest themselves to you in connection with the Italians, as far, at least, as the Tuscans are concerned; for in them, too, we find occasionally side by side with an unsurpassed sense of the expressiveness of line and form, a defective perception of beauty in the human frame—witness the ungainly angularities, for instance, of a Verocchio, a Gozzoli, a Signorelli.

The thirst for the artistically delightful was the mark in Italy of no particular class, it was common to all, high and low, to the Pontiff on his throne, to the trader behind his counter, to the people in the market-place. And here, again, observe that this desire was not alone for the adornment of walls and public places with painting and statuary—

though every wall in every church or public building was, in fact, enriched by the hand of painters and of sculptors—but it embraced every humbler form of artistic expression, and was, indeed, especially directed to one which has in our time touched, here and there, a melancholy depth—the craft of the goldsmith. I said “humbler form” of art for lack of a better word; for a craft cannot fitly be called humble which has occupied and delighted men of the very highest gifts. Did not the mind that conceived the “Perseus” of the Loggia dei Lanzi pour out some of its richest fancies in a jewelled salt-cellar for the table of a Pope? Did not the sublimest genius that ever shone upon the world of art receive its first guidance in the workshop of a jeweller—a jeweller who was himself a painter also of high renown? For was it not that painter-goldsmith whose hands adorned with noble frescoes the famous choir of Sta. Maria Novella?

Now, to a cultured audience such as that which I am here addressing these facts are familiar and trite, so trite and so familiar that it may, perhaps, be doubted whether their true significance has ever stood quite clearly before your minds, and whether you have fully grasped the solidarity of the arts—if I may use an outlandish expression—which at one time prevailed. Let us in imagination transfer the last quoted fact into contemporary life. Let us suppose that the municipality of a great English city, proud of its annals and of its culture, determined to decorate with paintings in some comprehensive manner the walls of a great public building; and suppose, further, that an artist, admittedly of the first rank, were to answer to its call from the workshop—and I say advisedly from the workshop, for it is there, and not on an armchair in the office, that the head of the house would have been found in the old day—suppose, I say, that such an artist came forth from some great firm of jewellers, in Bond Street, for instance, we should have, on the artistic side, the exact parallel of the case of the Dominicans of Sta. Maria Nuova and Domenico, the son of Thomas the garland-maker of Florence. Meanwhile, striking as is this instance of the unity of art in long

past days, it is but just to add, and I rejoice to be able here to do so, that signs are not wanting on the side of our own artists of a strong tendency toward a return to closer bonds between its various branches, in which direction, indeed, a movement has been for some years increasingly marked and practical; and it is with a glad outlook into the future, and with a sense of breathing a wider air, that I place by the side of the cases which I have just mentioned—cases which were in their time of natural and frequent occurrence—one which is of yesterday. The chief magistrate of an important provincial centre of English industry, the Mayor of Preston, wears at this time a chain of office which is a beautiful work of art, and this chain was not only designed but wrought throughout by the sculptor who modelled the stately commemorative statue of the Queen that adorns the County Square of Winchester, the artist who presides over the section of sculpture in this Congress, my young friend and colleague, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

I have pointed to the Italians and the Greeks as culminating instances of peoples filled with a love of beauty and achieving the highest excellence in its embodiment, and I have named the Japanese as manifesting the æsthetic temper in a high degree of sensitiveness, but within certain limitations. It is not necessary to remind you that I might extend this list, if with some qualification, and that the same lesson—the lesson that the nations which love beauty seek it in the humblest as well as the highest things—is taught us by others than those I have mentioned. Whosoever, for instance, has wondered at the work of Persian looms, or felt the fascination of the manuscripts illuminated by the artists of Iran, or noted the un-failing grace of subtle line revealed in their metal work, will feel that for this race also the merit of a work of art did not reside in its category, but in the degree to which it manifested the spirit which alone could ennoble it, the spirit of beauty. And if, further, this dominant instinct of the beautiful is not in our own time found in any Western race in its fullest force, and among one Eastern people with, as we saw, important limitations, there is yet one modern nation



in our own hemisphere in which the thirst for artistic excellence is widespread to a degree unknown elsewhere in Europe; a people with whom the sense of the dignity of artistic achievement, as an element of national greatness, an element which it is the duty of its Government to foster and to further, and to proclaim before the world, is keen and constant—I mean, of course, your brilliant neighbors, the people of France. Here, then, are standards to which we may appeal to see how far, all allowance being made for many signs of improvement in things concerning art, we yet fall short, as a nation, of the ideal which we should have before us.

Let me now revert to my indictment. I said that the sense of abstract beauty with the mass of our countrymen—and once again I must be understood not to ignore, but only to leave out of view for the moment, the considerable and growing number of those in whom this sense is astir and active—with the mass, I repeat, of our countrymen, the perception of beauty is blunt, and the desire for it sluggish and superficial; with them the beautiful is, indeed, sometimes a source of vague, half-conscious satisfaction, especially when it appeals to them conjointly with other incitements to emotion, but their perception of it is passive, and does not pass into active desire; it accepts, it does not demand; it is uncertain of itself, for it lacks definiteness of intuition, and, having no definite intuition, it is necessarily uncritical. This weakness, among the many, of the critical faculty in æsthetic matters, and the curious bluntness of their perceptions, is seen not in connection with the plastic arts only, but over the whole artistic field, in the domains of music and the drama, as in that of painting and sculpture. Who, for instance, where a body of English men and women has been gathered together in a concert-room, has not, at one moment, heard a storm of applause go up to greet some matchless executant of noble music, and then, five minutes later, watched in wonder and dismay the same crepitation of eager hands proclaiming an equal satisfaction with the efforts of some feeblest servant of Apollo! Or have you not often, in your theatres, blushed to see the lowest buffoonery received with exuberant de-

light by an audience—and a cultivated audience—which had just before not seemed insensible to some fine piece of histrionic art? And what could proclaim the lack of true, spontaneous instinct in more startling fashion than the notorious fact that the most thrilling touch of pathos in the performance of an actor reputed to be comic will be infallibly received with a titter by a British audience, which has paid to laugh and come to the play focussed for the funny?

Now this little glimpse into the attitude of the public in regard to other arts than ours has its bearing upon our present subject. This same feebleness of the critical sense which arises out of the indefiniteness—to say the best of it—of the inner standard of artistic excellence, is not unnaturally accompanied by and fosters an apathy in regard to that excellence, and an attitude of callous acquiescence in the unsightly, which are inexpressibly mischievous; for you cannot too strongly print this on your minds, that what you demand that you will get, and according to what you accept will be that which is provided for you. Let an atmosphere be generated among you in which the appetite for what is beautiful and noble is whetted and becomes imperative, in which whatever is ugly and vulgar shall be repugnant and hateful to the beholder, and assuredly what is beautiful and noble will, in due time, be furnished to you, and in steadily increasing excellence, satisfying your taste, and at the same time further purifying it and heightening its sensitiveness.

The enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things, it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you. Now, this callous tolerance of the unsightly, although it is, I am grateful to think, yielding by degrees to a healthier feeling, is still strangely prevalent and widespread among us, and its deadening influence is seen in the too frequent absence of any articulate protest of public opinion against the disfigurement of our towns.

Let me give you an instance of this

indifference. Our country is happy in possessing a collection of paintings by the old masters of exceptional interest and splendor, a collection which, thanks to the taste and highly trained discernment of its present accomplished head, Sir Frederick Burton, is, with what speed the short-sighted policy of successive Governments permits, rising steadily to a foremost place among the famous galleries of the world. Some years ago, the building destined to receive it being found no longer adequate, it became necessary to provide by some means ampler space for the display of the national treasure. It was resolved that another edifice should take the place of that designed by Wilkins, an edifice which, be it said in passing, had been made the butt of curiously unmerited ridicule in the world of connoisseurship, and which, apart from certain very obvious blemishes, it has always seemed to me to be much easier to deride than to better. A competition was opened, and designs were demanded for a spacious building, equal to present and future needs, and worthy of the magnificence of the collection it was to house. It is hardly necessary to say that we have here no concern whatever with the controversy which arose over these designs. My concern is with its final outcome, which is this: the original building has remained unaltered as to its exterior; but, on the rear of one of its flanks, loom now into view, first an appendage in an entirely different style of architecture, and, further on, an excrescence of no style of architecture at all; the one an Italian tower, the other a flat cone of glass, surmounted by a ventilator—a structure of the warehouse type—the whole resulting in a jarring jumble and an aspect of chaotic incongruity which would be ludicrous if it were not distressing; and we enjoy, further, this instructive phenomenon that a public opinion which sensitively shrank from the blemishes of the original edifice has accepted its retention, with all those blemishes unmodified, *plus* an appendage which adds to the whole the worst, almost, of all sins architectural—a lack of unity of conception. Now, I have never to my knowledge heard one single word of articulate public reprobation levelled at this now irremediable blot on

what we so complacently call the finest site in the world; and yet I cannot find it in me to believe that many have not, like myself, groaned in spirit before a spectacle so deplorable—a spectacle which, indeed, is only conceivable within these islands. I think that a good deal is summed up in this episode, and I need not, for my present purpose, seek another in the domain of architecture.

In regard to sculpture the public apathy and blindness are yet more depressing and complete, and illustrate the deadness of the many to the perception of the essential qualities of art. To the overwhelming majority of Englishmen sculpture means, simply, the perpetuation of the form of Mr. So-and-So in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta—this, and no more. That marble, bronze, or terra-cotta may, under cunning hands, become vehicles, for those who have eyes to see, of emotions, æsthetic and poetic, not less lofty than those which are stirred in us by the verse of a Dante or a Milton, or by strains of noblest music, of this the consciousness is for practical purposes non-existent. For sculpture, for an art through which, alone, the name of Greece would have been famous for all time, there is, outside portraiture, even now, under conditions admittedly improved, little or no field in our country. Portrait-statues, galore, bristle, indeed, within our streets; but the notion of setting up in public places pieces of monumental sculpture solely for adornment and dignity, or of monuments that shall remind us of deeds in which our country or our town has earned fame and deserved gratitude, and incite the young to emulation of those deeds, or that shall be the allegorized expression of any great idea—and yet our race has had great ideas, and clothed them in deeds as great—hardly ever, it would seem, enters the heads of a people whose aspirations are surely not less noble or less high than those of other nations. Nay, even a monument commemorative of the great public services of some individual man which shall be a monument *to* him rather than exclusively an image *of* him, a monument, of which his effigy shall form a part, but of which the main feature shall be the embodiment or illustration, in forms of art, of the virtues that

have earned for him the homage of his countrymen—even this is suggested in vain.

And if we are tolerant of treason against fitness in architecture, what shall we say of our tolerance in regard to its sculptural adornments? What shall we say of the complaisant acceptance, above and about windows and doorways in clubs, offices, barracks, and the like buildings, of carven wonders such as no civilized community would accept in silence? Though I fear I must here, with all deference, add that my brethren, the architects, who suffer their work to be so defaced, are themselves not wholly blameless; and, indeed, it is a truth, in the assertion of which the most enlightened workmen in every branch of art will stand by me, that among ourselves also the sense of the kinship of the arts is too often a mere theory, received, no doubt, with respect as an abstract proposition, but not perceptibly coloring our practical activity.

In sculpture the inertness of demand and tolerance of inferior supply is due mainly to the want, to which I have alluded, of a sense of and a joy in the purely æsthetic quality in artistic production, an insensibility to the power inherent in form, by its own virtue, of producing emotion and exciting the imagination, a power on which the dignity of this pure and severe art does or should mainly rest.

In the appreciation of painting, which, on various grounds, appears as an art to a far wider public than either architecture or sculpture, the same shortcomings are evident, though in a less degree, and with less mischievous results; for the witchery of color, at least, is felt and appreciated, more or less consciously, by a very large number of people. The inadequacy of the general standard of artistic insight is here seen in the fact that, to a great multitude of persons, the attractiveness of a painted canvas is in proportion to the amount of literary element which it carries, not in proportion to the degree of æsthetic emotion stirred by it, or of appeal to the imagination contained in it—persons, those, who regard a picture as a compound of anecdote and mechanism, and with whom looking at it would seem to mean

only another form of reading. Time after time, in listening to the description, the enthusiastic description, of a picture, we become aware that the points emphasized by the speaker are such as did not specially call for treatment in art at all, were often not fitted for expression through form or color, their natural vehicle being not paint but ink, which is the proper and appointed conveyer of abstract thoughts and concrete narrative. I have heard pictures extolled as works of genius simply because they expressed, not because they nobly clothed in forms of art, ideas not beyond the reach of the average penny-a-liner.

Now I know that in what I am here saying I skirt the burning ground of controversy long and hotly waged—skirt it only, for that controversy touches but the borders of my subject, and I shall of course not pursue it here. I will, nevertheless, to avoid misrepresentation in either sense, state, as briefly as I can, one or two definite principles on which it appears to me safe to stand. It is given to form and to color to elicit in men powerful and exquisite emotions, emotions covering a very wide range of sensibility, and to which they alone have the key. The chords within us which vibrate to these emotions are the instrument on which art plays; and a work of art deserves that name, as I have said, in proportion as, and in the extent to which, it sets those chords in motion. The power and solemnity of a simple appeal of form as such is seen in a noble building of imposing mass and stately outlines. When, however, form in art is connected with the human frame, and when combinations of human forms are among the materials with which a beautiful design is built up, then another element is added to the sum of our sensations—an element due to the absorbing interest of man in all that belongs to his kind; and the emotion primarily produced by the force of a purely æsthetic appeal is enhanced and heightened by elements of a more intimate and universal order, one more nearly touching our affections, but not, therefore, necessarily of a higher order. Thus the episode, for instance, of Paolo and Francesca, clothed in the rare, grave melody of Dante's verse, entrances us with its pathos; but our emotion, intensely hu-

man as it is, is not therefore of a higher kind than that which holds us as we listen to sounds sublimely woven by some great musician; nor are the impressions received in watching from the floor of a great Christian church the gathering of the gloom within a great dome's receding curves of less noble order than those aroused by a supreme work of sculpture or a painting—by, say, the "Notte" of Michael Angelo or the "Mona Lisa" of Lionardo; and yet in both of these last the chord of human sympathy is strongly swept, though in different ways—in the "Notte" by the poetic and pathetic suggestiveness of certain forms and movements of the human body; in the "Mona Lisa" by a more definitely personal charm and feminine sorcery which haunts about her shadowy eyes, and the subtle curling of her mysterious lips.

I say, then, that in a work of art the elements of emotion based on human sympathies are not of a loftier order than those arising out of abstract sublimity or loveliness of form, but that the presence of these elements in such a work, while not raising it as an artistic creation, does impart to it an added power of appeal, and that, therefore, a work in which these elements are combined will be with the great majority of mankind a more potent engine of delight than one which should rest exclusively on abstract qualities. And it follows, therefore, that while a work of art earns its title to that name on condition, only, once again I say, of the purely æsthetic element being present in it, and will rank as such in exact proportion to the degree in which this element prevails in it; and while, further, this element, carrying with it, as it does, imaginative suggestiveness of the highest order and of the widest scope, is all-sufficient in those branches of art in which the human form plays no part, the element which is inseparable in a work of art from the introduction of human beings is one which it is not possible for us to ignore in our appreciation of that work as a source and vehicle of emotion.

Every attempt at succinct exposition of a complex question risks being unsatisfactory and obscure, and I am painfully alive to the inadequacy of what I have just said. I trust, however, that

I have conveyed my meaning, if roughly, yet sufficiently to shield me from misconception in regard to the special emphasis I am laying on the importance of a proper estimation of the essentially æsthetic quality in a work of art, an importance which I urge upon you, not so much here on account of the effect its absence may have exercised on the development of painting, as on account of the significant fact that its want—the lack of a perception that certain qualities are the very essence of art, and link into one great family every work of the hands of men in which they are found—has led with us to a disastrous divorce between what is considered as art proper and the arts which are called industrial. I say advisedly "disastrous," for the lowering among us in the present day of the status of forms of art, in the service of which such men as Albert Dürer, for example, and Holbein (men, by-the-by, of kindred blood with ourselves), Cellini and Lionardo, were glad to labor and create—and that not as a concession, but in the joyful exercise of their fullest powers—is one of its results, and, carrying with it, as is natural, a lowering of standard in these arts, has generated the marvellous notion, not expressed in words, but too largely acted on, that art in any serious sense is not to be looked for at all in certain places—where, in truth, alas! neither is it often found—and led to the holding aloof to a great extent, until comparatively recent years, of much of the best talent from very delightful forms of artistic creation; and this notion has led further to the virtual banishment from certain provinces of designing of the human figure, or, where it is not banished, to its defacement, too often, in the hands of the untrained or the inept.

We are to a wonderful degree creatures of habit, our thoughts are prone to run—or shall I not rather say to stagnate?—within grooves; and, if we are a people of many and of great endowments, a swift and free play of thought is, as we have been forcibly told by a voice that we shall hear no more, and can ill miss, not a distinguishing feature among us. Is it not an amazing thing, for example, that human shapes, which in clay or plaster would be ignominiously excluded from a second-rate exhibition,



are not only accepted, but displayed with a chuckle of elated pride, when cast in the precious metals, flanked, say, by a palm-tree, all borne aloft on a rock, and presented in the guise of a piece of ornamental plate? But is this even rare? Is it not of constant occurrence? Do you demur? Well, let me ask you a plain question: Of all the nymphs and goddesses, the satyrs, and the tritons, that disport themselves on the ceremonial goldsmithery of the United Kingdom, how many if cast in vulgar plaster, and not in glittering gold, would pass muster before the jury of an average exhibition? And if few, I ask why is this so? In the name of Cellini—nay, in the name of common sense, why? And is it on account of the low ebb of figure modelling for decorative purposes that on our carved furniture—what we mysteriously describe as “art-furniture”—the human form is hardly ever seen? Then why is the best talent not enlisted in this work? Certain it is that the absence of living forms imparts to much of the furniture now made in England, unsurpassed as it is in regard to delicacy and finish of handiwork, and frequently elegant in design, a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism which prevents it from taking that rank in the province of applied art to which it might and should aspire.

But I have, I fear, already unduly drawn upon your patience, and I must bring to a close these too disjointed prefatory words, leaving it to the accomplished gentlemen who head the various sections of this Congress to amplify and enrich as they will, out of the wide fund of their knowledge and experience, the bald outline I have sketched before you. They, in their turn, taking up, no doubt, our common parable, will emphasize and press on you the fact that by cultivating its æsthetic sense in a more comprehensive and harmoniously consistent spirit than hitherto, and with a clearer vision of the nature of all art and a more catholic receptiveness as to its charms, and by stimulating in a right direction the abundant productive energy which lies to its hand, this nation will not only be adding infinitely to the adornment and dignity of its public and private life, not only providing for itself an increasing and manifold source of delight and ren-

ovating repose, mental and spiritual, in a day in which such resting and regenerating elements are more and more called for by our jaded nervous systems, and more and more needed for our intellectual equilibrium, but will be dealing with a subject which is every day becoming more important in relation to certain sides of the waning material prosperity of the country. For, as they will no doubt remind you, the industrial competition between this and other countries—a competition, keen and eager, which means to certain industries almost a race for life—runs, in many cases, no longer exclusively or mainly on the lines of excellence of material and solidity of workmanship, but greatly nowadays, on the lines of artistic charm and beauty of design. This, to you, vital fact is one which they will, I am convinced, not suffer to fall into the background.

One last word in anticipation of certain objections not unlikely to be raised against an assumption which may seem to be implied in the existence of our Association—the assumption that the evils and shortcomings of which I have spoken with such unsparing frankness can be removed or remedied by the gathering together of a number of persons to listen to a series of addresses. The causes of these evils, we may be told, and their antidote, are not on the surface of things, but rest on conditions of a complex character, and are fundamental. “Who,” I hear some one say, “is this dreamer of dreams, who hopes to cure by talking such deep-seated evils? Who is this shallow and unphilosophical thinker who does not see that the same primary conditions are operative in making the purchaser indifferent to what he gets and the supplier indifferent to what he produces, and who attributes the circumstance that good work is not generally produced in certain forms of industry to the lack of demand, rather than to the deeper-lying fact that suppliers and demanders are of the same stock, having the same congenital failings, and satisfied with the same standards?” My answer to this imaginary, or I ought, perhaps, to say this foreseen, objector would be, first, this—that I am not the visionary for whom he takes me, and that I do not

believe in the efficacy of words either directly to remedy the state of things I have been deploring, or to create a love of art and a delicate sensitiveness to its charms in those to whom the responsive chords have been refused; neither is the eloquence, trumpet-toned and triumphant, conceivable by me before which the walls of the Jericho of the Philistine shall crumble in abrupt ruin to the ground; least of all do I believe in sudden developments of the human intellect. But it has nevertheless seemed to me, as it has seemed to the framers of this Association, that words, if they be judicious and sincere, may rally and strengthen and prompt to action instincts and impulses which only await a signal to assert themselves—instincts sometimes, perhaps, not fully conscious of themselves—and that a favoring temperature may be thus created within which, by the operation of natural laws, in due time, but by no stroke of the wand, a new and better order may arise. Neither, indeed, do I ignore the force of my critic's contention that the causes of mischief lie deep, and are not to be touched by surface-tinkering, if they are to be removed at all; though I demur to his pessimistic estimate of them as a final bar to our hopes. It is true that certain specific artistic attributes are, or seem to be, feeble in our race; it is true, too true, that the general standard of taste is low; it is true, too true—I have it on the repeated assurance of apologetic vendors—that with us the ugliest objects—often oh! how ugly—have the largest market; nevertheless, the amount of good artistic production in connection with industry—I purposely speak of this first—has grown within the last score or so of years, and through the initiative, mind, of a mere handful of enthusiastic and highly gifted men, in an extraordinary degree; and in a proportionate degree has the number increased, also, of those who accept and desire it; and this growth has been steady and organic, and is of the best augury. Now, the increase in the number of those who desire good work, and the concurrent development of their critical sensitiveness in matters of taste, stimulate, in their turn, the energies, and sustain the upward efforts, of the producers, and thus, through action and

reaction, a condition of things should be slowly but surely evolved which shall more nearly approach that general level of artistic culture and artistic production so anxiously looked for by us all. It is in the hastening of this desired result that we invoke, not your sympathy alone, but your patient, strenuous aid. And if I am further asked how, in my view, this association can best contribute to the furtherance of our common end, I would say, not merely by seeking to fan and kindle a more general interest in the things of art, but mainly by seeking to awaken a clearer perception of the true *essence* of a work of art, by insisting on the fundamental identity of all manifestations of the artistic creative impulse, through whatever channels it may express itself, and by setting forth and establishing this pregnant truth—that whatever degrees of dignity and rank may exist in the scale of artistic productions, according to the order of emotion to which they minister in us, they are one in kind; for the various and many channels through which beauty is made manifest to us in art are but the numerous several stops of one and the same divine instrument.

And if in what I have said I have laid especial stress on that branch of art which is called industrial, it is not solely to develop this cardinal doctrine, neither only because of the pressing, practical, paramount national importance of this part of our subject, but also because I, in truth, believe that it is in a great measure through these very forms of art that the improvement, to which I look with a steadfast faith, will be mainly operated. The almost unlimited area which they cover in itself constitutes them an engine of immense power, and I believe that through them, if at all, the sense of beauty and the love for it will be stimulated in, and communicated to, constantly increasing numbers. I believe that the day may come when public opinion, thus slowly but definitely moulded, will make itself loudly heard; when men will insist that what they do for the gracing and adornment of their homes shall be done also for the public buildings and thoroughfares of their cities; when they will remind their municipal representatives and the controllers of their guilds of what similar

bodies of men did for the cities of Italy in the days of their proud prosperity in trade, and will ask why the walls of our public edifices are blank and silent, instead of being adorned and made delightful with things beautiful to see, or eloquent of whatever great deeds or good work enrich and honor the annals of the places of our birth. And, lastly, I believe that an art desired by the whole people and fostered by the whole people's desire would reflect—for such art must be sincere—some of the best qualities of our race; its love of Nature, its imaginative force, its healthfulness, its strong simplicity.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, my task is ended. My duties to-night were purely prefatory; my words are but the prologue to the proceedings which begin

to-morrow—a prologue which I undertook to speak less from any faith in its possible efficacy than in the belief that the first word spoken at such a time should be heard from the lips of one to whom, from the nature of the office he is privileged to fill, as well as from the whole bent of his mind, everything that concerns art, from end to end of its enchanting field, must be, and is, a source of deep, of constant, and engrossing interest. The curtain is now raised, the stage is spread before you, and I step aside to make way for others, leaving with you the expression of my fervent wish that the hopes which have brought us together in this place may not have been entertained in vain.—*Contemporary Review*.

## A STORY OF CHIOS.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

### I.

A MODERN knight of Malta may still have some touch of the far-off time of the sword and red-crossed cloak, though his way lie through an inextricable tangle of pecuniary difficulties and the fog of vulgar troubles heavily encompass him. Surely he is not less a knight because his social aspirations transcend the moderate expectations of a position far below such merits as, he feels, should entitle him to State-recognition, or, at least, the hand of an unclaimed heiress. And yet, with the modesty of unappreciated worth, he had been content to seek the unpretentious post of Consul at Alexandria, and lo! a vulgar effervescent Italian had carried off the honors under his very nose, in spite of accomplishments and exterior graces that would have adorned a diplomatic corps. So the knight felt exceedingly depressed, and wandered about Constantinople in search of distraction.

Distraction came to him in perplexing and undesirable shape. With this quaint, unconscious touch of old-fashioned chivalry in him, the sight of sorrow or distress left him restless until he had offered a helping hand or a word of

sympathy. Those who knew him were fond of arguing against the wisdom of such unconsidered good-nature, and their arguments invariably left him with the same gently uplifted brows and smile of humorous deprecation. If there were fools and sages, he thought on the whole that the fools were pleasanter. Now Fate, if we may help ourselves to the time-worn explanation of unsearchable facts, threw this kindly and susceptible Maltese across the path of desolate girlhood; a pink-cheeked, fair-haired English girl, forlorn, destitute and unhappy in a foreign land. She did not appeal to him in dramatically tearful distress, but in quiet endurance and a proudly concealed anxiety that was fast verging toward despair; a picture that could hardly fail to play potentially upon the delicate sensibilities of a nature that may be likened to a faint echo of the music of the Middle Ages. Plain, he would have grieved for her; pretty, the pity within him caught flame from love. So he rose, dressed himself very carefully, gallantly shook off doubt, though he gazed pensively into a diminishing purse, and sighed when he thought of the responsibilities the bliss-giving "yes" would entail,

and then went boldly forth to plead for it with the traditional fervor of his race.

These were the parents of Tony, who lived with his grandfather on the island of Chios. A bewildering little barbarian, with milky brow and chin, and rosy cheeks so delicately hued beside the red of the short upper lip that was part of his general engagingness; joyous, clear, dark eyes that sometimes looked out of their long lashes with the gentle gravity of his dead father's, and wild wavy hair that was almost fierce and aggressive in its unshaded brilliance of ruddy gold.

His grandfather, Antonio Vallery, wearied of the dissipations and noisy solitude of the charming little town of La Valletta, had long ago retired to dwell in peace upon the island of his ancestors; to smoke and meditate under his own mastic tree, before a broken landscape melting into valley and rising into hill with blue lines of water cutting sharply from the edges of further islands; to cultivate his vines and orchard, and breed long-eared Maltese goats. As a set-off against this pastoral monotony, there was the cheerful gossip on politics with the inevitable glass of *raki* or Chian wine at the village grocer's, where the male population of the three neighboring villages met of an evening to settle the affairs of Europe and glance casually at their own. Among these disputatious politicians Antonio Vallery was a conspicuous and respected personage. He was reserved and good-humored, with a face quick to light up with a playful, tolerant smile; a tall, powerfully built man, very gray and brown, and severely touched by the many hard lessons he had learnt out beyond this sleepy, blue Aegean sea—sorrows and vicissitudes of which he spoke little and remembered with no bitterness. His chief delight, until his solitude was broken by a child's presence, was to sit alone smoking in the garden, when the evening air was enriched by the smell of the mastic and pepper trees, and the sun had gone down behind the hills. The intensity of unbroken silence had fallen upon the land, and, when the boy had brought home the goats, and left the supper prepared, there was nothing for the old man to do but gaze across the shadowed landscape to the dim sea-line, and muse, as old people do, upon the past—upon

his absent son, the wedded years he had known in Malta, the unforgotten friends to whom he had been inextricably attached, and on old wounds and troubles that looked so greatly less in retrospect.

On one of these soft and tranquil evenings he was disturbed by the sudden appearance of Aristides, who came running down the rocky torrent-bed from the nearest village, excitedly shaking a letter above his head.

"A letter for you, Antonio Vallery!" he shouted. "Old Peter brought it in his *caïque*, and the postmaster sent it up to the village at once."

"Thank you, child," Antonio said very quietly, but the hand that was eagerly stretched forth to take the letter trembled violently.

The letter told the story of sundered lives—of a dead man and a bereaved woman, and spoke of their baby-boy, Antonio's grandson. In a few moments the old man was tearing on his mule down the rocky pathway that led through many straggling villages to the little town of Chios on the sea-coast. His appearance at that unusual hour in the town spread magically a hint of disaster, and when he insisted with imperious gravity on Peter putting out for sea without delay, mentioning with impressive curttness the death of his son, the town poured itself out upon the little pier, and gazed upon him in sorrowful awe,—even the jocose Joanki incapable of anything less sober than an effusive embrace. Independent of his popularity, death absorbed their attention; for, to these simple folk, death is the supremest misfortune, and a visitation to call forth the wild protest of rebellion and the cry of transfixed pain. Their lives are so regular and frugal, so untainted by any taste or habit likely to cut off existence in its bloom, that such a sentence at twenty-nine appeared to them so enormous an injustice as to be beyond comfort or endurance.

A month later Antonio returned with a pale, fair, young woman, the whiter for her mourning robes, with a baby clasped against her, looking out upon the world with large dark eyes full of infant perplexities and surprise. The islanders kissed Vallery on both cheeks in speechless recognition of his bereavement, and shook the widow's hand sym-



pathetically. But Joanki, the Chian humorist, took the child's head in his rough bronzed hands, kissed it, and jocosely placed a finger between the soft small lips. The baby gurgled in delight, and thus they signed their bond of eternal friendship.

They were all anxious to be kind to the pretty widow; they praised her golden hair, marvelled at the fairness of her skin, and bewildered her with a multiplicity of offers of willing nurses. She was grateful, and thanked them in broken Italian, while Antonio stood by, grave and straight, and interpreted her gentle words, adding thanks of his own, and the smile struggled back into his fading glance as it rested on the child. He waited upon it and upon his daughter, with an interest of watchfulness born of his years of unbroken solitude. But the girl drooped visibly despite his efforts to keep her. She sickened to death, longing for the repose of an English meadow, for the familiar sights and sounds of her farm-home in Somersetshire, and blinded by the fierce perpetual sunshine and the deep glitter of the sea. Her boy's "Mamma" was music in her ears, but it could not numb the persistent agony of this home-sickness, and she faded with the year. As Antonio stood beside her open grave, and flung the customary handful of earth upon the flower-covered corpse while the priest chanted "May it rest lightly upon her," loud groans issued from the breasts of the sons of God (as the male Greek modestly regards himself) who looked down upon this pretty daughter of Man thus cruelly carried away to the Unknown.

## II.

WINTER had swept rapidly across the highlands of the Ægean, and the sky now looked as if rain could never again wash the warm blue dim; while under it the sea was a blinding glitter hardly stirred by the sign of motion, cutting with sharp precision into the monotonous clearness of the unshaded landscape. The long daisies waved through the stony broken meadows of the valleys and upon the mountain-sides, breaking their uniformity of color and of curve, like foam upon green waters. On the wings of the outer winds was borne the

strong smell of the sea, mixing invigoratingly with the perfume of the orange blossoms from the gardens, and the more poignant scent of the wild thyme and the aromatic plants of spring. It was evening, when Chios looks fairest in the eloquence of absolute tranquillity and rude charm of shepherd-life. A light dew lay upon the grass-spears, turning the meadows afar into a sea of waveless gray. The hill-tops stood out in clear lines from the vapory blue, and the shapes of the goats made stains upon the naked rocks and thin spaces of green; the eager pigeons fluttering homeward might have been spots of luminous snow, shot like quivering arrows through the still air, and the silence was enriched by the cheerful twitter of the birds as they trilled and piped their good-night to one another. And over all hung the glamor of the Eastern sunset, deepening the twilight mist that rests upon the olive-groves, and shadowing the purple veil of opening buds upon the young fig-trees.

Down an abrupt shoulder of earth, above a little white village, came two boys. One carried a stick which he grasped with flexible dark fingers, and used to keep in order the band of goats he was driving before him. He wore a brown tunic, long leather gaiters, a fez, and Turkish shoes of red leather, stitched with silver, turned up at the toes and fastened off with bobbins of red floss silk. His companion was slightly taller, and his gun, his hunting-boots, and soft jaunty cap worn sideways, together with a hunting-bag stuffed with game, proclaimed a less peaceable occupation than goat-minding. They were strikingly alike, and the symmetry of the straight, supple, small-waisted figures and the perfect chiselling of the features were memories of an old race now chiefly relegated to these depopulated islands. Beautiful indeed were these boys; each had the same long, grave, dark eyes, that knew not how to laugh, in faces burned a rich bronze, the unsmiling lips of statues, coldly but beautifully curved, equally expressive of icy reserve and bucolic dulness. Spiro and Saba were the names of these sons of the soil, not, as perhaps might be imagined from their romantic description, fallen princes, or in any way

attractive boys. But a Chian peasant, who knows nothing of the benefits of soap and water, may have the exterior of a Greek god, as Saba and Spiro had, and less soul than the animals he professes such infinite contempt for, as they also had. They were not coarse, for the Greek islander is never coarse, balanced, as he is, with curious soleness, between the barbarian and the gentleman. Simply dull, sober, never hurried, and tinged with cruelty, which in Saba showed itself in his treatment of his goats, and in Spiro in the less active form of strong dislike for all that is physically weak, or sickly, or feminine.

"That is surely Tony's voice," said Saba, with something dimly suggestive through an irreflective indolence of tone that touched upon unconscious goodness.

"I dare say. Why do you talk of the fellow? I hate him! I wish those priests hadn't puffed his silly head with a sense of his own importance, by making such a fuss of his singing. Somebody ought to snuff him out, and give us peace."

"I don't know about that. His voice is really beautiful: I could stand here listening to him singing like that forever. The *pappa* says that somebody has told him boys sing like Tony in the great heretical churches of Europe."

Spiro changed his gun to the other shoulder and flung a glance of dark disapproval, mixed with some anger, down the valley, from which travelled up the clear sweet notes of a child's soprano. Tony was singing a thin Italian melody of small musical worth, but, breaking as it did the evening stillness, it was magically effective. Below, Tony himself might be discerned by a spot of luminous gold through the deepening shadows of the landscape—the head of the little popular idol; the hero of his own village, and the wonder of many another into which his name and adventures had travelled. A charming head it was; and each time Spiro felt compelled to make this admission to himself, his passive hate for the child was spurred momentarily by an active sting.

"I can tell you, Spiro, Smaragda and mother would not wish to see Tony snuffed out. Joanki always calls him Smaragda's little husband, and mother

seems to be of the opinion that unlikelier things have come to pass."

"Who cares for women's thoughts? They are all fools," retorted Spiro, with an impatient movement of his vacant shoulder; like the youthful Telemachus in the absence of Ulysses, he felt himself the head of the house, and held his mother in light esteem.

"All, Spiro? Even Helene Ampilou?"

Saba did not look round at his brother, but his smile expressed quiet enjoyment of his own joke. If Spiro had any latent sense of humor, it did not permit of his relishing any joke aimed at himself, and he regarded Saba's attempts in this department as demonstrative of exceptionally bad taste.

"Helene Ampilou is as great a fool as the rest, unless she may be a greater," he said, with an ugly frown. "The fact that I think she may suit me when we are old enough to marry, and that our parents have betrothed us, does not, that I am aware, add to her stock of brains. I am going to marry Helene because she has a hundred *liras*, and because one must marry somebody, and she is as good as another. That need not change my belief that women are poor creatures, with very long hair and no brains."

Although this had been the opinion of his father, and every male islander shared it, to whom it had been transmitted by a long line of Oriental ancestors, Spiro enunciated it with the severe proud utterance that bespeaks careful meditation and originality. But little, and that not necessarily novel, does duty for originality on a sleepy Ægean island, where there is nothing more responsive to local genius than the impassable rocks and the blue waters.

"True enough," assented Saba, philosophically, while he hit an inoffensive goat between the ears, causing it in fright and apprehension to break the ranks, for the refined pleasure of beating it back. "Christo and I are going to the Jesuit's Church to-morrow to hear Tony sing. Helene will come down too, if her mother will bring her. You will have to come with Helene, won't you?"

"Certainly not; I don't want to hear that yellow-haired brat, and if Helene

does, she will have to manage without me. It is quite absurd to hear a boy squeaking and piping like a girl."

Another hard blow sent the nervous goat limping and bleating behind its companions, and Saba, satisfied with his work, turned his spare attentions to the birds by roughly shaking the branches in which they were sleeping as he passed, and winging a feathery frightened cloud into the air.

"You are hard on poor Tony," he remarked after a pause, with that echo in his voice which seemed the answer to a dimly felt and undefinable kindliness noticeable whenever he spoke of or to the bright boy. "How can you not like his singing? Listen, is not that like your idea of an angel?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea of an angel, but nothing about that fellow will ever come near it when I do form one," laughed Spiro unpleasantly.

Saba planted his stick upon the rocky goat-path, and stopped to listen to the silvery notes growing shriller as the shining head bobbed up and down in the steep ascent. Spiro thrust out his lips and dragged down the corners in a repulsive sneer, stooped to pick a grass-blade, and as he disappeared under the blackened archway beside the village fountain and washing-tank he muttered, "I'll surely strangle that little beast one of these days."

"Are your goats fond of singing, Tony?" asked Saba.

A small boy, like a flash of light, cleared the low, loose border of stones that edged the narrow pathway, and stood shaking out his curls and laughing musically with contagious mirth, while he held a white kid pressed affectionately in one arm. The jump and climb had reddened his fresh cheeks, and he looked an engaging picture of a healthy, high-spirited and noble little imp. This minute leader was followed by four sedate brown goats and four frisky black-and-brown kids, that gazed alternately at their mothers and at Tony with speechless assertion of divided affections, impartially rubbing their moist muzzles against the maternal side and against their keeper's blue stockings.

"Of course they are," cried Tony, putting on his cap again, and changing the kid to the other arm. "You should

see how sensible even the kids are with me. I make them play, too, and I play with them. Mitzo can't manage them half so well as I do—that's why I help him. I am fond of Mitzo, you know, but then he's such a fool. He does not talk to them, and that's bad for them, you know. Why, Saba, goats want to be talked to and amused just as much as we do. And when they see Mitzo sitting quite silent and dull on a stone, they don't like it, and get cross and troublesome. But they are never troublesome with me. Even the kids do just what I tell them. Just look at this little white fellow. Isn't he a beauty? That's his mother over there."

Saba patted the kid's head patronizingly, and hardly seemed to relish the amiable concession, but Tony was looking at him with his earnest imperiousness of expression, and anything less affectionate would be regarded by him in the light of a distinct offence.

"It is really astonishing how much sense the fellow has," Tony went on explanatorily. "He understands everything. I am going to give him to Smaragda when he is old enough to leave his mother. Kokona Photini said Smaragda might have him."

"But you ought not to give him to Smaragda if he is so sensible. Girls, you know, Tony, are great simpletons. An intelligent kid like yours would have no chance of finishing his education properly with one of them, eh?"

"Are they really, Saba?" asked Tony with reflective gravity. "But I don't think Smaragda a simpleton," he added, shaking his head. "She is the very nicest little girl in Chios. Grandfather says so, and it isn't the same as if anybody else said it, you know, for grandpapa reads in Italian books, and has lived in Malta, which is a great way off—and he's been to Constantinople, and lots of other places. Grandpapa says she is not beautiful like my mamma, and he must know, but she is prettier than anybody else here, and I know she isn't a bit stupid. She can't ride Pollux, and she's afraid of the sea. That is silly, I think, but oh! she says lots of clever things—cleverer than you do, Saba."

"Oh, does she? Wait till you grow up, Tony, and then you won't think Smaragda so clever."

"Yes, I will. I'm going to marry her when I grow up. I'm very fond of her, and that's why I'm giving her my white kid. Do you know, I was down in town yesterday?"

"Indeed, I heard all about it from Joanki, who says you were carrying on at quite an awful rate."

"Yes, it was just like this," said Tony, with his delicious explanatory air. "Grandpapa gave me a drachma, all to spend myself. Mitzo and I went down to the town 'cause Mitzo had never seen the town before—you know poor Mitzo's mother is not rich at all, and he never has any money, so I promised to treat him. When we were walking down the street we met the Demarch. He stopped and asked me why I was looking so serious, and I said, 'I am thinking how much money I should want to go to England;' and then I asked him if he would not like to go to England, and he said he has always heard that England is a pretty comfortable place for a gentleman to live in, with lots of money, who didn't mind fogs and no sunshine, but he thought sunshine would suit him better. Then I told him grandpapa had plenty of money, for he had given me a drachma to spend as I liked. And the Demarch laughed and gave me another, and hoped I would not get my head split on a rock, or tumble into the sea and get drowned before I had time to spend it."

"A sensible hope on his part. So I suppose you spent all your fortune—the two whole drachmæ?"

"Yes, I spent it all," Tony said, with a nod. "I bought a splendid red ribbon for the kid. Smaragda won't know which is the handsomest, the kid or its collar. And Mitzo and I went in Marco's boat to see the Saint Sophia, and that cost half a franc. She is a very beautiful ship, Saba, and the captain came down, and shook hands with me, and said I was quite an Englishman, and that I must go to Constantinople when I grow up, and become a Pasha. I said I would consider it, and he laughed, and gave us sherbet and *rahat ul-koun*. That's how he called it; he says *loukoumi* isn't right."

"Upon my faith, you'll do; a fine enterprising fellow like you won't come to the wall. You will go to see the Sul-

tan next, *Panaghia Mou*. How close and heavy the air is! Well, good-night, Tony. Don't get into any mischief between this and your grandfather's cottage. I will not forget to tell Smaragda about the kid."

Saba, mindful of the supper-hour, hurried through the archway and collected his flock with indiscriminate blows, while Tony jumped and raced among the wet stones of the oleander and myrtle-edged torrent that trended roughly into Vallery's vine-fields, and he noted that the bleat of the goats above the tinkle of their bells, as they ran with him, was beginning to take an anxious and suffering tone.

"I wonder what can be the matter with them," he thought, stopping to soothe and quiet them. "It does feel very hot, I know, just like summer. There's grandpapa looking at the sky."

When Tony bounded up above the thin line of silver water that curled and swirled in delicate murmur through its shrubs and sedges, night had flung its first arrow into the heart of the dying day, and the west was a river of blood. All the trees had sung their shrill good-night before the woods went asleep. Yet an uneasy dolorous sound broke ever and anon the silence of the land, and there seemed to be a questioning and apprehensive note in the recurring bark of the watch-dogs.

### III.

TONY was as un-Greek as possible; an abnormal and perplexing urchin who might turn out a Christian ornament and might take a high rank with the reprobates, supposing it probable he should survive the hourly and incalculable risks of the wildest childhood.

Greek children are the very opposite of wild. They never run, nor leap, nor shout, nor cut mad capers for pure lightness of heart. They are born old, unexuberant, and steady, and may perchance grow partially young with age. I have known an old Greek to laugh heartily, but never a child. These sit still on chairs in an attitude of complete respectability and antique repose; they do not even dangle their feet, or thrust out a furtive elbow in the neighborhood of another child; they walk about sedately, and only fall when they are



thrown down. Peasant babies delight to stand with their mouths open, staring silently and listening to their elders, the most audacious and sprightly variation of this somewhat monotonous entertainment being a glance of dull meaning between themselves. Conceive then the effect on an unenlightened, unaspiring population of this semi-British, semi-Arabian barbarian, full to overflowing of animal spirits, and yet gentle and soft-natured; alert in the matter of enterprise frequently touching the skirts of disaster, and quite indifferent to or apprehensive of the possibilities of a broken head or an untimely grave. A breathless, dreadful lad, with unexpected sensibilities and an open-eyed curiosity perpetually tending to awkward questioning that would be content with no baffling conjecture or make-shift explanation, but demanded clear and logical instruction, showing a child's merciless contempt for imperfect information or impotence of any kind.

The Demarch had thought it not improbable that Tony would end by the hand of the public executioner, until his heart was softened by the little fellow's unseizable attractiveness as he stood before him with his chubby hands manfully twisting the contents of his knickerbocker pockets, and discussed the relative merits of England and Constantinople. The Demarch was heard to observe that evening that Tony was a frank and pretty rascal who might be anything yet; and the Aga, to whom this comprehensive opinion had been communicated, observed that English blood is assertive and runs high in enterprise, and that on the whole he preferred it to the French or Greek.

But Smaragda was his loyal and ardent admirer. She was convinced that no such nice little boy had ever before been sent into this world by fay or fairy to catch a nice little girl's fancy. She loved him profoundly; screamed and closed her tawny eyes when he flew past her on Pollux; whimpered in sympathetic pain when she saw him one day tumble off a rock into the village tank; and joined delightedly in his contagious laughter when Marigo, the washerwoman, had roughly rescued him by the leg, and planted him on the path to shake out his dragged plumes.

Indeed with everybody, far and near, Vallery's grandson was a favorite, always excepting the Archbishop, who mistrusted his weakness in catechism, and Spiro, who hated him for reasons unknown. But the schoolmaster down in Chios loved him perhaps more than all; and in the grocer's shop his destiny rivalled the probable fate of France now that Germany had reduced her to a political pulp, and the relative degrees of rascality in the gentlemen in office at Athens and the gentlemen out.

#### IV.

ANTONIO VALLERY was anxiously scanning the sky as his grandson climbed the low garden-wall, and his curiosity was great enough to allow the cigarette which he held in his hand to burn itself out unperceived.

"Do you think it is going to rain, grandpapa?" asked Tony, with that inimitable gravity children brought up in old society acquire, while he stood beside Antonio and watched the sky, too, keeping his hands in his small side-pockets.

"I am fearing something far different, Tony. Rain is a blessing to us, but that sky looks like a threatened crack in our old baked earth."

"Why? What sort of crack?"

"A dreadful one, boy,—an earthquake."

Tony grew very anxious, and puckered his smooth forehead into an expression of ostentatious intensity. They stood together in silence upon the short grassy slope above the torrent-bed, and the inquietude and depression of Nature were felt in the gasping barks of the village curs and farm watch-dogs, in the nervous bleating of goats and penned sheep, and the piteous lowing of the cows in their stables, with the mules and donkeys adding their more noisy protest at this widespread and indefinable uneasiness and alarm. The sky was extraordinary enough to justify both. Mountains of purple shadows had gathered and massed themselves upon blood-red clouds that brought no light with them, but a dense and stifling heat, as if they glowed with inward fire and suppressed their flame. With each movement the air seemed to grow heavier and hotter, until breathing became al-

most a tyranny. Not a star glimmered in the field of lurid dusk above, not a sound of life or motion in the trees beneath.

"Grandpapa, what is an earthquake like? Have you ever seen one?" asked Tony, a little frightened, but determined not to show it.

"What is it like, boy?" cried Antonio, with a slight shudder. "There are hardly words in which to describe it. I tell you there is no evil to approach it in horror. The worst sea is not so cruel as the earth when all the devils of hell are bursting their barriers underneath it, and roaring and howling, and shaking it in their merciless rage, until they succeed in gashing it into the awfulest grave, smothering men, women, and children in the flames of their fire below. I saw such work once done in Sicily. The sky was like that—a sea of blood and fire and gloom. The dull thud underground was like the echo of infernal horse-hoofs tramping through the unfelt air, and the land rocked from side to side like a helpless ship on the wide, waste, deep sea. Ah! but on the water you look your enemy in the face. You see the liquid masses piling up in mountainous waves before you, and you know that they will break into angry foam and swallow you. You can gauge your chances of safety, and mayhap use them, or you can realize the worst. What is that agony, great as it is, in comparison with the appalling sense of feeling and hearing the rock and roar of unseen waves? of not knowing whither to run, how to escape, what to fear? I remember on that dreadful night that, when the swinging ceased, it seemed as if the cord that bound the land were wrenched from east to west in one violent upward jerk, and it lay with the death-rattle in its throat—human forms heaped together under the ruins, trees gashed to their roots, and mighty rocks split open. Oh! an earthquake, Tony! God help us if that monstrous misery is before us!" he ended, with passionate vehemence.

"Isn't there any one place safer for people than others?" Tony asked with a tearless sob of fright, for his grandfather's words and voice filled him with speechless horror.

"Surely, surely, it is safer for us to

be under God's sky, and in the wide empty fields than in a town or village with the added dangers of falling houses and the hustle of panic-stricken people."

"Then it would be worse for Kokona Photini and for Smaragda than for us?" Tony suggested in breathless anxiety.

"I believe so. They are in a narrow street, and the houses are very insecure."

Tony sat down on the wall in his overpowering distress, and tried to think; then he said after a pause, "Grandpapa, had I not better take Pollux and ride down to the village to warn Kokona Photini, and bring them up to stay with us?"

"No, no, Tony. It may be only some freak of Nature, no more easily accounted for than the thousand things that happen daily, and which no amount of learning will help us to understand."

"But if anything happens to show you that it is really going to be an earthquake, like the one in Sicily, you know, won't you let me go?" the little fellow persisted.

"Well, we shall see, lad. In the mean time we may as well have our supper, and leave the goats to Mitzo."

Tony carried his kid into the kitchen, followed by its bleating and nervous mother, and carefully placed it on a piece of old carpet, left for its use beside a heap of dried olive-wood. Turning to the inviting table, with its spotless cloth and home-spun napkins, he proceeded, in spite of fears and tremors, to devour a plate of steaming pillau as only a hungry child can; and when the misythera and dried figs appeared, and he had swallowed his usual allowance of red wine and water, he felt strengthened enough to resume the conversation.

"I hope nothing will happen to the white kid," he said, as he slowly spread a lump of creamy cheese on bread and crowned it with a dried fig. "It will look so pretty with its new red ribbon, and I am going to teach it lots of tricks for Smaragda. But, I say, grandpapa, I don't a bit like that sky. I wish it would not stay so red and strange. It does not seem right not to see any stars when there is no rain or storm. I am sure I saw a flash of lightning just now, —didn't you, grandpapa?"

"There is no use in anticipating dan-

gers we cannot avert, and against which we are powerless to protect ourselves," said Antonio bitterly, laying down his glass to peer out at the patch of murky red which showed through the branches of the plane-tree before the window. "Go to bed, boy, and try to sleep soundly."

"Are you going to bed, grandpapa?"

"Not just yet: I want to smoke a cigarette and get my thoughts in shape; but young bones need sleep if they are to grow."

"I won't go to bed. I'll stay here, and sleep on the sofa. If the earthquake comes, you'll call me at once, won't you?"

Vallery nodded, and the boy rolled himself up on the sofa, and was soon carried into sweet, dreamless sleep.

It was eight o'clock when Tony fell asleep on the sofa, his pretty flushed face lying like a ripe pomegranate in a bed of sunny curls; and Antonio Vallery continued to watch the lurid gloom of the heavens as the air grew hotter and heavier with its nameless electric forces and currents. Toward midnight the clouds parted and frayed themselves into a line of threads over a rainbow of pale light spanning east and west. A sudden movement of Antonio's chair woke the sleeper, who, seeing at once with widely opened and alert eyes his grandfather's form pencilled clearly in the dim air by the flicker of the lamp, jumped up, and asked the hour.

"A quarter to one," said Antonio softly, as if fear were a tangible presence to be conciliated and turned away with gentle voice. "I am glad you slept so well, Tony. If there be trouble in front of us, you will face it all the better for rest."

The boy peered eagerly out of the window, and asked: "What does that strange light mean, grandpapa?"

"Nothing good, I fear. It seems to me that the blow cannot now be far off. Such a light as that in the heavens is otherwise inconceivable at this hour."

"May I go at once to Kokona Photini?"

Antonio looked yearningly into the urgent beseeching little face, so imperious in its pleading, so generous in its ardor. He recognized the nobility of the request, and its unselfish purpose,

but he dreaded to let the child out of his sight, though it was hardly possible that actual peril would be incurred between the cottage and the village. Still he wavered, and would fain have refused.

"Grandpapa, you promised," Tony pressed.

"Very well," Vallery assented reluctantly. "I don't know why I should forbid you. It is not far, and you will be very careful and not delay?"

Without waiting to give the assurance, Tony rushed off to waken Mitzo, who slept in a tiny outhouse.

"Quick, quick, Mitzo, a lamp! Help me to get Pollux ready. I am in a great hurry to get down to the village yonder."

"It is not morning already, surely," muttered Mitzo sleepily, rubbing his half-closed eyes.

"No, but there is going to be an earthquake, and you must get up quickly," Tony panted.

It was exactly one o'clock when Tony sprang into the saddle, and Mitzo stood at the gate to hold the lamp until he found his way safely into the jagged path below which fringed the black swirl of water in its rocky torrent-bed. Just as he bent his head under an orange-tree in flower before dropping into the torrent, he felt himself encircled by embracing arms, and looking round inquiringly, his brilliant eyes pierced through the darkness to his grandfather's white and solemn face.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Tony. It is right that you should think of others, but only come back safe to me."

Even in his impatient need of action, he was careful to extricate himself gently from the old man's arms, and cried gleefully: "Of course, grandpapa, I'll come back safe to you. You could not do without your little boy, and I couldn't do without you either."

Tears welled up into his eyes as the prospect of either having ever to do without the other dimly suggested itself to his untrained vision; but he had a mission before him, and he resolutely brushed them away, and recovering himself, added: "Don't be anxious, grandpapa. I'll come back in an hour with Kokona Photini and Smaragda and her brothers. You can give Smaragda my

bed—she is small like me; and tell Mitzo not to forget to tie the red ribbon round the kid's throat. Good-night."

He leaned forward and patted Pollux bravely. The mule seemed to understand what was expected of him, rendered doubly nervous and sensitive through the sensations provoked by the electrical influences in the atmosphere, and in an instant the rocky slope was crossed, and the dark stream was flying under hurrying feet no less rapid than its downward rush, the hills rising and falling from massy shadow to vague outline as mule and rider shot through the arrowy descent. Pollux, as if realizing by instinct the supreme need of velocity, never swerved or slackened in his mad gallop, as his rider never swerved or blanched in his seat. Now the landscape dropped into black space, and anon there suddenly emerged out of the infinite shadow long fields and broken walls and ghostly trees shaped in weird indistinctness under the faint glimmer of light rising from the sea across the heavens, and losing itself behind the high peak of Mount Elias. And Tony held his breath in dread that this fierce speed might prove too much for his strength.

At last the unbearable strain of solitude and passionate terror was suspended. He could see the straggling shapes of houses making dim points in the bewildering gloom,—a massy darkness that carried with it the comfort of human brotherhood. And then came the grateful sound under the mule's hoofs of worn and ragged pavement, and the familiar steps and housetops of the village street greeted his tired eyes like cherished friends. He jumped down, and knocked loudly at Kokona Photini's door. A white cap framing features hardly visible showed itself at a window, and a husky voice called out: "Who on earth is knocking at such an hour?"

"It is I,—Tony. Come away at once, Kokona Photini. Oh, do please, I pray you. Grandpapa says you must—all of you—Smaragda, and Spiro and Saba. You are to stay with us. Come please now. I can't delay," he jerked out.

"God bless my soul! Is the boy gone mad? Where would you have us go at this hour of the night? and what

does your grandfather mean by sending a child out like you alone? He is not ill, surely, for he ought to know that you risk your bones quite enough by day."

"No, he is not ill; but he knows there's going to be an earthquake, like there was once in Sicily, and it is more dangerous where there are houses than up in the fields with us. Please come, Kokona Photini. There is no time to be lost. It is quite hot and strange, and the sky has been dreadful to look at all night. I have Pollux here, and you and Smaragda can ride him," Tony urged, in broken sentences which burst from him with an incoherent vehemence that both startled and convinced Kokona Photini.

"*Panaghia Mou!* This is awful news, child," she cried. An earthquake on these summery isles is an evil too probable for the mere suggestion, even from inexperienced lips, to be received with doubt or indifference. The noise of hurried speech roused Saba, who showed himself quite ready to accept Vallery's view, and acknowledged that it would be safer to be away from the proximity of buildings. This opinion decided his affrighted mother. But as she was retreating to waken and dress Smaragda, she remembered that Spiro had gone down to the town to sleep at the schoolmaster's, with whom he had arranged to go shooting early in the morning.

"Saba, what are we to do about Spiro?" she cried, helplessly holding her head with both hands in her access of sudden maternal alarm. "If we are in danger here, how much worse will it not be for him down there?"

"That is true, mother, but I do not see how we can help him. It is at least an hour's ride, and the mule is lame. Let us hope for the best, and don't stay long dressing Smaragda."

At this juncture Joanki appeared at a window, and roughly inquired how a respectable woman like Kokona Photini could disturb a peaceful village in that unprecedented way.

"I tell you what it is, Joanki, you had better adopt another tone if you want a civil answer," roared Saba crossly. "The matter is simply this, that it looks terribly as if we are on the point



of being swallowed alive in an earthquake.

"Christ save us all! What has put such a horrible idea into your head? You are not going to turn joker now, are you?" cried Joanki, blanching through his bronzed skin.

"Just put out your head, and feel how hot the air is. Why, man, you can almost gather it in your hand, it is so thick. It is not more than a quarter past one, and there is a light over Mount Elias that is neither dawn nor day, with not even so much as a star, much less a moon to account for it."

Kokona Photini emerged from the house into the narrow street, dragging the half-awakened, troubled little Smaragda by the hand.

"Smaragda, you are coming to stay with us," Tony burst out, comforted by the thought. "I told Mitzo to tie the pretty red ribbon round the kid's neck. You'll see it to-night, and you can have it in bed if you like. Aren't you very glad? It is all white and fluffy, and quite soft."

"I don't care a bit about the kid," Smaragda whimpered disconsolately, looking at Tony with a sleepy, fretful gaze, as Saba hoisted her into the saddle. "Mother is crying. She says Spiro will be killed, and I don't care about white kids if no one can save poor Spiro."

"Would you like me to try and save him, Smaragda?" Tony offered, with his impulsive generosity. "I could go, you know, with Pollux. It is not so very far, and grandpapa would not mind if I was very quick. Shall I go?"

"Yes, do go, Tony," said Smaragda, stooping down to lay her short fat arms about his neck. "And please bring Spiro back quickly the way he won't be killed, and I'll love you as much as all that," she cried, opening her arms to their widest, "and lots more as well."

"Don't be sorry for Spiro, Kokona Photini," said Tony, after kissing his small mistress affectionately. "I'll bring him back. Pollux isn't too tired to go quickly, and I won't be very long. You can walk to the cottage if your mule is too lame. I don't mind, I assure you," he protested gallantly.

Hope flashed into the woman's dark eyes, but she held back from expressed

consent in womanly pity and tenderness for this pathetic picture of dauntless and chivalrous infancy. It was hard to let the child go alone so far, and into what she considered might be actual danger, perhaps death. Yet even harder seemed it to refuse this chance of saving Spiro, her first-born. She looked anxiously and beseechingly at Saba, without the courage to propose the task to him; but he stood apart, ready to lift Smaragda down again when a decision was arrived at, but not at all ready to do what was mutely expected and entreated of him in his mother's glance. He liked his brother, and he liked Tony, but he greatly preferred himself, and had not the least idea of jeopardizing his life for any one. So he stood apart, quietly tugging at an invisible mustache, and watching the sky.

Without a word Tony sprang into the saddle when Smaragda had been lifted down, and turning back his head as the mule set into a preliminary canter, he cried out that he and Spiro would surely overtake them before they should reach the cottage.

Just as he was riding away, Joanki came into the street, and broke into savage expostulation with Kokona Photini and Saba for letting a mere child ride down to the town at such an hour alone, and with possible catastrophe hanging over his innocent head. Whereupon little Smaragda began to cry, and refused to be comforted until the good-natured carpenter sent a piercing call after Tony. But it was too late now for hope of effectual interference. Pollux had carried Tony with the same breathless speed into the blackness beyond the village street which closed behind them like a heavy curtain.

## V.

THE regular beat of hoofs down the hilly roadway leading to the town was the only sound that broke the intensity of silence, in muffled tread or in loud clear tramp as the path rose and fell in its indented decline. Not a breath of wind made music through the trees, or blew the lightest hedge-plume across the fields; not a frog croaked in startled companionship among the sedges of the valley-streams; and only now and then a thin faint murmur like the echo of

falling water travelling from afar was heard in the overwhelming suspension of all cheerful night noises. Again the stones and dust flew round them, and Tony sometimes struck his head against the low fig-branches that sprawled their intricately enlaced arms across the orchard limits, and filled up the narrow path to the impediment of mule and rider, or he entangled his foot in the myrtle and oleander bushes, and the nettles stung through his stockings, and drew from the tightened lips a cry of fierce, hot pain. But in spite of bruise and sting, in spite of startled pulses hammering frantically round throat and temples, of aching lids strained their widest in the multiplicity of unformed terrors and emotions that partially stunned his imagination, in spite of the thick enveloping shadows through which he was speeding in a sickening vagueness of alarm, he rode on like a brave little knight, mindful only of his promise and his mission. To add to his sufferings an agony of thirst grew upon him, and as a village rose and sank behind him the sense of loneliness seemed to lie upon him as more and more cruel and intolerable.

He shouted aloud in the might of joy when at last he saw the harbor-lights break upon the widening view, and he strained his eyes to distinguish those of his new acquaintance, the Saint Sophia. The town clock at that moment struck the third quarter of the hour—how pleasant was the familiar sound after the agonizing silence! He pulled his remaining forces together, and tried to cheer Pollux whom he felt to be as nervous and as impressed with nameless horror as himself, and the mule's answer to his caress was one last wild effort, carrying him like a shadowy phantom to the schoolmaster's door; and he stood there snorting and panting in troubled protest, his brown flanks flaked with foam, and gray where the dust lay thick upon them. Tony himself was so spent with fatigue that with difficulty he lifted himself out of the saddle, and dropped upon the pavement in stiff and nerveless exhaustion. By a supreme exertion he was enabled to knock feebly for admittance.

The schoolmaster was awake, and heard the knock. He opened the win-

dow, and peered inquiringly outside. "Who is there?" he asked.

"Tony. Let me in quickly. I am so tired, and I want Spiro."

The schoolmaster ran down-stairs, and stared in blank amazement to see the child huddled upon the pavement. He lifted him into his arms, and carried him inside.

"What is the matter, Tony?" he asked, under his breath.

"There is going to be an earthquake! Don't you feel it in the air? It is awful outside. I can't breathe."

Tony pressed his little hands over his face in a dazed way, and then fell down on the floor, and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"There is indeed something very strange in the atmosphere," said the schoolmaster, stooping down to pat the curly head at his feet. "I could not sleep, and Spiro has been upset all the evening as a nervous girl. But who on earth sent you down? It was a piece of shameful cruelty—poor little fellow!"

"Grandpapa sent me to Kokona Photini's to tell her to come and stay with us because it is safer than her house," Tony said, making a violent effort to keep down the sobs that shook him. "And they were all so sorry because nobody could come for Spiro. Smaragda was crying, so I said I would come with Pollux. Please don't delay. Tell Spiro. Pollux and I are dreadfully tired, and it is getting worse every minute."

The schoolmaster rushed up-stairs, and shook Spiro roughly out of his uneasy sleep.

"Cannot you let me alone? It is not time to get up yet!" Spiro muttered angrily.

"Get up at once," the schoolmaster cried, in an authoritative tone. "Valery's little boy is here for you."

"What does he want? I have nothing to do with him. Tell him to go to the devil, or anywhere else he likes."

"Spiro, they are all waiting for you—your mother and Smaragda. They sent me for you. Please come," urged Tony, in a faint whisper, who had crept up after the master.

"Be off, you young monkey! How dare you come after me!" roared Spiro, in an unaccountable rage.

"Don't be disagreeable, Spiro. Grandpapa says there is going to be an earthquake, and it may swallow us up any moment. It is hard to come all this way by myself, and I so small and frightened, to save you, and be treated like this," gasped poor Tony, breaking down completely in a wave of self-pity.

"What is he talking about?" shrieked Spiro aghast, as he sat up and glared at the schoolmaster, who was holding Tony pressed to him and tenderly drying his eyes.

"It is on your knees you ought to thank the noble child," said the schoolmaster wrathfully. "Let us lose no time. I have just been looking at the sky, and it is as he says; it forebodes an earthquake."

Spiro flung himself out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He was familiar with the horrible pictures wrought upon the imagination by the very word earthquake, and his mind was a blank equally to good thoughts and to evil. That Tony had, open-eyed and deliberately, imperilled his own life to save him he remembered not; he was even capable of feeling a sharp irritation when the child stood between him and the long leather boots he was seeking, and burst into some puerile invective as he rudely pushed him aside.

In silence the three darted into the empty street, the master holding Tony convulsively by the hand, and they heard the rush of a mighty invisible wave pass with a muffled roar through the heavy stillness of the air. At that moment the strained nerves of Pollux gave way, and he flew over the pavement, neighing and clanking his hoofs like a spirit possessed.

"*Thè Mou!*" cried Spiro, crossing himself energetically. "This is the first shock, and Pollux has fled."

The clangorous beat of the town-clock striking the hour trembled prophetically, and the second note was followed by an uncertain tingle of fainter notes. Spiro and the master were white with terror, but Tony had passed beyond conscious sensation and ran with them in a dream.

Eastward and westward shook the earth upon the sulphurous billows of its underdeeps, and in a flash the houses emptied themselves of frantic and terrified inhabitants, hustling, racing with

the unseeing eyes of panic, shrieking out every form of propitiatory adjuration which rose to their colorless lips and served as an outlet of impotent anguish. A second swing, mightier and longer than the first, flung Tony and Spiro prostrate as they turned the angle of the street, and the schoolmaster, in starting back to balance himself against a wall, saw an old woman waving her hands in tragic despair and helplessness from a window above on the opposite side. In the pause of transient steadiness, he called out to Spiro to help Tony, and bounded up the rickety staircase.

"Poor Tony! I'll carry you if you like," said Spiro in a changed voice, suddenly awakened to the piteous condition to which fright and fatigue had reduced the brave child.

"No, no. I am only tired. Don't mind me. Smaragda was crying for you, and so was your mother. Run on quickly to them. I'll come afterward. And please remember to tell grandpapa that I am all right, and not to be uneasy about me," Tony answered, catching his breath in long gasps.

Selfishness, alas! silenced the voice of a generosity hardly ever quite absent in the worst of us, though its presence too often takes a shape so dim and inarticulate as to be incapable of beneficially asserting itself, and Spiro thus magnanimously exhorted, gained with incredible celerity the stony ascent leading from the town; heedless of the rock-points piercing his boots, heedless of the sharp sting of nettles and the scratch of briars, heedless of the small clamor of conscience pleading for a forlorn and forsaken child; pursued by the deafening, merciless roar of an underworld bursting its barriers. As onward he ran, pricked into passion by the animal instinct of self-preservation, the swing of the land grew more ominous, and a flame of violet color broke in clear lines along the inky horizon.

The schoolmaster, carrying the old woman in his arms, was dashed like a feather upon the strong wave from the wall to the balustrade, as he strove to make his way down the staircase that rocked like a ship. He reached the street in safety, only to find Tony at his feet, prone upon the doorstep, with the life-blood flowing steadily from his fair

young head. He planted the woman on her feet, and stooped over the wounded child: he lifted him into his arms, and touched the little bleeding head with infinite tenderness.

"Tony! My poor, poor Tony! Is this the reward for all your bravery?" he cried, and he saw the unconscious form through a mist of hot and blinding tears.

The change of attitude restored Tony for a moment to half-consciousness. He opened his large, dazed eyes, beautiful and beseeching in their fading light, and fixed them inquiringly and yet confidently upon the master.

"Please don't ask me to walk any more. I am so tired," he said dreamily. "Has Spiro gone? I promised Kokona Photini she would see him soon, and I don't want Smaragda to be sorry about him. The kid wouldn't comfort her if he was lost, and I can't go to her,—at least not yet. Let me rest a little, and then we can go back with Pollux. Poor Pollux! He won't like my being so tired, will he? But then he is tired too. We came dreadfully quick, on purpose to be in time. And I was so frightened by myself in the dark. I didn't mean to be frightened, but I couldn't help it. You won't tell grandpapa, because it would fret him. So tired, so very tired."

His voice faded away into the inmost whisper, and he closed his eyes in seemingly painless repose. He opened them again, and stared dully into vacancy.

"I have a pretty red collar for the white kid. I hope Smaragda will like it."

The schoolmaster rose, and struggled slowly with his burden up a lane. His own failing strength and overmastering emotions made the journey one of much difficulty. Tony stirred slightly in the movement, and looking down, the schoolmaster could see, through the glimmering twilight shed from the disturbed heavens, some vague consciousness of gaze, yearningly seeking his own with the exquisite intangibility of expression that looks out of eyes growing dim upon the border-land of eternity.

"What is it, Tony?" he asked, bending down his face.

"Tell Mitzo to take care of Pollux. I can't think what my grandpapa will

do without his little boy if—if I am too tired to go home. Tell him—tell him I wanted to go back to him very badly, but—but—"

"Tony, won't you try to pray with me—just a little?" the schoolmaster asked, in a voice thick with tears. "Try to say 'Our Father' with me."

The boy moved his eyelids tremulously in a faintly affirmative sign, and the schoolmaster recited the prayer very slowly. When he said "Give us this day our daily bread," Tony interrupted him softly: "No, don't say that. We don't want bread now. Say, please, 'Save everybody from the earthquake, and be good to my dear grandpapa, and Smaragda, and Mitzo, and—'"

As the schoolmaster made the pretty alteration, the country now lay before them, and only a few houses remained to be passed.

"Like the earthquake there was in Sicily," Tony murmured; and as the schoolmaster stooped to catch the low words, the third and most terrible shock struck underneath. A near wall gave way, split, swayed, and fell upon the man and child, burying them under a heap of stones.

It was a quarter past two, and the shrieks and prayers of agony were silenced, for the town of Chios was one grave and hospital, death, ruin, and desolation stamped upon it.

## VI.

SPIRO'S appearance alone at Antonio's cottage even dashed Kokona Photini's maternal satisfaction with dismay, and while she held in abeyance the trembling ecstasy of her joy to inquire for Tony, and Smaragda stood, with the white kid in her arms, searching in perplexity and distrust for a slim little form behind her brother, and Mitzo's voice was lifted in a dismal howl of anticipation, Antonio Vallery looked sternly from the gate, at which no bright imperious face framed in golden curls appeared, to Spiro, and waited for an explanation.

"My grandson? Where is he?" he demanded quietly.

"He is coming with the schoolmaster. He begged me to run on to reassure you, as he was so tired," said Spiro awkwardly.

"God forgive you, Spiro, for desert-



ing a child who so nobly risked his life for you ; and God forgive you, Kokona Photini, for sending my little Tony out into danger. If my life is made desolate by his loss, the crime will lie heavily on your consciences."

Every one felt that the measured words held a curse in them, and crossed themselves as in silence the old man passed out through the little orchard and went on to look for his grandson.

Antonio heard the patter of childish feet behind him, and a soft little hand was pleadingly thrust into his. Looking down, he encountered Smaragda's tawny eyes, piteously distended through their undried tears, and distressful enough to appease even a sorrow as immeasurable as his.

"Please take me with you, Antonio Vallery. I want to find Tony too, for I love him,—oh, yes, ever so much more than I love anybody else except mother. Take me please, Antonio Vallery. I'll be very good, and not get tired, I promise."

The old fingers closed gently upon the child's, but no further word was spoken. Antonio Vallery accepted the little girl's company half-unconsciously, and together they turned their faces toward the ruined town. Dawn was breaking in the east when they entered the first narrow lane, and Smaragda's quick eyes caught sight of something bright and red-stained.

"Look, Antonio Vallery!" she cried excitedly. "It is the color of Tony's hair,—just like a glittering *lira*."

Antonio stared down at the object in dull inquiry : then he knelt on the pavement, and began eagerly to lift the stones that encumbered it—and saw the schoolmaster's dead form clasping, not the flushed and joyous Tony known to all Chios, but a stiff small corpse, stained with blood and dust, pretty still to look at even under the ghastly veil of death without its poetry of soft sleep. Antonio gathered the lifeless body into his arms, and bent over it with the prolonged and inarticulate moan of a dumb creature. The blank incoherence of his grief was incapable of bringing any sharp sensation of bereavement or recognition. He passed his hand tenderly over the cold little face, and then held the curly head between his palms, and gazed at it

with hungry, unfathomable yearning for one glimmer of existence beneath the lids that never more would open on the dark frank eyes they hid. He kissed the curls, and pressed them to his cheek in speechless anguish, shedding no tear, speaking no word, but staring down at the pretty familiar lineaments so unreal in their stillness, not long ago full of life and vigor and rich promise, now irresponsive beneath his gaze of searching pathos.

The little girl sat on the ground beside him, her wide eyes fixed in intense fear and awe, now on Antonio and now on his burden, wondering what had happened to her playmate, and yet not daring to ask.

"Dead! My poor Tony dead!" Vallery muttered.

The men who were carrying the wounded and dead out of the wrecked houses and narrow streets passed them, and stopped to lift the corpses of Tony and the schoolmaster on a stretcher, too thankful that they had survived to perform this task to feel any strong interest in Antonio's desolate state.

"Hands are few, and work is heavy," one of them cried callously. "The one grave will serve both."

Antonio stretched forth his arms in trembling prayer as the little body was roughly taken from him. And when he had watched it being carried away, he turned back from the empty town, and gave no thought to the silent and grieved child who walked beside him.

"Poor Tony!" said the Demarch that evening, when he called on the Aga to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in escaping the disasters of that awful night, and found that mighty personage tranquilly smoking his narghulia, having rendered thanks to Aliah and Mohammed his prophet for the preservation of a remnant of his goods. "A brave little fellow, who died very nobly. Bless you! I can see him now standing before me on the quay with his hands in the pockets of his sailor-suit, and his pretty curls blowing all about his face like a girl's, asking me if I wouldn't like to go to England. An English boy from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

The Aga opened his calm, impassable eyes upon the exuberant Greek, settled

himself back among the cushions, and slowly and meditatively puffed his narghilia.

"That boy had the soul of a gentle-

man," he presently remarked, and then relapsed into ecstatic silence.--*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

SEE yonder castles old and hoar,  
Each fronting each from either shore.  
Bathed in the sunshine's gold,  
Where, storming through the Dardanelles,  
High rocky gates, the tide that swells  
The Hellespont is rolled.  
Hark ! how against the rocks they roar,  
The waves that seethe and eddy there ;  
Though Asia they from Europe tore,  
Yet love they could not scare.

Through Hero's and Leander's hearts  
God Amor winged his fiery darts  
With love's sweet anguish tipped :  
Hero, as Hebe fair was she,  
And o'er the mountains ranging, he  
His hunting mates outstripped.  
But out, alas ! their parents' feud  
Forbade this plighted pair to meet,  
And only at life's peril could  
They win love's fruitage sweet.

On Sestos' rock-tower, round whose base  
The billows rush in endless chase,  
And fling on high their foam,  
The maiden sat, a-dread, alone,  
Her gaze toward Abydos thrown,  
Which was her lover's home.  
Alas ! no bridge to yon far strand  
Is there the wanderer to convey ;  
No pinnace there puts out from land,  
Yet Love found out a way.

Out of the labyrinth love led  
Great Theseus with unerring thread,  
Can fools with wit inspire,  
Bends savage cattle to the yoke,  
To cleave with diamond ploughshare broke  
The steers that snorted fire.  
Not Styx's stream, ninefold and black,  
The dauntless Heracles appalls,  
That bore the bride triumphant back  
From Pluto's gloomy halls.

Leander thus, with heart on fire,  
 And goaded by love's sweet desire,  
 The weltering waters braves ;  
 When day's bright sheen begins to wane,  
 The daring swimmer leaps amain  
 Into the darkling waves.  
 With stalwart arms he daffs them by,  
 Intent to gain the strand so dear,  
 When from the turret flashing high  
 The beacon-torch shines clear.

Anon within his mistress' arms,  
 She with her close caresses warms  
 The limbs the waves have chilled.  
 For danger past meet guerdon this,  
 That steeps him, soul and sense, in bliss,  
 All through with rapture thrilled ;  
 Lingering, till dawn steals on apace,  
 Awakes him from his blissful dream,  
 And scares him from his love's embrace  
 To Pontus' icy stream.

Thus thirty suns flew by, and still  
 Of stolen delights they snatched their fill,  
 Delights that never cloyed,—  
 Each night to them a bridal night—  
 The gods might envy such delight,  
 So fresh, so unalloyed.  
 A perfect rapture no one knows,  
 Who ne'er has plucked, while none might tell,  
 With stealthy hand the fruit that grows  
 On the dread river marge of hell.

So days and nights went swiftly by  
 Alternate o'er the arching sky ;  
 The happy lovers, they  
 Mark not the leaves that thickly fall,  
 And from its ice-bound northern hall  
 Grim winter making way.  
 They saw with joy, these happy wights,  
 The days, how shorter still they grew,  
 And blindly thanked great Jove for nights  
 Of lengthened joys in view.

Now came the time, when night and day  
 O'er all the heavens hold equal sway,  
 And from her rocky keep  
 Fair Hero watched with wistful eye  
 The sun's steeds sweeping down the sky,  
 To plunge into the deep.  
 And mirror-smooth beneath her swayed  
 The ocean, lulled in calm serene,  
 While not a breeze across it played,  
 To mar its crystal sheen.

And dolphins there, a jocund throng,  
 The sparkling silvery waves along  
 Wheel round and round in sport ;

And upward from the nether deeps  
 Rose the gay band, which Thetis keeps  
 To guard her ocean-court.  
 To them alone has been revealed  
 The tie which these two lovers knit,  
 But Hecate to silence sealed  
 The lips might blab of it.

'Twas joy that ocean fair to see,  
 And thus in flattering tones did she  
 Invoke its lord divine :  
 " Sweet god ! Thou false and faithless ? No  
 As such I brand the wretch, that so  
 Thy godhead should malign !  
 Mankind are faithless through and through,  
 And fathers' hearts are hard as steel ;  
 But thine is gentle, kind, and true,  
 And for love's pangs can feel.

" Within these dreary walls of stone  
 Must I, uncheered, unwooded, alone,  
 Have withered in despair ;  
 Bridge there was none, nor galley's prow,  
 Still to my arms my lover thou  
 Didst on thy shoulders bear.  
 Thy nether deeps are grim and drear,  
 And fearful is thy angry wave,  
 But love's beseechings win thine ear,  
 And thou befriend'st the brave.

" For Eros' shafts touched even thy heart,  
 Great God of Ocean though thou art,  
 When Hellé, fair as morn,  
 Was, with her brother flying, by  
 The Ram, whose fleece was golden, high  
 Across thy waters borne.  
 Smit by her charms, up from the black  
 Abysses swiftly didst thou leap,  
 And swept her from the creature's back  
 Down to thy lowest deep.

" A goddess with a god, she now,  
 Immortal from that hour as thou,  
 In her sea-grots abides ;  
 Shields lovers when their foes pursue,  
 Calms thy tempestuous moods, and to  
 His port the sailor guides.  
 O beauteous Hellé, goddess bright,  
 Blest in thine own love, bring, I pray,  
 My lover to my arms to-night  
 Safe by the wonted way !"

Now o'er the sea did darkness lour,  
 And Hero kindled on her tower  
 The torch that, flashing bright,  
 Bade her beloved pilgrim haste  
 Across the waters' weltering waste,  
 Led by its trusty light.



Far off a moaning sound is heard,  
The stars are blotted from the sky,  
The darkling waves are inly stirred,  
The tempest-shock draws nigh.

Night settles on the watery plain,  
And from the thund'rous clouds the rain  
In drenching torrents pours,  
Forked lightnings flash along the air,  
And, bursting from their rocky lair,  
Blast thick on storm-blast roars.  
Huge gulfs in the wide ocean-swell  
Are rent as with convulsive spasm,  
And, yawning like the jaws of hell,  
Gape widely, chasm on chasm.

"Woe, woe is me!" she shrieked. "O thou  
Great Jove, have mercy on me now!  
Mad were my words! Woe's me!  
Oh, if the gods have heard my prayer,  
And he, despite the tempest there,  
Has braved the treacherous sea!  
Birds trained to ocean's angry mood  
Fly homeward swiftly as they may.  
And ships, that many a storm have stood,  
Make for the sheltering bay.

"Oh, he that never quailed, once more  
Has dared what oft he dared before;  
This morn he pledged his troth,  
By love's great god, to-night he would  
Return, and death, death only should  
Release him from his oath!  
And now, ay, even now, is he  
At grips with this fell storm, I know;  
'Tis dragging him, that raging sea,  
Down to the depths below.

"False Pontus, thy repose erewhile  
Was but a mask to veil thy guile!  
As mirror smooth wert thou;  
Thy waves were cunning-calm, till they  
To venture forth had lured their prey,  
Whom they are whelming now.  
Midway in thy wild eddies caught,  
Return, go-o'er, both hopeless made,  
Thy every horror dire is wrought  
On him thou hast betrayed!"

Louder and louder grew the blast,  
The billows mountain-high upcast  
Break foaming on the rocks.  
Even galleys ribbed with stoutest oak,  
Driven shoreward where these billows broke,  
Had shattered with the shocks.  
The torch that was to light his way  
Dies in the gale; and everywhere,  
On sea, on shore, turn where he may,  
Are horror and despair.

She prays that Aphrodite will  
 Command the hurricane to still  
     The angry waves till morn,  
 And vows rich sacrifice to burn,  
 To all the ruthless winds in turn  
     A steer with golden horn.  
 All goddesses that ocean sway,  
     All gods in the high heavens that be,  
 She supplicates, the storms to stay  
     That vex the raging sea.

"O blest Leucothoe, arise  
 From thy green halls, and hear my cries !  
     Thou saviour goddess, whom  
 Full oft the sinking marinere  
 Has seen on ocean's waste appear,  
     To rescue him from doom.  
 Stretch forth to him thy sacred veil,  
     That, woven and blest by mystic charms,  
 If he but clutch, safe through the gale  
     Will bear him to my arms."

Now the wild winds to rest are hushed,  
 And the horizon, faintly flushed,  
     Tells Eos' steeds are nigh ;  
 Serene and glassy-smooth the deep  
 Seems in its ancient bed to sleep,  
     And bright smile sea and sky.  
 Around the rocks the wavelets sway,  
     In silence rippling each on each,  
 And float up, as they calmly play,  
     A body on the beach.

'Tis he, who even in death forlorn  
 Has kept the oath that he had sworn.  
     One glance, and all is known !  
 No wailing cry her anguish speaks,  
 No tears stream down her bloodless cheeks,  
     Despair has made her stone.  
 With hopeless stare she seems to scan  
     The bright sky, the blank ocean-flow,  
 And to her face so marble-wan  
     There mounts a noble glow.

"Dread Powers, I see your workings here  
 With force implacable, austere,  
     You urge your rights divine.  
 Swift close to my life's course is this,  
 Yet I have drunk rich draughts of bliss,  
     A glorious lot was mine.  
 Living, within thy shrine have I  
     Thy consecrated priestess been ;  
 A joyful sacrifice I die,  
     Venus, to thee, great Queen !"

Her white robe far behind her swept,  
 As from the turret's edge she leapt  
     Down, down into the wave ;

Her hallowed corpse the god receives,  
 Where slow his watery kingdom heaves,  
 And is himself her grave.  
 Well pleased he eyes his prey, then turns  
 To bear it to his realm below ;  
 And pours from his exhaustless urns  
 The streams that ever flow.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL.\*

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

FOR the large majority of persons now living in Great Britain, O'Connell has come to be nothing but a name. A name, it is true, with some vesture of awe and suspicion hanging round it, like a ghost ; a name with some lingering capacity to make us feel uncomfortable ; yet in the main a name only, like Chatham, or like Strafford. But, for the small proportion of those now inhabiting the island, and for all who were breathing and moving upon it,

ὄσος ἐνὶ γαίαν ἐπεσσεύετο τε καὶ ἔπειτα,

forty and fifty years ago, from the highest to the lowest, O'Connell was, and was felt to be, not a name only but a power. He had, in 1828-9, encountered the victor of the Peninsula and of Waterloo on the battle-ground of the higher politics, of those politics which lie truly *inter apices*, and had defeated him, and had obtained from his own lips the avowal of his defeat.

Moreover, O'Connell was a champion of whom it might emphatically be said that alone he did it. True, he had a people behind him ; but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense, the masses only, not the masses with the classes. The Irish aristocracy were not indeed then banded together, as they are now, in the cause that he thought the wrong one. Many of them supported Roman Catholic emancipation ; but none of them comprehended that, in the long reckoning of international affairs, that support would have to be carried onward and outward to all its consequences. He saw, at the epoch

of the Clare election, what they did not see, that the time had come when, to save the nation, a victim must be dedicated even from among the nation's friends, like the great king's daughter at Aulis to preserve the host commanded by her own father. O'Connell was the commander-in-chief, although as yet they hardly knew it ; and even the most illustrious supporters of Roman Catholic emancipation, on whichever side the Channel, were but the rank and file behind him. His were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to Saint Stephen's, almost as much as Moses led the children of Israel to Mount Sinai ; and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had labored, and labored not in vain, to frustrate.

I assume, then, that this remarkable man, whom before reaching the end of these remarks I shall call a great man, has passed out of the mill-stream of politics into the domain of history. There, it is to be hoped, we may contemplate and examine his career in something of the solemn stillness of Glasnevin, where his remains repose beneath the soaring tower, the pre-eminent national symbol of his country.

We have now supplied to us for the first time, through the enterprise of my old friend Mr. Murray, the material necessary for this examination. The preceding biographers of O'Connell have not had access to the stores of the singularly characteristic correspondence in which, while his whole heart was set upon the purpose of the time, he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. The small but very interesting

\* *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator.* Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London, Murray, 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

volume\* of the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke is of too limited a scope, and was written with too partial an access to sources, for the exhibition of the entire man. The *Life and Times of the Liberator*,† containing, as might be expected from its title, much extraneous matter, does not fill the void. The *Select Speeches* were published by his son Mr. John O'Connell, with "historical notices" of indispensable facts and dates, but with an express disclaimer of any attempt at biography.‡ From the expressions used by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his Preface, I gather that the present work is substituted for the more formal biography, which was at one time meditated by his family.§

Unless I am much mistaken, the history of Ireland, especially for the last two hundred years, is not only a narrative replete in itself with the most singular interests, but is also a normal exercise for instruction in the basis of modern history at large. If this be so, then neither the timely and most dispassionately written volume of Mr. Lefevre,|| nor even the comprehensive collection now before me, will supply the last word that is to be posthumously spoken of O'Connell, as to whom Mr. Greville,¶ most dispassionate of judges, has stated that "his position was unique: there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it." And once more, he was "the most important and most conspicuous man of his time and country." If he has now passed away from the clatter and the rowdyism of everyday politics,

To where, beyond these voices, there is  
peace,

our time will surely not be lost in an endeavor to ascertain what manner of man it is that stands figured on the canvas before us. For Mr. Fitzpatrick, while presenting to us a collection of moderate extent, selected without doubt from

a far larger mass of papers, has not only woven them into a web of fair average continuity, but has, as a sculptor would, presented to us his hero "in the round," so that we may consider each of his qualities in each varied light, and judge of their combination into a whole, whether it is mean or noble, consistent or inconsistent, natural or forced.

It is with something of a sense of special duty, and likewise with a peculiar satisfaction, that I make this small effort at historical justice in the case of the Irish Liberator, as he is most justly called. In early life I shared the prejudices against him, which were established in me not by conviction, but by tradition and education. As a young and insignificant member of Parliament, I never (so far as my memory goes) indulged in the safe impertinence of attacks, which it would have been beneath him to notice. I was fortunate, from an occurrence which on his account I must mention further on in some detail, in being brought slightly yet sensibly into personal contact with him (now nearly fifty-five years ago), and thus having experience of his kindly and winning manners. But those who know only the hearty good will of millions upon millions of the English people toward Ireland at this moment, can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled by popular opinion publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own; but, in the main, I fear that, taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel toward those whom they have injured. My own delinquencies in this sphere I think cannot be stated more strongly than in these words; I voted steadily with the Opposition on Irish questions in the Melbourne period, and I had entered the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in 1843 when the prosecution of the Liberator, in connection with the monster-meetings, was undertaken. One very slight plea only can I offer for myself. I was not blind to his greatness. Almost from the opening of my

\* *The Centenary Life of O'Connell*. By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1878.

† *The Liberator, his Life and Times*. Kenmare Publications. 2 vols. 8vo (1873?).

‡ See Preface to *Select Speeches*. 2 vols. 12mo. Duffy, Dublin (without date).

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Peel and O'Connell*. 8vo. London, 1887.

¶ *Greville Memoirs*, Second Series, iii. 86.



Parliamentary life I felt that he was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen. Nevertheless I desire to purge myself, by this public act, of any residue of old and unjust prepossession, to

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart.\*

There cannot but be many, in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor Grattan (each how great in their several capacities!) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history, I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great Duke is truly, in mathematical phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man; and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great Duke in the field establish an excess in his favor. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action.

There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges: a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an *ethnagogue*. He was not the leader either of *plebs* or *populus* against optimates: he was the leader of a nation; and this nation, weak, outnumbered, and despised, he led, not always unsuccessfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest perhaps and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upward on the moral scale) from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in this vital point, that

they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation *minus* its dissentients, against conquerors, who were never expelled but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him: we must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling all along of his own raw material, that is to say, of the people; and so handled them by direct personal agency, that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world.

The dates and epochs of O'Connell's life are simple. He was born in the county of Kerry on the 6th of August, 1775. He received his college education at St. Omer and Douay, during the years of the French Revolution. At this period, there are sufficient indications that in character, though not in mere opinion, "the boy was father of the man." It came to a close in January, 1793, when he wrote to his uncle Maurice, whose property he was to inherit, that "the conduct the English have pursued with regard to the French in England makes us dread to be turned off every day" (vol. i. p. 7). He set out, however, under a summons from Ireland; and, as I remember his telling me in 1834, he crossed the Channel homeward in the boat which brought the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. The excesses of the time drove him in the opposite direction; and, when the boat got under way, he flung into the sea his tricolor cockade, which was reverently picked up by some French fishermen rowing past, with a curse upon him for his pains. He studied law in London; and it appears that the State trials of the day, aimed against freedom, disenchanted his politics, and brought him to Liberalism, by which he held steadily and warmly to his dying day. He was called to the bar in 1798; and in 1802, despite the protestations of his friends, and the unrelenting opposition of his uncle, he married a penniless but devoted wife. He did it, expecting disin-

\* *Macbeth*, v. 3.

heritance; and Darrynane was not his in fact until 1825.

The first quarter of the century was spent in achieving at the Irish bar not prominence only but supremacy: such a supremacy as probably never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that highly distinguished body. From the first, he earned something; and in 1813 his receipts already approached four thousand *per annum*. In the last year of his stuff gown, as he told me himself in 1834, he made 7,000*l.* In his letter of 1842 to Lord Shrewsbury (ii. 284) he states that in the year before emancipation, while he belonged to the outer Bar, his "professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l.*;" and that soon, on his obtaining a silk gown, they must have been "considerably increased." Even Lord Shrewsbury, the leader of his co-religionists in England, had joined in the vulgar cry against his receiving the contributions of the Irish people. How far loftier and more discerning, how wise and true, are the words of Mr. Greville on his death in 1847: "It was an income nobly given, and nobly earned."

Yet, even during this quarter of a century, while he was earning a position which became an essential condition of his influence, he was (from 1805 onward, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, i. 15) the life and soul of that small and continually dwindling residue of nationality, which the Union, and the accompaniments and consequences of the Union, had left to Ireland. His first, as I believe, and not his least memorable public utterance had been made in January, 1800, when he was twenty-four years old. In writing to Lord Shrewsbury he says:—

For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

This was without doubt what may be called the opulent period of his life: but hear him as to even this period (*ibid.*):—

For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would insure?

From, or shortly before, the epoch of the Clare election in 1828 dates the commencement of his absorption in public affairs. He was now *totus in illis*. He remained at his zenith until 1843, when the Peel Administration instituted the great prosecution against him. It can hardly be said that this prosecution was directly the cause of a decline in his power over the people. But thus much appears to be certain. If his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell did not break his spirit, it added heavily to that drain upon his nerve power, which had for so many years been excessive, and almost unparalleled. The loss of a grandchild, we are told, almost crushed the great and profoundly susceptible heart (ii. 331). His handwriting, formerly so bold, became tremulous and indistinct.

He was released in September, 1844, under the judgment of the House of Lords. During the time for which his action had been paralyzed, the mind of Ireland, under the influence of disappointment, had been moving in the direction of counsels alien from his. O'Connell's were always the counsels of legality; the new counsels were counsels of force, of force the offspring of despair, and adopted as the sole remaining alternative after the failure of O'Connell's policy based on bloodless effort. On the back of all this came the terrible prospect of the famine. He could not bear it; or he could not bear his own heart-rending sense of incapacity to relieve it. The powerful frame, the brain yet more powerful, gradually yielded to a pressure which defied all resistance. He set out for a continental tour devised by way of remedy, and recommended by the knowledge of his fervent faith, and the hope that arrival at the *limina Apostolorum* might operate as a charm upon him. But the journey was one of manifest though intermitted stages of decline. He was mercifully spared both acute agony of body, and obscurity

of mind ; and, having received devoutly all the consolations of his Church, he passed into the world of spirits on the 15th of May, 1847. His age was no more than seventy-one ; but it may safely be said that these years included, in labor, in experience, in emotion, in anxiety, in suffering, and in elastic and masculine reaction against it, ten times what is allotted, in the same space of time, to more ordinary men.

And here I part from simple narrative to attempt an estimate of the character and action of O'Connell.

The domestic relations of O'Connell cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader of this book. They were broadly distinguished from those of common men by the vehement and ever-flowing tide of emotion that coursed through them. They are illuminated by every occasion that comes up, and we find him acting the part of a spiritual adviser in detail to a daughter in a grave and anxious crisis of the soul, the particular nature of which is reverently veiled. Their verbal expression is concentrated in his letters to his wife. From these it appears that his whole married life, from its commencement in 1802 to its close in 1836, was one continued course, not of ardent affection only, but of courtship. Unless for the purpose of satire, no such gushing vocabulary of love has ever, as far as I know, been laid open to the public eye. O'Connell speaks of Charles Phillips, the author of *Curran and his Contemporaries*, as "insane with love" (i. 24). Some might be inclined to retort the phrase upon him. After eleven years of married life, in a letter of no more than sixteen lines, his wife is "my darling heart," "heart's treasure," "my sweetheart love," "my own Mary," "my own darling love," "my own dearest, dearest darling ;" and "I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you." This is from him when on circuit, to whom the expenditure of a minute was the expenditure of a drop of professional life's blood. In other ways we shall see that he was a man who never could withhold, never could contract, his sympathies. In this very letter, there is one, and but one, morsel of pure prose—his business "is increasing almost beyond endurance" (i. 20). In later years, the catalogue of endearing

phrases is scarcely shortened (see i. 99, 100), and he truly describes his case when he says (in 1825) "Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your old husband ?" If Mr. Fitzpatrick has at all deviated from the common use in printing these letters, he has not done it without sufficient cause. For they exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine, and being in its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict, the lively, and even redundant, play of the affections.

The degree in which his business was exacting, his cares overwhelming, I for one have never fully understood except upon the perusal of these really important and historical volumes. Upon no sovereign, upon no Imperial chancellor, were the anxieties of empire ever more fully charged, than O'Connell was laden with the thought of Ireland, and with the supreme direction of its concerns. He was all along the missionary of an idea. The idea was the restoration of the public life of his country ; which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralyzed, by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood ; from the commencement of his full political career it became the mainspring of his acts, his words, his movements ; the absolute mistress of his time, of his purse, and of whatever additions his credit could make to his pecuniary resources. He loved his country with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, and with all his strength. In his eye, Dublin Castle, commonly considered as embodying the government of Ireland, had no substantive existence except as a machinery for repressing the national life through the careful fostering of alien powers, in an omnipotent landlordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, miscalled National, in proselytizing schemes of popular education, and in an anti-popular administration of the law, from its highest agencies downward to its lowest. To the well-meant money grants, for draining and the like, he would have had a twofold answer : first

they were but a miserable set-off against the heavy sums which England owed to Ireland in account; and secondly, with even greater emphasis, that man does not live by bread alone, and that it is idle to study feeding the mere stomach of a nation, yet at the same time to stop all the avenues of its higher life. For the true work of a government, Dublin Castle, with all its costly and complicated *rouages*, was a mere negation; and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had formerly been alive, and had been smothered by external force, enter into life once more. He therefore had to do the work that in the ordinary course of human affairs is served by an organized system, and occupies a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages, which result from effective division of labor. There was hardly a man in Ireland available, in the highest matters, for lightening his solitudes by sharing them. One indeed there was who appears to have had the capacity, namely, Bishop Doyle; but, for whatever reason, he does not seem to have worked continuously with O'Connell. And yet there was no case of wrong to which he closed his ear, which his tongue and pen were not ready to redress. Of him, and of his unbounded sympathies, may be said what Mr. Lowell has said of his country with a noble fervor and in its vigorous *patois*—

She whose free latch-string never was drawn in  
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

Upon this subject, which powerfully illustrates the largeness of O'Connell's nature, I must dwell a little. In him we see more than in most even of the good men of history that love and justice are essentially boundless, and that to spend them on one subject seems to increase, and not to lessen, the fund available for spending upon others also. He was an Irishman, but he was also a cosmopolite. I remember personally how, in the first session of my parliamentary life, he poured out his wit, his pathos, and his earnestness, in the cause of negro emancipation. Having adopted the political creed of Liberalism, he was as thorough an English Liberal, as if he had had no Ireland to think of. He had energies to spare for Law Reform (i. 167), for Postal Reform (a question

of which he probably was one of few to discern at the time the greatness), for secret voting, for Corn Law Repeal, in short for whatever tended, within the political sphere, to advance human happiness and freedom. It hardly need be said that he was opposed, in 1829, to the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. He was not deluded by the plausible arguments for this measure; which seriously marred the grant of emancipation, and consequentially restricted, for half a century, the legitimate extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The wide scope of his embrace, in questions of sympathy with his fellow-men, is however yet more remarkably shown by the manner in which he exerted himself on behalf of individuals. There was a certain Sir Abraham B. King, a functionary of the Dublin Corporation, and Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Society. It was for denouncing the Dublin Corporation as "beggarly" that D'Esterre sent O'Connell in 1815 the challenge, which cost the unhappy man his life; and Orangism as such was the one and only thing Irish, that lay outside the precinct of the fervid Irishman's sympathies. King, however, was put out of his berth in 1832 by a measure of reform, and raised a complaint of insufficient compensation. O'Connell examined his claim, took up his case, carried it to a successful issue, and enjoyed his lifelong gratitude, expressed in a glowing letter at the time, and in a message transmitted from his deathbed (i. 296-8).

Another case, even more worthy of mention, is not noticed in these volumes, but is recorded in Parliamentary documents, and lies also within my own personal knowledge. It was indeed a case of effort on behalf of one who was, like himself, a Liberal in politics, and a man of distinguished talents. There was no other claim of any sort. The singularity, however, of the effort lies in the boldness of the scheme of relief, and in the astonishing amount of labor bestowed upon it by a man already overcharged. It occurred in 1834. The gentleman whose champion he became, had been a solicitor, but had been touched by the verdicts of juries in two actions, dating nearly a quarter of a cen-



tury before. One of them concerned the abstraction of an important paper, and the other turned upon the appropriation of a sum of money. With the correctness of these verdicts we have nothing now to do. But, in the intervening period, the Benchers of one among our Inns of Court had, by reason of them, rejected him as an applicant for admission to the bar, for which he was deemed to have high qualifications in other respects. With this narrative in his eye, O'Connell moved for an inquiry by a Committee of Parliament into the Inns of Court themselves. To this motion objection was taken on behalf of those powerful bodies. In the course of the debate, O'Connell found that both their friends and the Ministry of the day would acquiesce in an inquiry if limited to the particular instance which he himself had in view. He adroitly fell back on the suggestion, which in effect gave all he wanted. His Committee sat, and boldly retried the issues. Even these last times have not furnished an example of a more extraordinary proceeding. But what I have to note is the amount of personal sacrifice made by O'Connell for one with whom he had no connection, I believe, of a personal or special kind. He took the chair, conducted the examinations, carried the report, and presented the result to Parliament in five hundred folio pages of hard work.

I was myself a member of that Committee, and was the only member who did not concur in the final judgment of the Committee. A material witness named Skingley, living at Coggeshall in Essex, was, from age and infirmity, unable to appear. The Committee (that is to say, O'Connell) obtained power to adjourn from place to place; and three of its members, forming a *quorum*, undertook to go down and examine Skingley at his own abode. These three were O'Connell, Sir George Sinclair, and myself. We set out at five on a summer's morning, in a carriage and four, and returned after dusk. The incident gave me an opportunity of enjoying the frank and kindly conversation of this most remarkable man; whose national, I may say whose Imperial cares had thus been forced into compatibility with an enormous effort, such as hardly any unoccupied person would have undertaken, and

which he could have had no motive for undertaking except an overpowering belief that justice to an individual demanded it.

As any and every authentic record of a man so greatly transcending the common scale has more or less of value, I may here mention one or two slight incidents of my occasional Parliamentary contact with O'Connell. Once, in a speech on Irish affairs I had, in perfect good faith, but in a blind acceptance of prevailing traditions, noticed some observation that had been made in debate on Protestant and English cruelties in Ireland, and said that I did not see what practical good was to be gained by dwelling either on those outrages, or on the bloody and terrible retributions which they had provoked. O'Connell interrupted me so loudly and vehemently that he was called to order for it by the Speaker (Abercromby), who rose in his chair (I think) for the purpose. I assured him with truth that I had no intention to refer to anything, except what was on all hands admitted. I little knew then what good reason he had to resent the use of any language which appeared to place upon a footing approaching to equality the hideous massacres perpetrated on the Irish under supreme direction, and the feeble, limited, and sporadic acts of retaliation, which were the wild cries of nature outraged beyond endurance, and which were, in the most conspicuous instances, prohibited and denounced by the national leaders from 1641 to 1798. It was six or eight years later, in 1843, when O'Connell himself in a published volume, largely composed of authenticated extracts, supplied the world with adequate means of judgment upon these gross and often almost incredible enormities perpetrated against Ireland. His book stopped at the Restoration. It was marked Vol. i., but no second volume ever appeared. My recollection, which does not stand alone, is that, so far as England was concerned, the tale of horror produced no sensation whatever, and that the work fell stillborn from the press.\*

As was altogether seemly in a man of

\* *A Memoir of Ireland Native and Saxon.* By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin, 1843.

such breadth and penetration, he had a taste for theology, like others of the statesmen of that day. In one of his letters to Archbishop M'Hale he says: "No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the Church in France. . . . There does not live a human being more submissive in *omnibus* to the Church than I am" (i. 510). The object of this letter was to prevent the "light of Rome" from being any longer "obscured by the clouds of English influence." Direct action in Rome had then recently been resorted to by Lord Palmerston, in the interest of the Italian people; and the great chieftain evidently suspected what afterward came to pass, that the same influence might be used in order to keep down the Irish. There is abundant testimony of his conformity to the rule of submission in the spiritual sphere. But it is interesting to see how, when speaking of the Pope, he guards himself by confining himself to his "spiritual authority." I have myself heard him reply warmly in Parliament to some member, who charged him with what was then called divided allegiance, by an emphatic declaration that, in regard to the political interests of his country, neither Pope nor Council was his guide.

But for the freedom of his Church he watched with the eye of a lynx, and saw the hollowness of the State's coquetry, at a time when the hierarchy in Ireland were so grateful for the gift as it were of breathing freely after the persecution they had suffered, as to be ready to accept the *veto* of a Protestant State on episcopal appointments. For the keenness of his vision, and the courage and consistency of his action in this matter, she owes him much. But I believe that we also owe him something. In the light of subsequent experience, it seems a rational opinion that the *veto* would have impeded the solution of important questions, and would have acted injuriously on the religious interests of following generations.

When in 1834 we made our summer journey into Essex, he brought with him a book of theology, the name of which I have forgotten, to prove to me that Protestants were all regarded by the

Roman Church as Christians (he might have added, as actually brought within her jurisdiction) in virtue of their Baptism. In a memorandum of my own, made at the time,\* I find it noted with respect to Protestants, "that he deemed it his duty to hope that they were internally united to the Church," but that "the heathen were in a state of reprobation, he believed necessarily;" this latter an opinion which, with more leisure and inquiry, he could hardly have failed to discharge from his mind, as Dante did, who, five hundred years before, assigned to them no bitterer lot than the endurance of desire without expectation:—

Che senza speme vivemo in disio. †

I published, in the end of 1838, a volume on the relations of Church and State, which was thought to savor of the opinions of the Oxford School. At the beginning of the ensuing session I chanced to fall in with O'Connell behind the Speaker's chair. He laid his hand on my arm and said "I claim the half of you." At all times he was most kindly and genial to one who had no claim to his notice, and whose prejudices were all against him. He had, however, without doubt, more religion than theology, and was in truth thoroughly, consistently, and affectionately devout. I will not inquire whether his duel with D'Esterre requires any qualification of this statement, as applicable to the date of its occurrence. It may be said, however, that an Irishman who, either then or for some time after, was not a duelist, must have been either more or less than man. And the House of Commons is now familiar with the stately figure of an Irish gentleman advanced in life, who carries with him the halo of an extraordinary reputation in that particular, but who is conspicuous among all his contemporaries for his singularly beautiful and gentle manners.

To return to O'Connell. His professional business absorbed his weekdays in early life, so that his journeys from town to town were very commonly made on Sundays; and I remember that in

\* And published with my consent by the Rev Mr. O'Rourke, at the close of the third edition of his life of O'Connell in 1878.

† *Inferno*, iv. 42.

1834 he suggested a like expedient (of course after his early Mass) for the journey into Essex, to Sir G. Sinclair and myself, both much otherwise inclined. But in these letters he expresses a regret (i. 132) for the necessity so often laid upon him; and, quite apart from this, persons accustomed to a British Sunday should hold themselves disabled from passing a judgment upon our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, whose weekdays are often more Sundaylike than ours. We gather from these volumes the interesting intelligence that at one time, when still full of vigor at sixty-four years of age (ii. 195), he seriously contemplated a religious retirement at Clongowes for the remainder of his life. In the formation of this desire, disappointment at some failure or decline of the rent may have played a secondary part, but the main motive of it is touchingly described in these few words: "I want a period of retreat to think of nothing but eternity." So that when the final stage arrived, and he had Death in immediate contemplation on his intercepted journey, both the first faint whisper of the summons, and its later and fuller sound, found him watching, as one prepared for the coming of his Lord. The signs abound everywhere in these volumes that he bore with him a lively sense of the presence of God, though taste and reverence withheld him from its free manifestation in the *bufera infernal*, the heated and contentious atmosphere of Parliament.

My reference to D'Esterre must be a little enlarged. But for the use of a single and dangerous epithet ("contemptuous") in his explanatory letter about the Corporation of Dublin, this unhappy antagonist would not have had even a pretext for driving forward the fatal controversy (i. 28). In the duel, O'Connell purposely fired low; but his shot was fatal. He offered to "share his income" with the widow. This was declined. To her daughter he paid an annuity regularly until his death. On hearing that she was the plaintiff in a weighty suit at Cork, he threw up important briefs and returned the retaining fees, went down from Dublin, pleaded the cause, and won (i. 34). And it is said that he never passed a certain building that recalled the memory of D'Es-

terre without uttering a prayer for his soul. The duel was in 1815. At a later period, he formed a deliberate resolution never to fight another.

O'Connell is clearly to be regarded as a man who desired to maintain peace, property, and law. Yet his case exhibits the difficulties which are certain to arise when, as in Ireland, legality and morality have been long pitted against each other in those provinces of human existence, which most concern the vital interests of the people. Accordingly, this friend of law nevertheless could upon occasion recommend not only exclusive dealing since known as boycotting, but exclusive treatment outside of dealings; and the carrying of this treatment to a point so extreme as, for example, the erection of cribs in the chapels, within which alone those who had voted wrong were to be allowed to pray. One step further planted men in the domain of sheer violence. It seems hard to deny that this step was sometimes taken.\* The violence must be condemned, and so must the recommendation which was the immediate incentive; but not so as to blind us to the fact, that a severer condemnation is due to those, who maintained abominable laws, impossible to be borne by human beings except in a state of abject slavery. The tyranny of the landlord, which was then counteracted by the tyranny of outrage, received in 1871 a deadly blow from the introduction of secret voting, and another heavy stroke in 1885 from the extension of the franchise. The result has been that exclusive dealing, and such exclusive treatment as may now follow it, have come to be as a rule effectually dissociated from outrage; and coercion, which has lost its warrant, assumes an aspect more odious than ever, because it is directed against action the same in essence as that which has been found essential for self-defence by the ordering workmen of Great Britain, and which is effectually guaranteed to them by the law.

It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to equal aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of the bar, the platform, and

\* See the *Reign of Terror in Carlow* (Nisbet, 1841), especially pp. 113-20.

the senate. As a parliamentary speaker, no one, in matching him with his contemporaries of the House of Commons, would have relegated him to the second class; but it might be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest when answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and least great when charging himself with extended and complex exposition. As an advocate, it may, I apprehend, be asked, without creating surprise, whether the entire century has produced any one more eminent: though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared to run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarlett probably never once missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It is here that Brougham, greatly his superior in Parliamentary eloquence and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. As orator of the platform, he may challenge all the world; for who ever in the same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and soothed, a people?

But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also the character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chiefly in connection with the proposal to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland. Now I would venture to propound as the criteria of statesmanship, properly so called, first the capacity to embrace broad principles and to hold them fast, secondly the faculty which can distinguish between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordination to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fully answers. He never for a moment changed his end; he never hesitated to change his means. His end was the restoration of the public life of Ireland; and he pursued it, from his youth to his old age, with unflinching fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect, he drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland. Nay, he subordinated not civil equality alone, but even toleration for his co-religionists, to the political independence and unity of Ireland, always under the British Crown. Perhaps the very noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon his tomb would be a passage from the speech which he delivered, when only twenty-four years of age, at a meeting of Roman

Catholics in opposition to the Union, on the 13th of January, 1800:—\*

Let every man who feels with me proclaim that, if the alternative were offered him of Union, or the reenactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him,† than lay his country at the feet of foreigners.

This exalted sentiment drew forth "much and marked approbation." O'Connell was true to it in proposing the Repeal. Whatever difficulties that measure might now entail, they had by experience been shown to be at that time altogether secondary. Mr. Burke allowed to them no weight whatever. O'Connell had lived through the horrors that preceded and brought about the Union. It is my firm belief that if Englishmen could have had a parallel experience in their own country they, Tory as well as Liberal, would have adopted the sentiment of O'Connell, and that with their hands as well as with their hearts. Repeal was the one obvious, direct, and natural means of repairing the specific mischief, nor was it then his business to appreciate the inconveniences of reversal; though it was doubtless a duty to take them into view when, within the walls of Parliament, he became charged as a legislator with public and imperial cares. And this is the very thing that, when the occasion arose, he showed that he was able to do, and did.

On the second accession of Lord Melbourne to power, he thought that he saw his opportunity for an alternative policy. That remarkable man, who has often been accused of political indifferentism, had filled for a short time the office of Chief Secretary; and his experience, as Mr. Lamb, seems not to have been lost upon him. In 1827, when Mr. Canning was Prime Minister, O'Connell writes (i. 148): "With Mr. Lamb, I would forfeit my head if we did not un-Orange Ireland, and make the Protestants content and good, and the Catholics devotedly loyal; for our disposition truly leans to loyalty."

\* *Life and Times of the Liberator*, i. 232.

† By the Franchise Act of 1793.



Early in 1835 came the epoch of what was termed the Lichfield House compact. "Compact there was none," says Earl Russell (ii. 2), but an alliance. Nothing could be more honorable, nothing more wise. O'Connell was ready, like a man of sense, to try out fairly and fully the experiment of government from London, and on the condition of justice to Ireland, if attainable, to waive, even to abandon, the policy of Repeal. Such was the extent of his concession: "a real Union, or no Union" (ii. 59, compare 105). Justice to Ireland embraced two great items. The first was that of legislative reforms. The second was the substitution of a national for an anti-national spirit in Irish administration. For the second, and hardly the less difficult, of these a rare instrument was at hand in the person of Drummond,\* private secretary to Lord Althorp, who now became Under-Secretary in Dublin, and who appears, by a singular combination of courage, sagacity, and tact, to have reversed the movement of the administrative machinery in Ireland, and inspired its people for the first time with a dawning hope, and yet never to have supplied the Orange party, then strong in Parliament, with the means of establishing a charge of partiality against him, and of thus showing that one abusive system had only been supplanted by another. O'Connell supported the Government, in fulfilment of his avowed intention, with fidelity and patience. But the legislative portion of the scheme was sickly from the first, and grew sicker still. The Irish Church Establishment remained in its monstrous integrity. Even Municipal Reform was combated for seven years, and then given in a shape such as to humiliate the country that received it, by perpetuating the principle of inequality. Drummond died. The Ministry declined, from a variety of causes, some to its honor and some otherwise. I regret to record that

among the reasons for their gradual loss of favor with the English people was their honest and persistent endeavor to mitigate or redress a part at least of the grievances of Ireland. In 1840 O'Connell confesses (i. 230) the failure of his conciliatory plan; and the accession of the Opposition to power, in August, 1841, seems to have struck for him the keynote of absolute despair.

But the flexibility of his mind was indefectible; and the rebounding force of its elasticity was still to be shown. Failing with repeal, and failing with justice to Ireland, he turned to what appears, in these pages and elsewhere, under the roughly applied name of Federalism. Miss Cusack has published\* a curious note by Mr. Butt, which states with considerable appearance of authority that, in 1844, the Liberal leaders met and resolved to offer to O'Connell a Parliament for Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain. We must still hope for further elucidation of so remarkable a statement. What is indisputable is that O'Connell seems to have been perfectly prepared to adopt this guarded means of reanimating and embodying the national life of Ireland. In a letter of October, 1844, to the Secretary of the Repeal Association, he gives his full adhesion to this plan, and sets forth its principle at great length (ii. 433-48), though after the manner of a man who does not feel himself to be on the eve of practical legislation. He declares, however (446), an actual preference for it over Repeal pure and simple.

In general he had a mean estimate of his coadjutors in Ireland, and calls them "the species of animals with which I had to carry on my warfare with the common enemy" (ii. 183). His Parliamentary following was mostly of an inferior stamp, whence the *sobriquet* of O'Connell's tail. They stand in disadvantageous contrast with the body, of about the same numerical strength, who supported Mr. Parnell in the Parliament of 1880; and they could do little to lighten the multitudinous cares of their chief. One of the revelations supplied by these volumes exhibits the cruel pungency of those cares in a point not

\* As this article is going to press, I hear that the life of Mr. Drummond by Mr. Barry O'Brien is on the point of appearing. It cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. Mr. O'Brien is extremely well fitted for his task; and the career of Mr. Drummond forms an indispensable link in the chain of Irish history.—W. E. G.

\* *Life and Times*, ii. 702.

hitherto known or appreciated. Through all the years of Herculean labor entailed by his Parliamentary dominance, and notwithstanding the large sums, sometimes exceeding 16,000*l.* (i. 202), placed at his disposal from year to year by the Irish nation, he lived almost from day to day under the pressure of the most acute pecuniary anxieties.\* It was probably with some idea of forethought for his family that he founded, or shared in founding, a bank and a brewery (i. 421, 442, ii. 194); and it does not appear that these had much to do in the making or marring of his fortunes. The only signs of heavy personal expenditure in these volumes are that he was compelled to have several residences, that his frequent and rapid journeys must have been expensive, that his charities (to which he pays a touchingly minute attention) were liberal, and that his free and large nature delighted to expand itself in hospitality at Darrynane. No account is presented on the pages before us: but we are safe in conjecturing that the rent would have met all these charges over and over again; and they do nothing to explain his constant use of the instrument of credit, his resort to the expedients of renewal, his casting himself, again and again, sometimes in despair, on the ingenuity, the devotion, and the patience of his friend and agent Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who plays a silent part in the narrative, but whose parts and gifts must in their line have been as remarkable, as his active friendship was invaluable. The explanation evidently lies in the ravenous demands, at that date, of Parliamentary life, the heavy charges of elections and petitions, and in the fact that on him seems to have lain the burden of meeting the pecuniary engagements of many seats and persons besides his own and those of his family. We are told of a single dissolution which brings him (ii. 53) five contests, and five election petitions. He is too brave to complain readily, but sometimes it is more than he can bear. On the 11th of July, 1842, he writes to Fitzpatrick: "Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety. God bless you, my dear friend" (ii. 289). But never, so

far as appears, was there a man more truly superior to money: its master, not its slave. At his death, his personal property was sworn under 21,800*l.* This value consisted principally, in all likelihood, of insurances on his life, which it was his practice to make largely. But his debts were not less than 20,752*l.*; so the true value of his personal estate was no more than 1,048*l.* He himself states the landed estate of the family to have been worth 1,000*l. per annum.*

While all this was going on, he was occasionally also pierced by the stings of ingratitude. The English Roman Catholics, who owed everything to him, had a club called the Cisalpine Club (i. 186). In May, 1829, the very time of his victory on their behalf, they black-balled O'Connell. Let us hope it was some small minority; but he calls them "the English Catholics." At the best it is bad enough. Burdett in 1835, before his great "recant of patriotism," wrote, as Greville\* tells us, to the managers of Brooks's to propose his expulsion; but he was at that time indispensable to the Whig party. There are stories of social exclusion practised against him by the Ministers; but, if they are true, it might be due to the fear of offending weak brethren among their party.

O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it was with an innocuous and sportive vanity, that played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations.† His ample faculty of wit, and his intense love of fun, may have sometimes too easily inclined him to a jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous; and he was given to exaggeration. In 1837 he declares (ii. 80) he had two hundred letters a day, and this at a time when letters usually were charged from sixpence to eighteenpence apiece, and prepayment was unusual. The scenery at Darrynane was "the finest, the most majestic in the world" (ii. 293). The beagles were beyond all rivalry; and his own performances as a pedestrian are described in

\* See i. 54, 193, 248, 257, 269, 295, 347, 354.

\* *Greville Memoirs*, First Series, iii. 320.

† ii. 231, and elsewhere.

terms which raise the smile of scepticism on the lips of those who remember that his figure, though not inactive, was eminently portly as well as too large in scale for superlative activity. On the Dissolution of 1837 he predicts a working majority of sixty to seventy, which proved to be under twenty; and further counts upon "at least fifty" to be attracted by a settled Ministry, of whom there was not one. In early days he thought emancipation certain and immediate long before it came; further on he was not less confident about Repeal. In 1835 the Tories were down (ii. 12) "forever." In 1840 the Tories "never will regain power" (ii. 221-2). In the same year the Duke of Wellington (ii. 226) "will be speedily extinct as a political man." This power of believing what he wished was probably a remedial provision in his nature, and may have added on the whole to his vast but heavily taxed working superiority. If, as some say, he was dictatorial, it was from a restless consciousness of superiority. No man could be more profoundly deferential and humble for a public purpose, but for a personal or private object he never cringes. His tact and self-control in the interest of his clients were as those of Odysseus. But like Odysseus he was tempted on occasion; and once, in court, he was about to waste on an interruption of the opposing counsel, a point which was invaluable for reply, when Blackburn, who was employed with him in the case, pulled him down by his gown. Irascible without doubt he was, and highly irascible; but he was placable in a not less eminent degree. From Richmond Bridewell he writes to Sheil, who had joined the Whigs, and expostulates with him on his conduct (ii. 322-4). But mark his closing paragraph:—

Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you! Be assured of my friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics, but I am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

His gravest fault seems to have been his too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it. Thus in 1832 he published, in a paper called the *Cos-*

*mopolite* (Oct. 6) the following scurrilous passage:—

I promise to demonstrate that he has been guilty of the most gross and shameless violation of a public pledge that ever disgraced any British minister since Parliament was first instituted. I do expect to demonstrate that no honest man can vote for Lord Althorp in any county or borough without being content to share in his guilt and disgrace.

Lord Althorp was one of the best, truest, and purest among the public men of this or any other country. Such a habit of hasty and uncurbed invective was peculiarly blameable in a man who had, however rightly, resolved to exempt himself from the consequences then usual; and they did much to maintain, and something at least colorably to warrant, the cruel and inveterate prejudice against Ireland, which at that time possessed, beyond question, the minds of a vast portion of the British people. But I have now closed the list of the faults which, so far as I see, can be fairly charged against him; and how short and light a list it is, compared with the catalogue of his splendid virtues, and of those services to the people of his own blood which have assured the immortality and the brightness of his fame!

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable, but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being, are more worthy than any among his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings, but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied, how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of Nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his properties and powers he was one, indivisible, and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seemed to wander into violence, these were the

wanderings of a moment : his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion, and indeed under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism, like the satellites about a mighty planet. Few indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal to these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man, and that he was a good man. Upon this issue the volumes now before us will enable us to try him ; and, in trying him, to try ourselves. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is

still due to him ; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued ? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides being a great and a good, he was also a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of a coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say, that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims, or of wasted opportunities ; and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.—*Nineteenth Century*.

### THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY LADY KATE MAGNUS.

ABOUT most human desires there is a far keener joy, the cynics insist, in anticipation than in realization. And many moralists go so far as to add that to be granted one's desire is, of all gifts, the one most Greek-like that the gods bestow.

Has so chilling a suspicion, we wonder, ever assailed the advocates of the higher education of women concerning that desire of theirs which is now in so fair a way to be fulfilled ? Do high schools and high aims ever seem to them a little less than synonymous ? Does the doubt ever intrude itself whether women's colleges in brick and mortar may prove as resultless as Princess Ida's college in the clouds ? Do the sweet girl graduates of actual class-lists ever seem to these, their sponsors, to lack something more serious than the golden hair ? Is the accomplished fact, upon the whole, just a degree less "sweet" to them than the desire ? Such

Obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things

occur, at any rate, to the outsider, and it is to them, in his bewilderment, that he turns for answer. What says "sense," what say "outward things" to this new ideal of woman, the "glorified spinster" who has taken the place held, at long intervals, by "the joyful mother of children" and "the simple maiden in her flower" ? She goeth forth to her

labor in the morning, this wonderful product of our nineteenth century, whom statistics absolve and the new sentiment applauds, clad in waterproof as in a garment, guiltless alike of figure or frill, and the "obstinate questionings" grow clamorous. Is it needful, is it admirable, this hopelessly, heedfully unattractive departure from traditional womanhood ? Is it justified from the æsthetic, or the ethical, or the economic standpoint ? Present opinion would seem to have given a sufficient, and sometimes even an enthusiastic, "yes" on all three counts, since it permits its well-off girls to train for students and spinsters, on the ground of necessary occupation, and its undowered maidens to lead the like independent course on the ground of occupation being necessary.

It is a rash thing, perhaps, to venture to differ, yet sense and outward things both, when quietly questioned, appear to us to give a totally different response. And first, from the economic point of view, for it will readily be conceded that

One may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving ?  
Or may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving ?  
Or my live without love—what is passion but pining ?  
But where is the man that can live without dining ?



And though it is to be feared that "dining" is not one of the women's rights that women are greatly concerned to claim, yet in its feminine form, the indigestible equivalent of high tea, it is a very essential element of the situation. If, in all seriousness, the "higher education" could be proved to solve, in any appreciable degree, the terrible economic problem which statistics present anent the surplus of women in these islands, then readily enough should its failure on the æsthetic, if not on the ethical, side be forgiven to it. But this, the crux of the matter, we take leave to doubt. This modern crowd of machine-made mediocrities, instructed and uneducated, which the high-school mills grind out, and on which all sorts of examinations set their varying in value hall-marks, this new type of wage-earning womanhood which is ready for any kind of work at a lower rate of payment than its brothers; to be coach, clerk, or chemist; to set up type or despatch telegrams; to write novels or to write shorthand with equal facility; does this "sweet dream" fulfil itself, even from its favorite visionary basis, the strictly statistical and utilitarian? Does it, in shifting the burden, at all relieve the pressure? Does it not rather complicate the economics in its effort to adjust the weights to the weaker shoulders? No market nowadays has more than a limited number of stalls, and if the girls are to take a full share at filling these, a like proportion of boys must perforce be elbowed out; or, sooner than push and be underpaid, must turn colonist and so help further to swell that perplexing surplus of single women. And the boys, too, it is to be feared, may turn out worse clerks and worse colonists, worse men all round, less home-loving, less hard-working, more self-indulgent under the new dispensation, which, relieving them from wholesome and natural responsibilities, gives them ill-clad, independent, and "competitive" sisters, and openly preaches the gospel of "get on" in place of the older chivalry of "on guard." In very literal truth

There is no more subtle master under Heaven  
To keep down the base in man . . .  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid.

The poet's "passion" with every-day

folk, in every-day circumstance, may possibly tone down into affection, and may very unromantically express itself in work; but the "maid," be she sister or sweetheart, who inspires such sentiment, will, most certainly, never be a fellow clerk, trudging about in all weathers on a slightly lower salary. Normally placed women of the middle and professional classes should not need to earn their living in this new outdoor sense; but neither for them, it is our contention, nor for the husbandless, brotherless, dowerless minority who must, does the higher education, so called, provide the right equipment.

The whole system, from start to finish, to our way of thinking, is mistaken; from the high schools which are clothing our girls in the misfitting garments which their brothers are discarding, to those communities of women which, under the name of halls and colleges, revive many of the features of the ancient nunneries without the religious motive which went some way to redeem these. For, granted that the object of education with boys and girls is identical—namely, to make of them intelligent and capable men and women—yet, neither being mentally, morally, or physically epicene, the means employed to this end should surely differ somewhat, both in kind and in degree. Utterly regardless, however, of this very obvious consideration, something of the Procrustean process is applied to the girl; artistic and domestic developments are lopped off, and regulation bits of science and of dead language are pieced on, to "put her on the same level" as her brother. She goes to a "public" school like him, is taught the same lessons, which—here nature unluckily steps in and differentiates—she sets to work at with a desperately conscientious disregard of play, and presently, at the most mother-needed time of her life, and with money which might buy her trousseau and a colonial passage, is sent from the wholesome hand-made restraints of home to the machine-made, quasi-independent discipline of college. There she proceeds to "prattle of protoplasms" instead of prattling with her small brothers and sisters, to read biology instead of the Bible, and to develop, under the plea of self-culture, sundry not inconsiderable tendencies to selfish-

ness and one-sidedness. And this same culture—is it worth the cost? Do not

[ The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,  
[ For the reed that grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

One needs but to name Mary Somerville or George Eliot or Harriet Martineau, or half a hundred others among only modern instances of differently distinguished women, to demonstrate that genuine talent needs no such forcing and fencing; and, for the rest, surely the generic male undergraduate is hardly so delightful a product that one should hail a collegiate system whereby feminine mediocrities to match him may, perchance, be multiplied. Scarcely even for those women who are studying because they must, with the definite aim of a professional career and with the physique and the faculty for attaining to it, does the elaborate system of college residence, led up to by periodical examinations, seem to us to recommend itself. The examinations, as tests for such students, may be necessary evils,—the less necessary, the more evil, it may be remarked in parenthesis; but, for the serious student and for the dilettante student alike, college residence, to our way of thinking, is distinctly undesirable. Hardly for the scholastic career, nor certainly for the only professions outside of the scholastic which it is seemly for a woman to earn her living at, does it appear to be the most fitting preparation. A clever young embryonic M.D. would get better training in class and hospital, while home life between lectures might haply curb ambition, and incline her to limit her exceptional energies to the useful end of doctoring her own sex, with India as the destined field of her operations; while for the rest, the narrowing nunnery walls of a college would materialize an artist, handicap an author, utterly spoil a nurse, and, by rendering her dull and dogmatic, ruin the social prospects of what might have been an average old maid.

The mistake of this "higher education" seems to us to lie in the elaborate provision which it makes for "training" its votaries to all sorts of new and overstocked modes of "earning their living," to the utter neglect of a certain old one where the demand must be unfailing,

even if, owing to circumstances, it be occasionally intermittent. Instruction for our girls, instruction *per se*, and instruction *per salary*, is in the air, but education and education for marriage seems to have gone completely out of fashion. And yet is it, none the less, an undoubted fact, and one that divorce courts sadly enough endorse, that girls are no more born wives than they are born doctors or artists, or telegraph clerks; there may be, in individual cases, a tendency to, or a faculty for, any one of these careers, but each one, and not so very unequally, requires a special and a careful training if any sort of proficiency in it is aimed at. Demand and supply are subtle and interchangeable terms, and there are, we suspect, a good many reasons, other than statistical, to account for the alarming surplus of unmarried women, and to explain why in the commodity of husbands the supply falls so continuously short of the demand. The new type of women competes with man, argues with him, occasionally convinces and rivals him, but it certainly does not attract him. Or, if this is too wide and sweeping a generalization, we will admit one exception to the generic "him" in the case of professors. To men and women other than professorial, they are anything else you like, these exemplars of the "higher education," but they are distinctly not interesting. There is undeniably an impression somehow of strain and imitation rather than of spontaneity or originality, or any joy of living about these thin and dreadfully monotonous students. In too many instances "the fuel has put out the fire," and there is something terribly depressing about the embers. The old types of womanhood, the accomplished, the domestic, were each effective in their own especial line, but this new type, the much instructed, lacks *thoroughness*, that first essential to effectiveness, and lacks it through no fault save that irremediable one of Dame Nature's who has handicapped them for so many professions, and who points protestingly to the now neglected one of wife and mother, urging, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Why not? why not honestly recognize marriage as, at any rate, among the "professions open to women," and

train for that? It has its household and its personal side it must be remembered, and while to manage a house with pleasantness and thrift, and without friction or fuss, needs as much business faculty as would be required of any young salaried official; to be a satisfactory wife in the personal sense, demands, moreover, all the qualities that we see advertised for in a "companion." And this, at least, is certain, that a girl so brought up that she is capable of choosing the right man, of winning his love, and—harder matter—of keeping it, and who, if children come, is equipped with something beyond the "mother-instinct" to manage them with, will, if she miss this best of all ways of earning her living, at any rate be fitted to earn it in many a useful direction, which it is becoming increasingly difficult, nowadays, to find sensible women to fill. Let us consider what a conscious training to this end would include, and by inference, exclude.

In the first place, something definitely and distinctively feminine is wanted, no much-examined maiden who shall be a more or less unpleasing imitation of an unpleasing masculine mediocrity; one, like Addison's Tom Folio, for instance, who was "an universal scholar so far as the title page of all authors," but a girl who shall be good in her own particular way as woman, good all round, and good at something in especial, if Heaven should have gifted her with any exceptional faculties. She must be healthy, cheerful, sweet-tempered, strong-hearted, open-minded, and neat-handed, to qualify for a pass degree in this "profession;" sense and sentiment, which, in due proportion, yield tact and sympathy, may count for honors: and since India and the Colonies offer wide openings to competent candidates, she should besides be educated, not "crammed" at a three months' notice, to some knowledge of the laws of health, to accurate ideas concerning keeping house, and to practical capabilities in the subjects of cooking and of mending. "Cookery," as Ruskin says, "means carefulness and inventiveness, and watchfulness and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means

much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality." The high schools, which seem in some sort to have taken the place of professional parents to the girls of the middle-class, might help us here, and in that other neglected branch of learning might wisely, perhaps, revive in practice the pregnant advice of Madame de Maintenon to her maidens at St. Cyr: "I should like you to do a great deal of needlework; it is a useful austerity, a saving, and a cause of regularity." Although one may fully admit, with Coelebs, that "it is very possible for a woman to be totally ignorant of the ordinary but indispensable duties of common life without knowing one word of Latin," yet it is certain that there are only a limited number of hours in even a high school girl's day, and if unending preparation for unending examinations—"higher," "lower," "local," and the rest of the modern miseries—are to occupy these, any sort of adequate preparation in our subjects must inevitably be crowded out. For besides "lessons," our curriculum would make music and drawing obligatory subjects, and would be so revolutionary as well as to insist on plenty of exercise, and plenty of practical training in "gracious household ways," in sewing certainly, and in cooking if we could, for these future wives of men with modest incomes, men who, for all our sakes as well as for their own, ought to be able to marry and to find the girls they meet attractive enough to make them desire to do so.

In "lessons," our ideal would be shortly, literature rather than laboratories. For manifold manuals on the sciences and copious "interlinear translations" of Greek and Latin authors, as advertised "for use in high schools," we would strenuously substitute a somewhat wider and deeper dipping into the three R's, attempting by such modest means to revive in our "universal scholars" the fast waning power of exact or fluent expression in speaking and writing their mother-tongue; to help them thereby to some grip on the lost art of reading, as distinct from reading up, and to recover from the mists of mathematics some small facility in simple addition. We would stimulate their

taste a little more, and feed their intellect a little less, in the fond hope that by preventing a surfeit of Xenophon and zoology we should be preventing also a reactionary relapse into Zola.

The higher education fulfilling its name, "taking root downward and bearing fruit upward;" service, not self-culture, its aim; the virtuous woman,

not the "virtue of a zoophyte" its ideal; marriage recognized as the most demanding, most bestowing of all the "professions open to women;" and homes and mothers reckoned superior to halls and principals for training maidens thereto: "May these things be!"—*National Review*.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

HOMER and, setting aside the Sonnets, Shakespeare are the most impersonal as well as the greatest of poets, and the impersonality of each of them has received a curious attestation. The existence of an individual Homer has been actually denied: it has been discovered, as the boy said in the examination, that Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Shakespeare's plays are being ascribed to Bacon. Bacon, to his work as a politician, a courtier, Lord Chancellor, a renovator of science, a writer on morals, politics, and jurisprudence, adding, in a not very long life, the composition of all these dramas! Bacon creating Falstaff! "Romeo and Juliet" written by a man who in his "Essay on Love" treats the passion as little better than a nuisance and an impediment to important action. Did Bacon write the Sonnets? Did Bacon write "Venus and Adonis"? Who was his partner in the composition of the plays of mixed authorship, such as "Henry the Sixth"? Yet this is hardly a more rank absurdity than the denial of Homer's personality, or even the denial of the identical authorship of the two poems. Besides the other proofs of identity, which have been conclusively presented, the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad" is the work of one whose peculiar and almost unique tendency it was to take a small segment of a story and treat it with extraordinary fulness of detail, in marked contrast to the manner of Cyclics, who began their lay of Troy with Leda's egg. The chances are surely incalculable against the existence of two such artists at the same time.

The most impersonal of writers, however, is human; he lives in the environment of his age, and he can hardly help now and then showing himself in a negative or indirect, if not in a positive, way. Homer shows himself in the passage in which Thersites impeaches the chiefs in a popular harangue, and receives the meed of his sedition from the leading-staff of Ulysses. Evidently this is a scene not of the camp, but of the political assembly. The day of democracy has dawned. The demagogue has arisen and begun to attack the princes and the aristocracy. Homer is attached to the nobility, in whose halls he, like Demodocus, recites his lay, and to the heroic order of things, which the popular leader assails and which is probably passing away. He paints the demagogue foul without and within. He makes him be treated in the way in which the company to whom the poem was recited would have liked to treat the Thersites whom perhaps they had that morning encountered in the Agora. He makes the people, whose suffrages by this time aristocracy was compelled to court, sympathize with their ancient rulers and true benefactors against the upstart agitator who was trying to mislead them. Perhaps as he did this, he bitterly felt the difference between the fond fiction and the reality. He reveals himself as a counterpart in feeling of Walter Scott, who panted to cleave the "politic pate" of Cobbett with his yeomanry sabre. It has always seemed to me not unlikely that Homer bore toward the Homeric age a relation somewhat similar to that which Scott bore to the age of chivalry. Amid his heroic slaughterings, his banquetings, in which the heroes devour



whole sides of beef or pork, his prodigious single combats, his fabulous feats of strength, his battles of men with gods, peep out continually the features, social, agricultural, mechanical, and even strategical of a comparatively advanced civilization.

Again, we can hardly help thinking that Homer reveals himself when he makes Hector say in those ringing lines that he reckons nothing of birds of augury, fly they toward the east or toward the west, and that the best of all omens is to be fighting for one's country. This, compared with the levity with which the poet treats the popular deities, making them cuff and berate each other, making Zeus threaten Here with a flogging, making him challenge the whole Pantheon to a tugging-match, and exposing Ares and Aphrodite to derision as they lie in the toils of Vulcan, looks like the gray dawn of sceptical philosophy among the quick-witted population of some commercial city on the Ionian coast. If such a hypothesis brings the date of Homer down to a later period than four centuries before Herodotus, it is not the authority of Herodotus which need deter us from accepting that conclusion. Herodotus, though enchanting, is no authority at all, even for the times close to his own.\*

Of Shakespeare, of course, it is unnecessary to say that he is thoroughly Elizabethan, "holds up the mirror to his time" and gives us "its very age and body, its form and pressure." There are in him scores of allusions to the fancies, fashions, and fripperies of his generation which we see: probably there are many more which we do not

see. Something even of individual taste and feeling appears in the often-repeated scoffs at the affectations of the fashionable language and in the preference for the older and simpler style of music.

"That old and antique song we heard last night

Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected tunes  
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times."

Tragedy is of course the offspring and must bear the imprint of a tragic age, that is an age of grand actions, great crimes, and strongly marked character; of an age too in which life has not lost its outward stateliness and picturesque-ness, in which royalty still wears its crown, and in which costume is general instead of being confined as it is now to the military profession. Calderon and Lope de Vega came at the end of a tragic age in Spain; so did Corneille and Racine in France, though the fierce spirit of the Fronde had donned the court dress of Versailles. The age, at the end of which Shakespeare came, that of the Wars of the Roses and the great Reformation struggle, was tragic indeed. The barbarism of a bloody time, a time of murderous civil war and countless deaths upon the scaffold, lingers in the hideous plot of "Titus Andronicus," in the butchery at the close of "Hamlet," and the general prodigality of murders and executions. In one respect Shakespeare does not reflect the Elizabethan era. While he gloriously abounds in its fresh and exuberant life there is not a trace in him of its peculiar heroism, of its maritime adventure, of its battles against Spain and the Armada. There are passages and divine passages about the sea and sea-faring in general; there is nothing about enterprise such as that of Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish, or about the world of wonders which it was opening. A voyage to the Bermudas, it is true, furnished the hint for Prospero's island, but the "Tempest" is a tale of enchantment, not of adventure. We seem here to see a limitation in the otherwise all-embracing mind. Under James, perhaps, if Shakespeare cared much for royal patronage, there might be a reason for not presenting a side of national character and a class of national achievements which being closely connected with Puritanism and

\* Does he not, after making the Persians lose about eight hundred ships by battles or in storms before they reached Salamis, tell us very deliberately that the strength of their fleet when they arrived there was nearly the same that it had originally been, pretending that this immense loss has been made up by the contingents of a few little islands? I do not presume to tilt against the philologists on their own ground; but I find it hard to believe that between the language of Homer and that of Herodotus there is a gap of four centuries and an ethnological revolution to boot, especially when I find in Herodotus such words as *ἑσπεράκιος* and *ἀλόνκραζον*. As to the archaic topography it may be that of the ancient legend adopted by the later poet as his theme. Nobody supposes that the story of Troy was invented by Homer.

the rising love of liberty would hardly be congenial to the Court.

What was Shakespeare's religion? He has, on the one hand, been claimed by Catholics as essentially Catholic. If we remember rightly, Cardinal Newman once said something to that effect. On the other hand, those who are sceptically disposed themselves have fancied that they saw in Shakespeare a profound though unproclaimed sceptic. The truth we believe to be that his drama was his religion. The detachment of Teutonic England from the Latin Church, from Papal supremacy and priestly sway, came in several instalments and was distributed over several centuries. The most pronounced and thoroughly religious instalment was the rising of Puritanism in the seventeenth century against the Anglican reaction. What we specially call the Reformation was rather the English Renaissance, for the change which then took place in the religious sphere under the worldly auspices of the Tudor princes and statesmen was more ecclesiastical than spiritual and more political than either. To the English Renaissance Shakespeare, with his fellow dramatists, belonged. He accepted the national church which his sovereign had provided for him, and the ancient hierarchy and ritual of which probably suited well enough his poetic nature. The church-bell is with him the characteristic sound of social life. "If ever you have been . . . where bells have knoll'd to church." It is not likely, however, that the theatrical world, the Bohemia of that day, was very assiduous in church-going. Nor does Shakespeare seem to have regarded with great reverence the parsons of the Tudor Church. He introduces two of them, Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives" and Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labor's Lost," and both characters are not only comic but farcical. They are even totally unecclesiastical. Sir Nathaniel plays a ridiculous part in an interlude, while Sir Hugh Evans goes out to fight a duel.

Nowhere perhaps does Shakespeare depart from his impersonal serenity and impartiality so much as in "All's Well That Ends Well" (I., 3), where he couples in a scoffing allusion "Young Charbon the Puritan" with "Old Poy-

sam the Papist," and afterward says, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." Clearly the writer of this had no special sympathy either with young Charbon or old Poytam. We may conclude that he disliked anything sectarian or enthusiastic, and was contented with the social religion of his parish.

It is true that Shakespeare had no antipathy to the Ancient Church: probably in the absence of any strong doctrinal antagonism its antiquity, its ceremonial, its art would be grateful to his poetic sense. Where the scene of his play is in Roman Catholic times or countries he takes the religious environments and costume with the rest and introduces friars as ministers of good. This is hardly more significant than his introduction of the gods of Rome in "Julius Caesar," or of weird heathenism in "King Lear," where it harmonizes with the character of the piece. That he had any latent hankering after Roman Catholicism, or that his heart was on the Papal side of the great quarrel between the nation and the Pope, it is impossible to believe in face of such lines as these:

*"King John.* What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

Add this much more,—that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But, as we under heaven are supreme head,

So under Him that great supremacy

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold

Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart

To him and his usurp'd authority.

*King Philip.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*King John.* Though you and all the kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out;

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;

Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes."

Much with which the author himself

does not agree may be written dramatically; but there are things which even dramatically he who does not agree with them will not write. Any one who had the slightest leaning to the Papal side would have manifestly outraged his own feelings by penning these lines. The passage on Indulgences has a sting in it if anything in Shakespeare has. The exposure of the false miracles of healing at St. Albans ("Henry the Sixth," Part 2, ii. 1.) may be cited in the same connection, if the passage is by Shakespeare, as we believe that it is.

That there was a good deal of free-thinking among the English of the higher class we gather from Giordano Bruno, who visited England at this time and observed the state of opinion with pleasure. Bohemia was likely to have her full share of it and we know that Marlowe and Greene were reputed atheists. But in Shakespeare there is surely neither speculative belief nor speculative unbelief. In certain passages, such as the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the speech of Claudio in "Measure for Measure," he speaks of the mysteries of life and death in a broad, natural, poetic manner, unlike that of an orthodox preacher, but also unlike that of a Giordano Bruno. Nobody surely would say that when he speaks of our life as "rounded by a sleep" he means to insinuate a denial of the immortality of the soul. "I think nobly of the soul" is put into the mouth of Malvolio, but there is an emphatic ring in it, and Malvolio, though distraught with egotism, is not represented as otherwise contemptible. Shakespeare's theological deliverances or indications might not have passed the Spanish Inquisition, but they would beyond doubt have passed the English Privy Council, particularly if it had been presided over by Lord Burghley. It is difficult to produce specimens of an atmosphere; but it will hardly be disputed that while we read Shakespeare it is in a religious atmosphere that we are moving, though the religion is not ecclesiastical like that of Calderon and Lope de Vega, but natural, social, and poetic.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

These lines, recited by the prisoner, would almost have saved him from the clutches of the Inquisition. In Æschylus, in Sophocles, in Euripides, more or less of the speculative tendency is discernible. Æschylus may in a certain sense be regarded as one of the fathers of Hellenic philosophy. He stands in somewhat the same relation to it in which an epic poet stands to history. The writer of the "Prometheus" must have had his searchings of heart about the popular theology. Not by mere accident did his theme find a continuator in Shelley. But the mental eye of Shakespeare was turned outward, not inward. In the Sonnets, though there is infinite subtlety in the expression of passion, there is nothing metaphysical.

On the other hand there is no trace of fanaticism. The treatment of Shylock expresses not hatred of the misbeliever but hatred of the extortioner. In the jibes at his religion there is no bitterness. The popular hatred of the extortioner Shakespeare evidently does share, and it is idle to attempt to get the poet out of a supposed scrape by such desperate shifts as the pretence that the play is intended to expose the inhuman treatment of the Jews.

There is certainly not a tinge in Shakespeare of sympathy with Catholic asceticism. "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?" The Renascence, as a revolt against asceticism, running sometimes with heathen sensuality, is pretty well reflected in his dramas, to say nothing of "Venus and Adonis." There is no use in pretending that the passages which the moral Bowdler strikes out are involuntary tributes to the taste of the audience at the Globe Theatre. Evidently Shakespeare delighted in these allusions as much as he did in puns, for which he has so extraordinary a predilection. Of course he does not descend to such ordure as that which we find in his meaner rivals and which stands in hideous juxtaposition to the pure scenes of the "Virgin Martyr." "Always he is Cæsar!" But the element is there, and we wish it were not there, let blind worshippers say what they will. The amount of it

however is moderate for the Renaissance. Shakespeare's page, if it is not clean compared with that of Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, is clean indeed compared with the pages of Boccaccio. In England there was the same interregnum between the fall of the Catholic and the rise of the Protestant or modern morality that there was in other countries; but participation in a great struggle for national independence and for a European cause, together with the bracing influence of maritime adventure, preserved the manhood, and with the manhood the comparative purity of the nation.

Though Shakespeare is not free from impurity his ethics are perfectly sound. He never tries, like the Rousseauists, to produce an effect by tampering with the moral law or by exciting sympathy with interesting sinners. In rewarding the good and punishing the evil-doer he is almost as strict as Dante, while he is incomparably more rational and human than the monkish moralist who puts *Farinata*, *Francesca* and her lover in hell. *Cordelia* dies, it is true; nevertheless she receives her crown. In *Bacon's* writings there is a touch of Machiavelism, as there was more than a touch of it in his career. In the "Essay on Negotiating," for example, among other sly precepts he tells you that it is a good thing to deal in person rather than by letter, "where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound." But there is no trace of anything of the kind in Shakespeare, though he is not insensible of the pregnant fact that the boundary line between moral good and evil is less sharply defined than the common language of ethics implies.

"Virtue itself turns vile, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime 's by action dignified."

In politics it is pretty clear that Shakespeare simply accepted the national monarchy as in religion he accepted the national Church. It would have been strange if his heart had not been with the Court. The Court was the friend of his calling: Puritanism, which was the soul of the rising opposition, was the enemy of his calling, though the writer of "*Comus*" tried to bring about a reconciliation between Protestant religion and dramatic art through a revival

of the pure form of Attic tragedy. It was impossible that Shakespeare should be a legitimist, or in that sense an upholder of the divine right of kings, if he bore in mind the Tudor pedigree and the title of that dynasty to the throne; but he evidently was a hearty monarchist, and fully recognized the sacred character with which the monarchy had been invested by the union of ecclesiastical with political headship consequent on the rupture with the Papacy. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" is put, it is true, into the mouth of a king whose hedge of divinity is afterward traversed by his stepson's rapier amid general sympathy and applause. So the monarch who says that "Not all the waters from the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king," and that "the breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord," himself practically illustrates by his catastrophe the limitations of those doctrines. It may be said that both utterances are merely dramatic; but they have an emphatic sound, and what is more to the purpose, they harmonize with the general tenor of Shakespeare's plays in relation to this subject. In "*King John*" nothing is said about the Great Charter or the abuses of royal power which led the barons to extort it. We have the quarrel between John and the Pope about the appointment of Stephen Langton, in which our sympathies are demanded by the cause of the national sovereign. For the rebellion of the nobles, the "tempest" of which Pandulph "blows up" in the interest of the Church, no other reason is assigned than the supposed murder of Arthur. John is hardly presented as a tyrant, certainly not as the hateful tyrant that he was; and when French invasion comes national sentiment is awakened at once, and the hearts of an English audience are expected to be with the native king. Raleigh, in his "*Prerogative of Parliaments*," makes one of the personages in the dialogue say of the Great Charter that "it had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion." This was perhaps the esoteric doctrine of extreme courtiers. In general, the memory of the Great Charter seems to have slept during the Tudor



reigns. Silence on the subject was evidently most advisable for Her Majesty's and still more for *His Majesty's* players; no doubt it was also most congenial to their feelings. A presentation of the scene of Runnymede at "The Globe" would very likely have been treated by the Privy Council as sedition.

The story of Henry the Eighth was rather a delicate subject for a dramatist who desired to please the Court. Shakespeare's native breadth of sympathy and dramatic sense probably led him, without any help from the craft of Polonius, to the very treatment which was most politic and acceptable. He takes no part in the quarrel, and is dramatically just to all. Henry he presents simply as a majestic lord, which in a rather material sense the tyrant and uxoricide was. He makes the king state his own case, just as he actually did state it, without in any way raising the question of its moral validity. He glorifies, in a splendid vision of Elizabeth's greatness, the child of the Protestant queen. At the same time he evokes a full measure of sympathy for Catherine, and makes tender and respectful allusion to her daughter. Cranmer, the Archbishop of the Divorce and of the Reformation, receives in an uncontroversial way his fitting meed of honor. For the grand catastrophe of Wolsey's fall we are prepared by his pride, his worldliness, his treatment of Buckingham; but a magnificent eulogy is pronounced on him by the mouth of Griffith. Cromwell also is seen on his better side. Only against "the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome" is anything like indignation pointed. This presentment would perfectly suit the taste of the Court, which, while it of course accepted the Divorce and the Reformation, would by no means wish to identify itself with the revolutionary aspect of the movement, or even be much gratified by anything insulting to Spain. The trade both of Elizabeth and James was kingship. The leaning of James toward Spain, as the head of the monarchical interest in Europe, was perfectly natural. Elizabeth would have leaned the same way if she had not been bound by her title and her circumstances to Protestantism, or even if the Pope and Philip the Second would have let her alone.

Two of the plays, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," were evidently intended to be performed at weddings. They both present the same peculiarity of structure, each having a masque in it. The masque, rather show than drama, and generally allegorical or mythological, like that in "The Tempest," was constantly performed by amateurs at weddings. Bacon provided a masque, entitled the Masque of Flowers, at Gray's Inn, in honor of the ill-starred marriage of Somerset with the divorced wife of Essex; and the upholders of the Baconian authorship of the plays will probably ascribe it to his modesty that he did not make use of one of his own dramatic productions on that occasion. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Elizabeth receives a divine though unhistorical compliment as the "Imperial Votress," who is proof against Cupid's shaft, and passes on in "maiden meditation, fancy free." We can hardly doubt that the queen was present when those lines were recited. But if she was, she can scarcely have failed to be touched by those other lines:

"Thrice blessed they that master so their blood  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthly happier is the rose distilled  
Than that which withering on the virgin  
thorn  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness."

Whether there was anything in the tender relations of the very mature coquette which might lend point to such a hint at the time we cannot tell. It appears to be quite uncertain who Theseus and Hippolyte were. That the play was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Derby at Greenwich in 1595 seems to be mere conjecture. Who Ferdinand and Miranda were is not doubtful. It appears from the manuscript of *Virtue* that "The Tempest" was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector at the beginning of the year 1613. Frederick had come over to receive his bride, the Princess who was the darling of all Protestant hearts. Ferdinand, then, was Frederick, and Miranda was Elizabeth. If James was present or read the play his imagination might possibly suggest an original of

Prospero the prince duke, "for the liberal arts without a parallel." Perhaps it might also suggest originals of the conspirators by whom Prospero had been dethroned, and even of Stephano and Trinculo, with their ludicrous dreams of state and their gross assassination plot. Probably James thought the meddling of the leaders of the Commons with affairs of state not less preposterous than the aspirations of Stephano.

"Let me live there ever ;  
So rare a wonderd father, and a wife,  
Make this place Paradise."

—these would be graceful and appropriate words of leave-taking in the mouth of the Prince Palatine.

The compliments paid by Shakespeare to Elizabeth and James, especially that paid to James in Cranmer's prophecy, are it must be owned pretty full-bodied. But they are redeemed from servility, and the air of personal adulation is taken off by the close association of the monarch's praises with the national glory and happiness. Bacon's flattery of James is personal. The advocates of the Baconian theory may here again find an addition, though of the slightest kind, to the difficulties of their theory.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the authorship of other parts of "Henry the Sixth" there can be none as to the authorship of the part about Jack Cade. No such blow, humorous or serious, has ever been dealt, or could have been dealt, to demagogism by any other hand. The picture suits the demagogue tyrant of Paris as well as it suited the demagogue tyrant of Kent. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer," is satire as fresh and true to-day as when it was written. It fits perfectly as a caricature of what the Radical candidate now says to Hodge. Nor could any Labor Reformer or Workingmen's Candidate of our time well read without wincing :

"George. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

George. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

George. Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True, and yet it is said—labor in thy vocation : which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be laboring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

George. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

All due allowance being made for what is merely dramatic, we cannot help seeing that to Shakespeare a rabble, above all a political rabble, is an object of personal aversion. He has even a physical abhorrence of the populace, the expression of which sometimes strikes us as not only anti-popular but almost unfeeling.

"And then he (Antony) offered it (the crown) the third time ; he (Cæsar) put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar."

The passage does not stand alone and it is rather wonderful how such language can have failed to offend the large portion of the audience at The Globe.

From Coriolanus we expect, as a matter of dramatic propriety, extravagant expressions of aristocrat contempt for the people. But the dramatist has certainly put his full force into these lines.

"[Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.] Hail, noble Marcius !

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs ?

1st Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace nor war ? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you

Where he would find you lions, finds you hares ;

Where foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!  
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
matter,

That in these several places in the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their  
seeking?"

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says:

"I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement,  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it."

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in "Hamlet" iv. 4.

"Ham. Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier?"

Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
sir,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw."

Carlyle has said of the description of the battle of Agincourt:

"That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts; the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valor; 'Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in

England!' There is a noble patriotism in it—far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him had it come to that."

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft which brought her to the stake.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd  
isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection, and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their  
birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious  
siege  
Of wat'ry Neptune."

—those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with

which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it is put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sederunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which

produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter-house ("Henry the Sixth," Part 2, iii. 1), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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MR. BRYCE'S "AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."\*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

IT is seldom that that which has been long expected equals the anticipations with which it was awaited. But the great work of Mr. Bryce will much surpass the high expectations which it has so long aroused. It is still more seldom that a book which stirs immediate interest, is a permanent addition to the literature of a country. *The American Commonwealth*, however, teems with matter of the most vital moment to the practical issues of the day, while it belongs to the very small number of those works on political and social science which are abiding possessions to the whole English-speaking race.

The analysis of political institutions is a task so complex and subtle that it is rarely undertaken; and when undertaken successfully, it is even more rarely that the result is found to have interest for the public and practical use for the busy. The analysis of social institutions, manners, and practices, though much more common, is very often tedious; and it has a fatal tendency to run into the tabular commonplaces of a gazetteer. Mr. Bryce has avoided both errors. His work, as an analysis of a constitutional organism, is of a rank only reached by De Tocqueville, Mill, Gneist, Maine, and Dicey. As an account of modern America it is full of first-hand knowledge, acute reflections,

and picturesque illustrations of men and customs. Mr. Bryce has given to Europeans that kind of insight of the American system which in the last century Voltaire, Montesquieu, and De Lolme gave to France of the English system. And he has revealed the social condition of the States with the same thoroughness of grasp which in the last century Arthur Young brought to bear on France; and, in our day, Mackenzie Wallace brought to bear on Russia.

Accounts of a political system are too often dull and academic, because they are compiled from books without the gifts of the statesman or the traveller, without knowledge of affairs, or the quick insight of the experienced observer. Accounts of the social system and manners of a country are too often gossip and thin, because the observer sees too much of the surface, and has neither political training nor solid learning. Nothing is more difficult than to weave into an analysis of the social forces of a mighty State, a living picture of the people as they may be seen in their daily life. In this difficult art Mr. Bryce has achieved a great success. He has drawn the portrait of a nation by virtue of his being at once an accomplished jurist, an experienced politician, a learned historian, an acute man of the world, and an indefatigable traveller.

The book is one not altogether easy to class. Works upon political institutions are almost wholly the studies of

\* *The American Commonwealth*. By James Bryce, M.P. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.



lawyers or politicians. Bentham and Austin, Mill and Spencer, Gneist, Bagehot, Maine, and Dicey, have written on the working of a given political system, and have reduced this to abstract terms, but they have none of them written from the point of view of the historian, the traveller, and the parliamentary official. Gneist has written as a political philosopher; Bagehot wrote first-rate essays of a journalist; Mr. Dicey has given us lectures more permanently useful than Blackstone's; and Maine has brought his acute mind and curious learning to the analysis of English and American politics. Mr. Hearn's excellent book on the *Constitution of England* is the work of a lawyer and a statesman. But none of these put the social institutions, or the idiosyncrasies of the country, side by side with the political constitution; nor do they explain the constitution by the habits of the people, and the popular customs by the constitution. They are publicists, not travellers or historians.

On the other hand, those who have given us social and economical surveys of a nation have little of law, statesmanship, or social philosophy. The M'Cullochs, Porters, Maurice Blocks, the Fawcetts, Cairds, and Giffens, who have given us invaluable economic surveys of a nation, have not displayed it as at once the effect and cause of a given political organism, which they describe organically and functionally. This Mr. Bryce has done. His main task is the American Commonwealth as a working organism. But his subsidiary business is to show how this Commonwealth reacts on the life of American society, and how the American people day by day are moulding, modifying, and working this Commonwealth.

We have thus brought before us a great succession of topics which are usually excluded from constitutional treatises and political analyses. Constitutional publicists, even the greatest of them, have been far too formal, too official, too solemn, heraldic, and black-letter. Blackstone wrote a sort of Gold Stick and Lord Chamberlain account of the Constitution, which is now more like the actual system of Japan than that of England. None of our works on the English Constitution, down to the time

of Bagehot, ever mentioned the Cabinet or the Prime Minister. Those who write about constitutions and political institutions too often fix their eyes exclusively on the letter of the law, or they argue *à priori* on rights and privileges, as if it were a matter of pure abstract science. Mr. Bryce's method is to combine analysis of institutions with practical observation of social habits. And there can be no sort of doubt that this is the true way. Mere book knowledge of a constitution is as worthless as a mere paper constitution. And a bare abstract view of political institutions may be as delusive as a working model of a machine which in practice will not work at all. Mr. Bryce has followed Macaulay's admirable rule, not to be afraid of lowering the dignity of history. He has composed a searching and exhaustive analysis of the American Commonwealth; but, though he has gone quite as deeply into ultimate problems of government as De Tocqueville, Mill, or Austin, he has not been afraid to lower the dignity of social philosophy by explaining to us all about the "Lobby," the "Machine," the "Politicians," "Rings and Bosses," "Spoils," "Women's Suffrage," the Bar, the Bench, the Press, Railroads, Wall Street, the Universities, the Churches, the position of women, American oratory, American life, the social and economic future. Now this is precisely what we want to know; and it is in connection with these things that knowledge of the Constitution really interests us. And it is because all these things are explained and illustrated by a mass of ingenious reflections, vivid observations, and capital anecdotes that Mr. Bryce has managed to make a book full of real political wisdom as picturesque and fascinating as a first-rate volume of travels.

The book with which this work of Mr. Bryce's will be immediately compared is that of De Tocqueville. But nearly sixty years have passed since De Tocqueville went to America, and in that period the American Commonwealth has grown beyond any example in recorded history. Fourteen new States have been added to the Union; the population has doubled itself five times; the railroad, telegraph, and electric systems have been created; new

parties have been formed ; the question of slavery has been debated and fought out ; the greatest civil war the world ever saw has been waged ; and a vast system of political and social institutions has been evolved. The changes have been enormous, and yet De Tocqueville's book is the one with which Mr. Bryce's will be most often compared, and it is the one with which it most deserves to be compared.

Mr. Bryce's view of the American Commonwealth consists of three distinct surveys :—of the National organization, the local State organization, and the Social organization : corresponding roughly to the first, second, and third volumes. The first volume is a treatise of constitutional law ; the second an analysis of local and municipal politics ; and the third is practically a masterly book of travels. All who observe American institutions at all have long known the extreme complexity of the system in its double scheme of co-ordinate political institutions for the Nation and the several States. But until the elaborate analysis of Mr. Bryce explained them, few persons quite realized either the true nature of this complex dualism, or the range to which it extends. Complex as this intercatenation of National and State authority is, Mr. Bryce has made it clear without needless prolixity or repetition. The United States Constitution is at once National and Federal, being a supreme Federal State, not a League of States, yet presupposing and based upon an antecedent body of States, each in their own limits performing a very large part of the functions and duties of ordinary civil governments. Again, both Federal Constitution and the State Constitutions very distinctly divide the provinces of the executive function, the legislative function, and the judicial function. Nowhere in Europe is the executive body marked off from the legislative body so strictly and with lines so rigid as in America. Nowhere in Europe is the Constitution walled round with a rampart so difficult to modify as there. Nowhere in Europe is the executive so little able to lead the legislature, and the legislature so little able to control the executive. Alone of settled political systems, the *de facto* head of the administration cannot in

America dissolve the legislature, nor can the legislature get rid of the *de facto* head of the administration, except by a two-thirds majority after a regular trial for a criminal offence. And a third element steps in when courts of law are empowered to pronounce that acts of the National Legislature are unconstitutional and therefore invalid.

This dualism of National government and State government, this tripartite division of authority into executive, legislative, and judicial, each more or less independent, runs through the whole fabric of the American polity and all its thirty-eight States. There are thus in America thirty-nine Constitutions, i.e., one National Constitution and thirty-eight State Constitutions ; as many separate legislatures, as many executives, as many judiciaries, and, wonderful to relate, thirty-nine separate bodies of law. There are four kinds of American law, with four degrees of authority :—

I. The Federal Constitution.

II. Federal Statutes made by Congress.

III. State Constitutions.

IV. State Statutes made by State Legislatures.

And courts of law, both State and National, are bound to decide under which of these four classes of law any given provision falls. Then the judiciary is bifurcated into the National Courts and the State Courts ; each being subdivided locally into superior, middle, and inferior Courts. And there is a National Finance, as well as a State Finance. And within each State, there is a system of local government and systems of municipal government, each with their own executive, their own constituents, their own council, and their own taxation. The double system of National and State constitutions, legislatures, executive, judiciaries, bodies of law and separate finance, covers in a co-ordinate way every square mile of the vast American continent included in the States. There is here, it is obvious, the material for a curious complexity of forces, which indeed hardly any European has adequately mastered.

Perhaps the most striking and important contribution to political science which Mr. Bryce has made is the fundamental distinction which he pointed out

between what he named the Rigid Constitutions and the Flexible Constitutions: America giving us the type of a practically rigid Constitution, and England the type of a Constitution, in theory at least, flexible without limit. Mr. Dicey, in his admirable Lectures on the *Law of the Constitution*, made all readers familiar with this distinction, and has illustrated it with great learning and acumen. But in his own account (p. 84) he refers to an unpublished lecture of Mr. Bryce, the substance of which is incorporated in the present work. The Parliament of the United Kingdom could extend, modify, or abolish the Constitution, or any part of it, by an ordinary Act of Parliament passed in the same way as any Road or Inclosure Act. Nay, more, this power is being continually exercised session after session; for the Constitution seldom leaves off at the end of a session exactly as it stood at the opening of it. A court of law has only to satisfy itself as to the interpretation of an Act of Parliament, and then to give effect to it. It cannot treat any Act as unconstitutional, or see any degree of authority, of greater or less, in an Act of Parliament.

Nor in England can any man say precisely what the Constitution is, or where it can be found. As Mr. Bryce says, it must be searched for in hundreds of volumes, in cases, statutes, precedents, journals, and even memoirs. And of course much of it is even then matter for discussion. All is utterly different in America. The Federal Constitution and all its amendments are printed in a very precise document of sixteen octavo pages. It is so hedged round by securities against hasty alterations, that in the hundred years which now span the life of the Federal Constitution, excepting in the postscript of its first year, and in a trivial amendment in 1794, and another in 1803, it has only been practically modified once—that is, after the tremendous civil war. The contrast between the rigid documentary constitutions of America and the flexible traditional Constitution of England has been most profoundly grasped by Mr. Bryce, and most vividly illustrated and explained.

Next to the contrast between these two types of constitutional systems,

comes the equally striking contrast between the Presidential administration of America and the Cabinet administration of England. A cabinet, as we understand it, is of course out of the question where the legislature neither controls nor depends upon a ministry. And where there is no legislature to make or unmake a ministry, there is of course no ministry to initiate, guide, or modify legislation. An American President is a Prime Minister whose business is to control the public departments, but not to interfere with the legislature. He has secretaries without collective responsibility, but no ministry. Ministers are not accountable to the legislature, nor are they jointly responsible for each other. So the legislature is a parliament with which the ministers are often in conflict, and which has no means whatever of removing them. All this Mr. Bryce explains and illustrates with a force and fertility which are only possible to a man who has had the advantage of experience in parliament and in office, and who unites to the training of a constitutional lawyer great opportunities for careful study on the spot.

Mr. Bryce next explains the constitution, character, and working of that famous American institution the Senate, the relation of which to the Executive is so puzzling to those who know only the dignified Upper Chambers of Europe, and which has a peculiar interest for those European politicians who find treaties and international relations ultimately referred to its final arbitrament. He then turns to the House of Representatives, a House how utterly unlike our House of Commons few will realize till they have mastered all that Mr. Bryce has to tell. His picture of the "House at work" is one of those vivid clear-cut portraits which are only possible to a practical politician living his daily life in one school who has attentively watched another school and compared it with his own.

Mr. Bryce's account of the Federal Courts is one that could only be given by a lawyer, who, familiar with the machinery of English courts, and imbued with our own legal principles, has studied the American courts with all the assistance that can be given by his intimate relations with American lawyers, judges,

and advocates, thus comparing professional impressions and experience. Nothing in the book is more interesting and valuable than his account of the history, constitution, and working of the famous Supreme Court of Washington, a court which, from the momentous National functions with which it is charged, its striking history, its unique position as the one central Court of Appeal, and the singular power of the great men who have adorned it, may almost be thought, even by an English lawyer, to take precedence in importance of all known tribunals.

That part of Mr. Bryce's book to which the English politician will most often turn will be, no doubt, the eleven chapters from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-fifth inclusive, wherein he compares the American and European systems, criticises the American constitution, and explains the paradox how the most rapidly growing of modern peoples contrives to thrive under the most rigid of all known constitutions, and the one which seems apparently the most prone to insoluble deadlocks. The problem is indeed one of the most curious and suggestive which can engage the student of politics and the practical politician. Mr. Bryce's solution of the mystery, which, like the solution of most mysteries, depends on complex allowances, compensations, and qualifications in practical result, is as full of accurate observation of fact as it is of sterling political good sense.

It would need an article even to state in full Mr. Bryce's explanation of the separate State System, of the relations of the States to the Federal Union, of the distribution of the functions of government between the State and the Union, of the complex institutions by which the relations are distinguished and maintained. The co-ordination of National authority and thirty-eight State authorities is one of the most difficult and curious problems in the range of political science. European states are familiar enough with a local government and a National government. But in America, where both exist in full development, there is intercalated between them an antecedent State government which fulfils the great bulk of the functions possessed by the National government of these kingdoms,

and habitually exercised by the House of Commons. Nor is this the whole of the anomaly, for in America each of the thirty-eight States, with distinct executives, legislatures, law-courts, bodies of law and finance, are constitutionally safe-guarded under very precise clauses in written instruments from any interference by the Federal Executive, or the Federal Legislature. Let us imagine the new County Councils each having its own distinct, inviolable, and self-enacted constitution, which no Act of Parliament could modify, suspend, or add to. We shall then have some idea of the complexity of the American political system.

The rest of Mr. Bryce's work is devoted to explain the Party System, and all the peculiar institutions to which the party system has given birth, the "machine," the "ring," the "boss," and the way the boss runs the machine; next to the working of Public Opinion, and all its various organs, the press, the "stump," the "caucus," the conventions and the ballot. And he concludes with a large body of illustrations, reflections, criticisms, and suggestions.

The grand question which all will ask remains—does Mr. Bryce write as a panegyrist of the American democracy, or as a critic of it? How does the judge sum up the evidence about the greatest experiment of free electoral government yet attempted by man? Mr. Bryce, one may answer, has far too much experience of affairs, too much learning, too much political sagacity, to sum up in any wholesale, trenchant, *ex cathedra* style, or to write either a eulogium on democracy, or an indictment of democracy. As a judge, as a thinker should, he gives us ample material for forming our own judgment, examines all the difficulties and possibilities, the strength, the weakness, the compensations, and the inconveniences of each institution in turn. No single vice or degeneration of the American polity is at all screened or palliated. A hostile satirist could find matter enough for a dozen philippics in the familiar style of the reactionary prophet of evil. A stalwart believer in democracy will find many a conclusion to deepen his faith and to fire his enthusiasm. Mr. Bryce, it is clear, sees many a compensating force which was unobserved by Sir H.



Maine when he wrote on *Popular Government*, and Mr. Bryce's knowledge of America vastly exceeds that of Maine. To compare their books on this point is to see all the gulf which separates an acute student of political literature from an experienced observer of political institutions.

Mr. Bryce writes as an observer of political institutions, not, be it said, as a party politician. The comparison of Federal with the State legislatures bristles at every point with illustrations of the burning issue of our day, the relations of the Imperial Parliament to a possible Home Rule Legislature. The book of Mr. Bryce touches on the problem at every chapter. Yet there is not a sentence in these three volumes by which the most sensitive Unionist could detect whether the author be a follower of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Hartington. True political science sits calmly aloof from party struggles.

The special strength of Mr. Bryce is this, that he is a rare example (one may almost say a unique example) of the constitutional jurist, who compares institutions and constitutions step by step with social habits and practical results visible on the spot. He refuses to consider the American constitution or any single American institution apart from the habits and opinions of the American people who live under them, and the American politicians, journalists, speakers, officials, managers, and groups of men who work them, make them, and want them. It is another instance of the golden rule that organs, organisms, and organic activity, are only to be truly understood as we study them in their functions, and under the actual conditions of environment and adjustment to it, in which they do, as a fact, habitually function.

One may doubt if such a living picture of Democracy in all its ways, in its strength and its weakness, its dangers and its future, in all its strange nakedness of appearance, and its amazing vitality and force, in its golden hopes, and its simplicity and limitations as of a raw, lucky, inexperienced youth entering on a matchless inheritance for good or for evil, has ever yet been drawn by

a competent hand. And it may be doubted even more if there yet exists for any country in the Old World a portrait so thoughtful, searching, and complete, so suggestive of the character, and with its life-history so graven on the face, as that which Mr. Bryce has now given us for the New World.

It is impossible to close this book without reflecting that it adds another fine corner-stone to the noble monument which the sons and teachers of Oxford have raised round the history and analysis of political institutions. Not only has Oxford taken for centuries a leading part in this field of social science, but it is not easy to recall a work of first-rate importance in this difficult department which has not come from those who have taught in Oxford, or have been trained by her in the school of Thucydides and Aristotle. The tradition of Sir T. More, of Raleigh, of Hobbes, of Locke, and Adam Smith has been worthily maintained. Clarendon opened a long succession of historians, through Gibbon, the greatest of historians, Henry Hallam, Doctor Arnold, Dean Milman, and so on down to the great modern school of Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, S. R. Gardiner, J. R. Green, Froude, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Cotter Morison, John Morley. Nor is it less significant that so much of what we know of the English Constitution has been expounded by those who have taught at Oxford or who have been trained at Oxford. Blackstone's Commentaries on the laws of England were lectures delivered by him as Professor at Oxford; so also were those far more trustworthy Commentaries, known as Dicey *On the Law of the Constitution*, and Anson *on the Law of Parliament*; and so at least one of Sir H. Maine's studies on political institutions. To this long list of Oxford achievements we must now add the work of her Regius Professor of Civil Law, a work dedicated to, and in part inspired by two of his Oxford colleagues; and which will permanently hold its own in this splendid array of historical research and political philosophy.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## ON THE SLOPES OF OLYMPUS.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

ASIA MINOR is still a vast labyrinth of more or less unexplored memories of the past; travellers of to-day pay hurried visits to the cities near the coast, but in the interior, where lawless tribes and scattered nationalities forbid the approach of the ordinary wayfarer, there exists a sort of *terra incognita* to which only a few pioneers with more hardihood than intelligence have penetrated. This will be a future playground for the enterprising of the 20th century, and when the line which is now in project is opened right through the heart of Asia Minor it will be possible for the traveller *en route* for India to pass a few pleasant days in places with which no one is now acquainted, and be carried to his destination through Mesopotamia, where he may search for traces of the Garden of Eden and the cradle of mankind.

The slopes of the Mysian Olympus and the town of Brusa at its feet may be visited now with a tolerable amount of safety. Brigandage, the scourge of Turkey, is kept fairly in check in this district, and Brusa is a town of extraordinary fascinations from a purely Turkish point of view, setting aside altogether episodes connected with Hannibal and legends of emperors of the Lower Empire. It was the Turkish capital before the Turks crossed to Europe, the point at which the Ottomans consolidated and nurtured their strength, and the earlier Sultans of the race gloried in beautifying these glorious slopes with mosques and tombs, and in covering the healing springs which issue from the sides of this giant with quaint domed bath buildings, rich in encaustic tiles.

Then we have the interests which centre in the modern Brusa, which has risen out of the ruins of fire and earthquake to become the great Oriental centre of the silk trade,—“the Turkish Lyons,” as the Frenchmen call it, thanks again to its giant mountain, which affords sheltered valleys for the growth of the mulberry trees and rushing streams to work the mills. Finally we can indulge in speculation concerning the Brusa of the future. Vefyk

Pasha, a man of extraordinary progress for a Turk, governed this *vilayet* after the great earthquake which ruined the town in 1855; he occupied his term of office in restoring and beautifying the town, with one object, that it might be ready to receive his sovereign and become the seat of government when the time came for quitting Constantinople. Old Turkey—that is to say, the Turk of to-day, who adhere strictly to the tradition of Mohammedanism—look upon Brusa as the future capital of a purely Asiatic Turkey, and the grave, as it has been the cradle, of their race, whereas young, go-ahead Turkey talks much about Sivas and its mercantile advantages for the prospective centre; this problem has yet to be worked out, and depends much on whether old or young Turkey prevails in the councils of the nation when the final hour of their rule in Europe arrives.

Polygamy, like many another Turkish institution, is fast disappearing from among them; a few rich Pashas may indulge in the luxury or the reverse of a multiplication of wives, but among ordinary individuals, the *suredgis* or horse owners alone take advantage of the Koran's permission to multiply wives, finding it convenient to have female agents at the different places they frequent. There is a celebrated *suredgi* at Brusa who is reported to have one wife at Brusa, another at Modania, where the steamer stops, and another at Constantinople, to keep him informed of the possible advent of visitors. At any rate he was fully aware of our intention to visit Brusa, and secured us as his victims by travelling with us on the steamer; he is a truly active fellow, and drove us for the three hours between Modania and Brusa, up the hills and through oceans of mud, at a pace which astonished us, and made us tremble for the survival of his horses and his rickety carriage. When a trace broke he mended it with his waistband, when a horse fell in the mud he set it up again as if it had been a ninepin, and during the avenue gallop, which extended from the bridge which

Nilofer, the charitable wife of Sultan Orchan is said to have built, right up to the door of Madame Brotte's hotel in the outskirts of Brusa, his driving was worthy of King Jehu himself.

Our charioteer, as we drove along, cast many a scornful glance and uttered many a sarcastic sneer at his fallen rival, namely, the ruined railway which ran for some distance by the side of the road. It was Vefyk Pasha, the great benefactor of Brusa, who constructed it, and being only 35 miles in length it was completed at the cost of £20,000; its ruins, as seen to-day, are a monument of Turkish imbecility and the grievances of bondholders. The rails were laid, stations were built, the rolling-stock was bought, before the collapse came. Now you see the loose rails straying down the sides of the embankments ready for the peasants to carry away; the culverts are nearly all destroyed; goats browse in what should be the station booking-offices; and at Modania a shed contains the fast decaying remnants of the rolling-stock.

Poor Vefyk Pasha must gnash his teeth, if he has any left, when he sees his life's work thus destroyed; he is now a very old man, and lives in retirement in his pretty wooden kiosk on the Bosphorus, and Hakki Pasha reigns at Brusa in his stead. We had a letter of introduction which we presented in person to his Excellency Hakki Pasha, and we found him an illiterate retrograde Turk, who delights in letting all the improvements executed by his predecessor fall into decay. Vefyk had the plain below Brusa thoroughly drained; Hakki prefers to put into his own pocket the money which ought annually to be spent in keeping this up, with the natural result that after heavy rains the plain is almost impassable, owing to floods, as we found to our cost; and in the train of floods in this climate come fevers and all the evils which Vefyk by his energy had surmounted.

After being Oriental, Brusa is French. It has a French Consul, and merchants from Lyons flock here for raw material, and French "*graineurs*," after the cocoon harvest, haunt the slopes of Mount Olympus and effect their purchases in its happy valleys. Every Frenchman you meet at Brusa is loud in his praises

of Vefyk Pasha. You get quite tired of his name when you have heard how he built the carriage road along which we came; how he constructed the railway; how he saw that good hotels were built; how he drained the marshes; how he introduced the rose culture, and settled refugees from the rose-growing districts after the last war; how he brought water from a source high up in the mountains, to the great benefit of the silk trade; how he built ovens in which to kill the grubs; how he protected Christians and put down brigandage. Ahmet Vefyk Pasha was indeed a great man in the *vilayet* of Brusa, and second only to him in French estimation is Madame Brotte, who keeps such an excellent hostelry and table for the Lyons merchants who come over here to buy silk. At her table, all the year round, you may eat wild boar and game from Mount Olympus, and discuss delicious things in cream which comes from her own dairy. Her husband was a factory owner himself, but he died, poor man, and his widow has turned his factory into a hotel, and with her factotum Homer, a young Greek from a neighboring village, she administers to the wants of the visitor so well that he forgets he is in the wilds of Asia Minor, in the haunts of the brigand and the nomad tribes. But he will not forget it next morning when he issues forth into the streets, and if he has not been very far East indeed, he will never have seen anything so Oriental as Brusa or so beautifully quaint.

The city is plastered on the slopes of the snow-capped Olympus, lies buried in rank verdure, and echoes with the murmur of many streams. Brusa, in fact, comes up as nearly to the reality of a drop scene at a theatre, or a Turnerian glimpse at Paradise, as one is likely to see on this side the grave, and yet it is not sleepy and dull, as most beautiful places are. Close to Madame Brotte's establishment are many factories of silk, at the mouth of a lovely gorge; and, inasmuch as water is here the motive power and not coal, we find no chimneys belching forth their nature-destroying breath, and industry, when it does not destroy the beauties of nature, is a pleasure and not a horror to look upon. The operatives in these

factories are, for the most part, Greek and Armenian girls. In the earthquake of 1855 a whole factory, with sixty girls at work, fell down and buried them in its ruins; but a new factory has been built on this cemetery, and a new race of girls were busily at work when we visited it, as if unconscious of the wholesale destruction which was buried beneath them. These girls are content with the average wages of sixpence a day, which, seeing that they eat only vegetables, olives, bread, and oil, is ample, and no complaints of a sweating system are here heard of.

The younger hands are employed in boiling the cocoons, while the more experienced undertake the harder task of threading them on to the meshes. Each girl sits before her tank of boiling water, in which the cocoons are immersed, and by her side she has a tank of cold into which to plunge her hands from time to time, and every evening she dips them in vitriol to harden the skin. The great art seems to be to deftly join the ends so as to produce an even and true thread, and this is only acquired by years of experience. The smell of the boiling cocoons is very noisome, and the heat very oppressive. No wonder that the girls are, for the most part, sallow and unhealthy; but then many of them have very fine profiles and beautiful large eyes. In fact, so attractive did the gay young men of Brusa find the sixty girls in the imperial factory, that it has been found necessary to put up Turkish blinds before the windows, for they would congregate outside and greatly interfere with the diligent attention of the maidens to their business.

Just now in the East the rage is for the Brusa gauzes, and the silk stalls in the bazaars may be seen piled high with materials, around which veiled ladies bargain with astounding volubility. There are scarfs, shawls, turbans, yashmaks, of marvellously fine texture, characteristically bordered with designs in white and silver, or in colors and gold, evolved, for the most part, out of the Turkish alphabet. The old test of drawing a silk shawl through a finger ring is easily surpassed by this wonderfully fine Brusa fabric, a whole pile of which can be easily crushed into the palm of the hand. Knowing Turkish

ladies call this fabric "Selimieh," and always ask for it in preference to any other, the name being given to it because it was invented in the reign of the Sultan Selim. Every occupant of the harem knows how to choose a good piece of Selimieh, and inasmuch as they use it not only to cover their bodies but to cover their divans, almost the only article of furniture used in a Turkish house, one can easily understand that silk manufacture is a paying concern.

Close to the silk factories are establishments for diamond polishing, a rising industry here in Brusa, for as skilled workmen are content with half-a-crown a day for doing work which in Paris would cost twelve shillings, no wonder the French diamond polishers prefer to send their stones here, and run the risk of the journey that the handsome marginal profit may find its way into their own pockets. The same streams which work the silk factories and the wheels for polishing diamonds work also a large number of mills for grinding corn. Altogether, the force of water has brought much prosperity to this locality, which is capable of still further development, and if it were not for those insidious microbes which have of late years attacked the Brusa silkworms, one might prophesy a satisfactory future for the place. Several naturalists from France are now assembled there, trying their best to discover a means for exterminating these destroyers of Brusa's prosperity, but they meet with little assistance from the peasant breeders of the worms, who are intensely superstitious and believe still in the effects of the evil eye, which makes them anxious to conceal their treasures from the glance of an infidel Giaour.

So much for the industries on the slopes of Mount Olympus. Besides these nature has provided the inhabitants of this favored spot with another source of subsistence. All along the slopes to the south of the town issue warm healing streams excellent for the cure of rheumatic affections; these streams have from time to time been covered with charming old bath-houses, many of them dating from epochs anterior to the time of the Turkish occupation; rich philanthropists have handsomely endowed these bath-houses at



various times, so that not only are the buildings kept in good repair, but also the poor man can get his bath for nothing, and the money which the rich bather thinks it consistent with his dignity to give belongs exclusively to the attendant shampooers. The old bath-house, as it is called, is Byzantine work, and history tells us how a certain empress came here to bathe with a retinue of 4,000 persons; this old bath-house has served as a copy for the newer, and perhaps more magnificent, ones which adorn the hill-slopes with their many domes. All of them are lovely inside with faience and those much prized tiles of Brusa manufacture; over the entrance to one is a long Turkish inscription, which tells us how it was built by the Grand Vizier of Sultan Solymán the Magnificent, who had benefited by a course of baths. In this bath was once kept the famous talismanic stone which cured every pain to which it was applied, but which, unfortunately for the present generation of bathers here, has been stolen, and no one knows where it is to be found.

Other bath-houses are built at the village of "Grasshopper," some two miles from the town, which contains streams rich in iron and sulphur; at this village too a large hotel, "the Bithynia," has been constructed for the benefit of those who come to take the waters. It is the great rendezvous of the inhabitants of Brusa; on a holiday afternoon you see them coming on foot, on mules, and in carriages, with their bundles containing towels and toilet requirements, and they seem to revel in the fetid stench which rises from the sulphurous stream, and which fills the large domed building with steam; and the water, which is heated by nature alone, is so hot that no furnaces are required. Here in Pliny's days stood a temple of Æsculapius, and for centuries has this healing stream continued to work its cures on rheumatic Orientals. Perhaps some day, when travelling in Asia Minor is rendered more secure and accommodation improves, the baths of Brusa may again acquire the reputation they had in the days long gone by.

The beauties of the giant mountain of Brusa are not easily exhausted; we loved to wander there, far from the din

and dirt of the busy Eastern city. Still the Turks call it "the Mountain of the Monks," and still to them it is as sacred as it was in the days of the Lower Empire, when its slopes were covered with the cells of anchorites and holy men. The Turks, in fact, have always carefully preserved any heritage of sanctity possessed by any place which has fallen into their power. Old Byzantine churches have been converted into mosques; old places of pilgrimage have been respected and allowed to retain their customs and their rites, and in like manner the slopes of Olympus, held sacred by the orthodox in days of yore, are now held sacred by the enthusiasts of Islam. From the time of the conquest it has been the haunt of santons, abdals, dervishes, poets, and men of learning, whose tombs are dotted over the mountain, and held sacred by the Mussulmans of to-day; 500, I was told, of Islam's most noted men lie buried under the shadow of the mountain, which is the Westminster Abbey of the race. Each tomb has its own special virtues and its own special legend, and in wandering among them you are carried back in memory to the brave deeds of the early Ottomans who made all the kingdoms of Europe to quake before them.

Far away up the mountain side is a tomb very dear to Mussulman pilgrims, being the tomb of the "Father of the Deer," a fanatical Turk who lived up there in Sultan Orchan's time, and who, says the legend, had a tame herd of deer, on one of which he rode to battle at Sultan Orchan's bidding, and wielding a huge sword in his hand, he threw terror and death broadcast among the enemy. Nomad tribes with flocks and herds now wander over this mountain and amid these tombs, and those who wish to reach the summit and return in safety would do well either to take ample protection or to join a cavalcade which goes every night in summer time to fetch snow from the summit, which they cut in large blocks, two of which form the load of each mule. This cavalcade returns at nine o'clock in the morning to Brusa with their burden of coolness for the vendors of sherbet and other delicious summer drinks. Though Vefyk Pasha succeeded pretty well in clearing

his *vilayet* of brigands, he could do little to check the depredations of those nomad gentlemen who dwell on Olympus, and are ever ready to dispossess an unprotected visitor of any valuables he may have with him; hence the advantage of joining the snow cavalcade. Also, if the traveller chances to be there he may ascend Olympus with perfect safety with the priest or *imam*, who goes there to catch the first glimpse of the new moon in the month Chevali, which marks the beginning of the Ottoman year; and those who ascend when the atmosphere is clear will be amply rewarded if they are lovers of the wilder beauties of nature; but, to tell the truth, when they get beyond the radius of the tombs and the nomad tribes they may as well return, for any other mountain nearer home will do just as well for an acrobatic feat, and be infinitely safer.

Months might be spent before the interests which lie outside the walls of Brusa would be exhausted, and then the precincts of the town itself are filled with delightful studies both of the present and of the past. First let us glance at the *Muradieh*, or nest of tombs and sacred buildings erected round the mosque tomb where the remains of the great Sultan Murad repose. It is, in its placid beauty, a perfect study of old-world Turkish ideas and customs, and in its walls can be read the character as well as the history of this strange race. You approach the sacred enclosure by an avenue of rose trees, backed up by plane trees of surprising age and girth; above these tower splendid cypress trees, and around you flourish on all sides rank verdure and natural gardens amid these neglected tombs; through openings in these glimpses of the giant mountain appear, a perpetual joy of which none can tire. In the central building of rich red bricks, with patches of green moss clinging picturesquely to the dome, is the tomb of Sultan Murad, and by the side of his tomb are the veritable turbaned head-dresses which he wore at the feast of Ramazan when he was in the flesh. Not far from this tomb, in another domed building, reposes the body of Prince Djem, that unfortunate prince with whom Christendom played in the days when the might of Turkey caused terror to the strongest of Euro-

pean potentates. Adjoining is the tomb of the daughter whom the Greek Emperor Constantine gave to the Sultan's harem in exchange for a few years of peaceful possession of Constantinople. Here, too, may be seen the tomb of a pasha with the veritable three horse-tails still fastened to the staves at the head of his grave, and one recalls, on seeing them, the story of that brave Turkish general who cut off the tail of a dead horse and fixed it to the point of a lance, and with the aid of this novel standard rallied his scattered forces, conquered the enemy, and thereby founded the distinction of horse-tail pashas.

All these tombs are covered with bright-colored encaustic tiles, and the *mollah* who is in charge must make much of this nest of tombs, for he demanded from us a fresh fee for admittance into each. This mosque tomb of Sultan Murad's has its adjoining *medresseh* and *imaret*, that is to say, its school and almshouses, both quaint, old-world buildings, and both of which were endowed by the founder in 1365, and there is little doubt that the method of conducting them is little altered from that day to this. The *medressehs* are primeval Moslem institutions, supported by funds arising from the mosque property, to which they are attached like our universities. Here the softas, ulemas, imams, kiyatibs all graduate, and their course of study is as antiquated as it well can be. The pupils sit on carpets in their several cells, poring over the interpretation of old traditions—the Mussulman theological course, that is to say; the various branches of their language, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are taught there, and beyond these things the student at a *medresseh* learns little else, except perhaps to waste time, and many of them are well advanced in years before they obtain their diplomas. It was amusing to us to watch the students lounging about their shady courtyard, some asleep, some nearly so, and one and all taking study, as the Moslems take everything, with exceeding leisure.

The *imaret* was even quainter than the college; outside two boys with huge wooden hammers were busily engaged in grinding corn in a round marble basin; within we found ourselves in a vast gloomy kitchen with blackened rafters

and old-fashioned utensils ; in one corner stood the large caldrons in which the soup is cooked, in another were the appliances for baking that soft bread in which the Turks rejoice. At the appointed hour many poor from Brusa assembled here with their tin bowls for the reception of the dole, and if you are not afraid of coming in close contact with these miserable specimens of humanity, you will see much that is interesting both in custom and costume.

This compact nest of buildings around the tomb of Sultan Murad, and known collectively as the Muradieh, forms a sufficient study in itself for many days, and to my mind surpasses, both in beauty and quaintness, the far-famed Green Mosque of Brusa, with its walls clothed with rich enamelled faience, even though the *imam* there will show you two wax candles, on two fine bronze sticks, standing on either side of the *Mihrah*, which he will tell you have never been extinguished since they were lit by the founder of this mosque, the Sultan Mahomed I. ; and certainly in its commanding position on the slopes of Olympus, the mosque and tomb of Mahomed I. forms one of the chief features of Brusa, whereas Murad buried himself and his buildings in a retired valley and made his minarets less pretentious.

Many mornings may be passed in the study of these mosques and their historical lore, but perhaps the lovely old citadel will conjure up even more pleasing remembrances. This was the citadel in which Prusa, the King of Bithynia, had his palace, the legendary founder of the town ; here, too, he received Hannibal as his guest, and the view from the plateau within the old Roman walls is perfectly exquisite. Here in the days of the Byzantine occupation stood the Greek church of the Prophet Elias, and here after the Ottoman Turks became masters of the town were buried the bodies of the founders of the race, namely, the Sultans Osman and Orchan ; but in the great earthquake these tombs were destroyed, a fire having previously burned the symbols of investiture of the first Sultan, which were kept here, and which were sent to him by the Sultan of Iconium as a definite recognition of independence when the Ottoman Turk showed that he was the proper person

to lead Islam on to victory. Two miserable green erections have of late years been put up to cover the spot where the tombs of these first Sultans once stood, and Abdul Hamid, the present occupant of the throne, has decorated these tombs with the order of Osmanieh, and furthermore he sent Brussels carpets to cover the floor, and French chandeliers to hang from the ceilings, and second-rate drawing-room curtains to pull over the windows, enough to raise the shades of those valiant heroes whose battle-axes won for Turkey her position among nations.

When the caravans from Central Asia passed through Brusa instead of Smyrna, the bazaars were more important than they are now, but still they are delightfully Oriental and a pleasant contrast to those of Constantinople, where the foreigner is the butt and prey of the eager vendors. Without the molestation from irrepressible touts you may wander down the numerous branches and alleys which deviate from the main thoroughfare which forms the commercial centre of Brusa. In one of these you watch the spoonmakers seated cross-legged at their counter, which is seat, frontage, and workshop all in one, busily occupied in producing spoons in boxwood, horn, and tortoiseshell, the slender handles of which are very prettily engraved, and usually tipped with a bit of coral to avert the evil eye. Then in another alley much time may be spent in watching the engravers of talismans and seals, and of course if you have been interested in the silk factories the piles of Brusa gauze and rich objects in silk will call for some attention ; also the carpenters, who are busy in the preparation of quaint chairs and cradles for Turks yet unborn.

But those who are brave, and in search of genuine oddities, will not be content with the *Sparbazaar*, as it is called, where the curiosity vendors of Brusa congregate, and try to tempt the ignorant visitor with such objects of Birmingham manufacture as have not met with a prompt sale at Constantinople ; but they will penetrate far, far into the labyrinthine recesses of the place, until they have reached a bazaar with a very ugly name indeed, a locality known to all Turks, but to few strangers, as the

"Louse Bazaar," where old clothes, old arms, old rags, old everything, lie piled in hopeless confusion, and suggest, without any doubt, the presence of those irritating animals after which the bazaar is named. In the centre is its white mosque, quite plain and unadorned, and only to be distinguished from a white-washed cottage by its minaret; here the old clothes vendors can run to pray at the appointed seasons. This mosque is shaded by three plane trees, beneath which is a fountain, at which the old clothes vendors can perform very necessary ablutions, and slake their thirst. The "Louse Bazaar" has likewise its tea vendor, its biscuit vendor, and all the makings of a small though uncleanly society, and in this paradise the European bric-à-brac hunter may pick up, if he is patient and does not object to sitting near questionable rags, and drinking tea from a cup of questionable cleanliness, all sorts of stray curiosities which have found their way to Brusa from the centre of Asia Minor, and have not yet been sifted and appropriated by the Jews of the more respectable haunts of curiosity hunters.

Mount Olympus is often enveloped in clouds, and when this happens down pours the rain at Brusa, and the rushing streams are turned into veritable cataracts by the increased vigor added to them. This occurred to our cost at the termination of our sojourn there. Before us was spread a vast sheet of water caused by the floods, and these floods must be passed through if we wished to catch the steamer at Modania. I am confident that if we had had any other driver than the one who brought us, we should never have got through the surging waters, which boiled and foamed around our carriage, and made Nilofer's quaint high bridge stand out alone like an islet in the centre of a lake. More than once our Jehu stopped hopelessly, fearing, he said, lest he should lose the road track and we should be swept away; but eventually we got through our difficulties, and growled in concert at the folly of the new Pasha who has allowed the excellent drainage works of his predecessor to go into disrepair, and thus brought back again to the plain of Brusa the pestilential floods.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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DR. JOHNSON'S FAVORITES.

IN Johnson's famous circle of friends were two young men whose names come often in the pages of his biographer, of brilliant minds indeed, but who did absolutely nothing of moment in the world, and whom nevertheless the world regards benignantly for the sake of the love they gave and received from the great man. The mild-hearted, portentous old vision of Johnson seems never so complete and gracious as when attended by these two, above all things else Johnsonians. When the doors swing ajar at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, in shadowy London; when the "unclubbable" Hawkins strides over the threshold, and Hogarth goes by the window with his large nod and smile; when Chamier is there reading, Goldsmith posing in purple silk small-clothes, Reynolds fingering his trumpet, stately Burke and little brisk Garrick stirring the punch in their glasses, and Dr. Johnson rolling about in his chair of state, saying something prodigiously

humorous and wise, it is still Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk who most give the scene its human, genial lustre, standing behind him, arm-in-arm. Between him and them was deep and long affection, and the little we know of them has a right to be more for his sake.

Born in 1741, of good family, Bennet Langton as a Lincolnshire lad had read "The Rambler," and conceived the purest enthusiasm for its author. He came to London on the ideal errand of seeking him out, and, thanks to Levett, met the idol of his imagination. Despite the somewhat staggering circumstances of Johnson's attire,—for he had rashly presupposed a stately, fastidious, and well-mannered figure,—he paid his vows of fealty, and endeared himself to his new friend forever. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757 at the age of sixteen. The Doctor followed his career at the University with kindly interest, writing to Langton's tutor,—



"I see your pupil : his mind is as exalted as his stature." He even went down to Oxford to visit his votary, and there, for the first time, came across a part of his destiny in the shape of that strange bird, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, then a handsome scapegrace of eighteen. Johnson shook his head, and wondered at the odd juxtaposition of this Lord of Misrule with the "evangelical goodness" of his admirable Langton. The knowledge that veneration for himself and ardent perusal of his writings had first brought them together, mollified the sapient Doctor ; but something more personal yet set Beauclerk forever in the great man's good graces. Like Langton he was well-bred, urbane, of excellent natural parts, a critic, a student, and a wit. An only son, he was born in 1737, and named after that Topham of Windsor who left a splendid collection of paintings and drawings to his father, Lord Sydney Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Young Beauclerk, with his aggravating flippancy, his sharp sense, his quiver full of jibes, time-wasting, money-wasting, foreign as Satan and his pomps to his sweet-natured college companion, struck the Doctor in his own political weak spot. The likeness to Charles the Second was enough to disarm Johnson at the very moment when he was calling up his most austere frown : it was enough to turn the vinegar of his wrath to the milk of kindness. No odder or sincerer testimony could he have given to his inexplicable liking for that royal scapegrace, than that he allowed the latter's great-grandson to tease him and tyrannize over him during an entire lifetime. It is not so given to every man in the flesh to attest his allegiance. Mr. Topham Beauclerk literally bewitched Dr. Samuel Johnson : the stolid English moralist enraptured with the antics of a Jack-a-lantern ! He allowed his pranks and quibbles, rejoiced in his taste and literary learning, admired him indiscreetly, followed his whims meekly, expostulated with him almost against his traitorous impulses, and clung to him to the end in perfect fondness and faith. Bennet Langton was a mild young visionary, humane, tolerant, and generous in the extreme ; modest and contemplative, averse to dissipation ; a perfect talker,

a perfect listener, with a smile, sweet as a child's, which lives yet among his kindred on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was six feet six inches tall, slenderly built, and apt to stoop from old habits of bookishness. The ladies sat about him in drawing-rooms, said Edmund Burke, like maids around a Maypole ! Beauclerk had more gayety and grace, and domineered every one he knew by sheer force of high spirits. His faults were all on the surface, and easy to be forgiven for the sake of his genuine worth. It was he who most troubled the good Doctor, he for whom he suffered in silence, with whom he wrangled ; he whose insuperable taunting promise, never reaching any special development, vexed and disheartened him ; yet, perhaps because of these very things, though Bennet Langton was infinitely more to his mind, it was Absalom, once again, whom the old fatherly heart loved best.

Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, says : "Were I called on to name the person with whom Johnson might have been seen to the fairest advantage, I should certainly name Mr. Langton." His deferent, suave manner was the best possible foil to the Doctor's extraordinary explosions. He had supreme self-command : no one ever saw him angry ; and in most matters of life, as an exact contrast to his beloved friend Beauclerk, apt to take things a shade too seriously. He was rather inert, mentally and physically, having, moreover, that "rarer quality than any which commands success." He wrote, in 1760, a little book of essays entitled "*Rustics*," which never got beyond the passivity of manuscript. He fulfilled beautifully, adds Miss Hawkins, "the pious injunction of Sir Thomas Browne, 'to sit quietly in the soft showers of Providence,' and might, without injustice, be characterized as utterly unfit for every species of activity." Yet at the call of duty, so nobly was the natural man dominated by his unclouded will, he girded himself to any exertion. Indulgence in wine was natural to him, and he felt its need to sharpen and rouse his intellect ; "but the idea of Bennet Langton being what is called 'overtaken,' " wrote the same associate, "is too preposterous to be dwelt on." We have one delicious

anecdote to illustrate Langton's Greek serenity. Talking to a company of a chilly forenoon in his own house, he paused to say that the fire might go out, if it lacked attention—a brief, casual, murmurous interruption. He resumed his clear-voiced discourse, breaking presently, and pleading abstractedly, with eye in air: "Pray ring for coals!" All sat quietly amused, looking at the fire, and so little solicitous that straightway Langton was off again, on the stream of his soft eloquence. In a few minutes came another lull: "Did anybody answer that bell?" A general negative. "Did anybody ring that bell?" A sly shaking of heads. "Why the fire will be out!" he sighed. And once more the inspired monody soared among the clouds, at last dropping meditatively to the hearthstone: "Dear, dear! the fire is out."

Langton was always the centre of a group, wherever he happened to be, talking delightfully and twirling the oblong gold-mounted snuff-box, which promptly appeared as his conversation began: a conspicuous figure, with his height, his courteous manner, his mild beauty, and his habit of crossing his arms over his breast, or locking his hands together on his knee. He had a queerness of constitution which seemed to leave him at his lowest ebb every afternoon about two of the clock, forgetful, weary, confused, and with all his ideas dispersed. After a little food, he was himself again. He ran no chance of sustenance at dinner-parties, even waiving his delicate appetite, "such was the perpetual flow of his conversation, and such the incessant claim made upon him."

Johnson valued Langton for his piety, his ancient descent, his amiable behavior, and his knowledge of Greek: "Who in this town knows anything of *Clenardus*, sir, but you and I?" he would say, for Langton's enthusiasm had taught him *Clenardus's Grammar* from cover to cover. In the midst of his talk Langton would fall with charming grace into the "vowelled undertone" of the tongue he loved, correcting himself with a smile, a wave of the hands, and his wonted apologetic phrase: "And so it goes on!" in deference to the un-Hellenic ears of his auditors, and

in gentle palliation of his own little thoughtlessness. It must have been a satisfaction—afterward to Johnson that his scholarly friend refused to sign the famous Round Robin concerning poor Goldsmith's epitaph, which besought him to "disgrace the walls of Westminster with an English inscription." For Bennet Langton Johnson had nothing but praise and affectionate ardor. "He is one of those to whom Nature has not spread her volumes, nor uttered her voices in vain." "Earth does not bear a worthier gentleman." "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not." Yet even with this "angel of a man," as Miss Hawkins names him, the Doctor had one serious and ludicrous quarrel. He considered it the sole grave fault of Langton, that he was too ready to introduce religious discussion into a mixed assembly, where he knew any two of the company would be scarcely of the same mind. On Boswell's suggestion that Bennet did it for the sake of instruction, Johnson replied angrily that he had no more right to take that means of gaining information, than he had to pit two persons against each other in a duel for the sake of learning the art of self-defence. Some indiscretion of this sort seems to have alienated the friends for the first and last time; unless Croker's conjecture be true that the quarrel which threatened to break a friendship of twenty years' standing arose from Langton's settling his estate by will upon his three sisters. On hearing of this the Great Cham grumbled and fumed, politely applied to the Misses Langton the pertinent title of "three dowdies!" and reiterated, with all the prejudices of feudalism, that "an ancient estate, sir! an ancient estate should always go to the males." Then he belabored the lawyer who had drawn up the document for his laxity in allowing Langton to pass as one of sound understanding, and remarked sardonically, "I hope he has left me a legacy." Lastly, the entire situation seemed to strike him as so exceedingly comical that he laid hold of a post on his way home, and roared so loud that in the silence of the night his voice could be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch.

But in due time the breach, whatever the cause, was healed. The Doctor, in

writing of it, uses one of his balancing sentences: "We are all that ever we were. Langton, though without malice, is not without resentment." The two could not keep apart very long, despite all the disagreement and all the unreason in the world. Another memorable passage-at-arms happened in the course of one of Johnson's sicknesses, when he solemnly implored Bennet Langton, in the cloistral silence of his chamber, to tell him wherein his life had been faulty. His shy and sagacious monitor wrote down for accusation a number of Scriptural texts recommending tolerance, patience, compassion, meekness, and other spiritual ingredients which were notably lacking in the stalwart Doctor's social composition. The penitent thanked Langton humbly and earnestly on taking the paper from his hand; but presently turned his short-sighted eyes on him from the pillow, and exclaimed in a loud, angry, suspicious tone, "What's your drift, sir?" The exquisite comedy of it! "And when I questioned him," so Johnson afterward told his blustering tale, "when I questioned him as to what occasion I had given him for such animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this,—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation! Now what harm does it do any man to be contradicted?"

As for Topham Beauclerk, more volatile than Langton, he had as steady a "sunshine of cheerfulness" for his heritage. Johnson, bemoaning his own morbid habits of mind, once said: "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round: Beauclerk, when not ill and in pain, is the same." Boswell attests that Beauclerk took more liberties with Johnson than durst any man alive, and that Johnson was more disposed to envy Beauclerk's talents than those of any man he had ever known. He was a favorite with such men as Selwyn and Walpole, and quite their match in ease and astuteness. He alternated the gaming-table with court, the civilities of the drawing-room with the free Bohemian intellectuality of the club. His unresting sarcasm often hurt Goldsmith and irritated Johnson, though Bennet Langton was never grazed. He was a "pes-

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tilent wit," as Anthony à Wood put it of Marvell, and could talk even Garrick blind. "No man," ran Johnson's fine eulogium, "was ever freer, when he was about to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming, nor, when he had said it, from a look which expressed that it had come." He was no dissembler of his likes and dislikes, and was often querulous and eccentric. Politics and politicians he avoided as much as possible. His natural and noble scorn of oppressors was his finest quality; he had also great tact, spirit, and independence. His own insuperable idleness (for he was as listless by grace as Langton was by nature) he recognized, and lightly deprecated. What he chose to call his leisure (again the ancestral Stuart trait!) he dedicated to the natural sciences. "I see Mr. Beauclerk often both in town and country," wrote Goldsmith to Bennet Langton. "He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle, deep in chemistry and physics." When there was some fanciful talk of setting up the club as a college, "to draw a wonderful concourse of students," Beauclerk, by unanimous vote, was elected to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy.

Johnson's influence on him, potent though it was, was chiefly negative. It kept him from saying and doing questionable things, and preserved in him an outward decorum toward institutions and customs, rather than incited him to make of his manifold talents the "illustrious figure" which Langton's affectionate eye discerned in a vain anticipation. Beauclerk and the Doctor went about together, and had some amusing experiences. In company once with a number of clergymen, who thought to meet their guests on common ground by assuming a great deal of noisy jollity, Johnson, not duly entertained, sat in grim silence for some time, and then said to his disciple, by no means in a whisper, "Sir! this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive!"

Johnson and his "Beau" had their many combats, "like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-o'-war;" the younger smooth, sharp and civil, the other indignantly dealing with the butt-end of personality. Boswell gives a long account of a dispute concerning a

murderer, and the evidence of his having carried two pistols. Beauclerk was right, but Johnson was (which gave him as solid a sense of virtue) angry; and he was soothed only at the end by one of Topham's adroit and affectionate replies. "Sir," the Doctor began sternly, at another time, after listening to some mischievous wagery, "you never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain; and you often give me pain, not from the power of what you say, but from seeing your intention." And again: "Your mind is all virtue, your body all vice." When Beauclerk would have shown resentment, Johnson stopped him with a gesture: "Nay, sir, Alexander marching in triumph into Babylon, would not desire more to be said to him." "You have, sir!" he said once, adapting the poet's line and perhaps conscious of Rochester's famous epigram, "a love of folly, and a scorn of fools; everything you do attests the one, and everything you say, the other."

Beauclerk had ever ready some quaint simile, or odd application out of books. Referring to Langton's habit of sitting or standing against the fireplace, with one long leg twisted about the other, "as if fearing to occupy too much space," he said his friend was for all the world like the stork in Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught. One of his happiest hits, and certainly his boldest, was made when Johnson was being congratulated by some friends on his pension: "Now it was to be hoped," whispered the favorite in a version of Falstaff's celebrated vow, "that he would purge and live cleanly as a gentleman should do." Johnson seems to have taken the hint in good humor, and actually to have profited by it.

Very soon after leaving Oxford Beauclerk became engaged to a Miss Draycott; but some coldness on his part, or some sensitiveness on hers, broke off the match. His fortune hunting parents were disappointed, as the lady owned several lead-mines in her own right. That same year, with Bennet Langton for companion part of the way, Beauclerk, whose health, never robust, now began to give him anxiety, set out on a continental tour. Baretti received him kindly at Milan, on Johnson's urgent and friendly letter of introduction;

and the young Englishman, by his subsequent knowledge of Italian popular customs, was able to testify in Baretti's favor, when the latter was in trouble in London, and with Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Johnson, to help him toward his acquittal. At Venice it was reported that Beauclerk was robbed of ten thousand pounds, an incident which perhaps shortened his peregrinations. In 1768 he married Lady Diana Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced on his account from her first husband, Lord Bolingbroke, nephew and heir of the great owner of that title. Johnson was angry and disturbed over the affair. But, as Croker justly comments, he practically waived his personal right of criticism by living in the private society of Beauclerk's wife, and had scarcely the option, even at first, of enjoying that and of disparaging her character. "Lady Di" was certainly fond and faithful to Topham Beauclerk. She was an artist of no mean merit. Horace Walpole built a room for the reception of some of her drawings, which he called his Beauclerk Closet; and it is to be feared that one invaluable portrait of Samuel Johnson has been lost. "Johnson was confined for some days in the Isle of Skye," writes Topham; "and we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland, taking hold of a cow's tail. . . . Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it." Sir Joshua's delightful "Una" is the lovely little daughter of Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk, painted the year her father died. The Beauclerks lived in great style, and Lady Di, an admirable hostess, had always the warmest welcome for Langton, whom she cordially appreciated, and would rally on his remissness when he stayed away from their home at Richmond. He could reach them so easily, she said: had he but laid himself at length, his feet had been in London and his head with them, *eodem die*!

Beauclerk died on March 11th, 1780. He was forty-one years old, and for all his wit, judgment and intelligence, left no more trace behind him than that Persian butterfly-elect, Prince Chrysalus, whom old Buxton calls a "light phantastick fellow." His air of boyish promise, quite unconscious to himself, had



hoodwinked his friends into certain prophecies of his fame. But he took upon himself no yoke and no burden. An allegiance, at any time in his young career, would have made him truly the peer of the noble comrades with whom he walked and jested, and put immortality on his "bright, unbowed, insubmissive head." Yet he was bitterly mourned. "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to save him!" cried Johnson, who had loved him for twenty years; and again, to Lord Althorpe, "This is a loss, sir, that perhaps the whole nation could not repair." He wrote when his grief had somewhat subsided, "Poor dear Beauclerk! *nec, ut soles, dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried beside his mother, an instance of tenderness which I should hardly have expected." To Bennet Langton Beauclerk left the care of his children, in case of Lady Di's death. To his old friend also, among other legacies, he bequeathed Reynolds' fine portrait of Johnson, in memory of the Oxford days when mutual attachment to "The Rambler" had first drawn them together. Under it he had inscribed

"Ingenium ingens  
"Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton thoughtfully effaced the lines. "It was kind of you to take it off," said the burly Doctor, with a sigh, and then, remembering the antipodal temperament of the two, "not unkind in him to have it put on."

After the loss, the Doctor consoled himself more than ever with Bennet Langton, and with the atmosphere of love and reverence which surrounded him in Langton's house. He had been of old, most welcome of all guests at the family seat in Lincolnshire. "Langton, sir!" he liked to say, "had a grant of warren from Henry the Second, and Cardinal Stephen Langton, of King John's reign, was of this family." Peregrine Langton, Bennet's uncle, was a man of simple and benevolent habits, who brought economy to a science without niggardliness, and whom Johnson declared to be one of those he loved at

once both by instinct and reason; Bennet's father, however, was the more diverting character. He had a sincere esteem for Johnson, but looked askance on him for his liberal views, and is said to have gone to his grave believing him a secret, deep-dyed and reprehensible Papist! He once offered the Doctor a living of some value in Lincolnshire, if he cared to take orders, a chance gravely refused. Of this learned, exemplary, but rather archaic squire, Johnson said: "Sir! he is so exuberant a talker in public meetings that the gentlemen of his county are afraid of him. No business can be done for his declamation." For him, too, he coined one of his most amazing words: having heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Langton were averse to having their portraits taken, Johnson observed that a superstitious reluctance to sit for one's picture was among the "anfractuosities of the human mind."

Bennet Langton had married on May 24th, 1770, Mary Lloyd, widow of John, the eighth Earl of Rothes, the stern soldier, in laced waistcoat and breast-plate beneath, painted by Sir Joshua. It was a common saying at the time that everybody was welcome to a Countess Dowager of Rothes; for it did so happen that three ladies bearing that title were all remarried within a few years. Lady Rothes, although a native of Suffolk, had acquired from long residence in Scotland the accent of that country, which Dr. Johnson bore magnanimously on the humorous consideration that, after all, it was not indigenous. She had a good deal of easy dignity and charm, without the vivacity of Lady Di Beauclerk, and kept herself the spring and centre of Langton's tranquil domestic circle. His own grace of character after his marriage slipped more and more into the underground channels of home-life, and so coursed on beneficently in silence. Their children were no less than ten, "not a plain face or faulty person among them:" the daughters, *deorum filia*, six feet in height, and the sons so like their "Maypole" father that long afterward they amused the good people of Paris by raising their arms to let a crowd pass. It was Bennet Langton's cherished plan to have his little tribe educated at home, with their father for tutor, to give both boys and

girls, himself "steeped to the lips in Greek," a knowledge of the learned languages, and to force all social engagements to cede to this prime exigency. But the King's tedious joke, "How does Education go on?" worried Langton like the water-drop in the story, which fell forever on a criminal's head until it had drilled his brain. Again, both he and his wife, when they had moved to Westminster in pursuance of their design, were far too agreeable and too accessible to be spared the incursions of society. In a word, Minerva found her seat shaken and her altar-fires not very well tended, and therefore withdrew. Langton impressed one axiom on his young scholars, which they never forgot: "Next best to knowledge, is to be sensible that you do not know." An entirely superfluous waif of a baby was once left at the doors of this same many-childrened house, to be clothed, fed, and befriended thenceforth by Bennet Langton and Lady Rothés, without one shrug or protest. Dr. Johnson, who was a favorite of all the small folk, was especially attached to his god-child, whom he called "pretty Mrs. Jane," and "my own little Jenny." The very last year of her life he sent her a loving letter, written purposely in a large round hand as clear as print, signing himself "my dear, your most humble servant, Samuel Johnson."

"Langton's children are very pretty," he wrote to Boswell in 1777, "and his lady loses her Scotch." But again, the same year, compassionately: "I dined lately with poor dear Langton. I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much about him." Boswell takes occasion, in reproducing this passage, to reprehend the highly injudicious custom of introducing the children after dinner: a parental indulgence to which he, at least, was not addicted. The Doctor gave him a mild nudge in another place: "I left Langton in London. He has been down with the militia, and is again quiet at home, talking to his little people, as I suppose you do sometimes." While Langton was in camp on Warley Common, in command of the Lincolnshire troops, Johnson spent with him five delightful days, admiring his tall captain's new-born ener-

gies, and poking about curiously among the tents. Langton, after his marriage, had fallen into rather extravagant habits, so that the moral of Uncle Peregrine's sagacious living bade fair to be lost on him. Boswell, who had for him but a suspicious and jealous liking, had a quarrel with Johnson on the subject of Langton's expenditure, the record of which shall be subjoined in the biographer's own words: "We talked of a gentleman [Mr. L.] who was running out his fortune in London, and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir! we'll send you to him; if your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.' This was a horrible shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterward asked him why he said so harsh a thing. Johnson: 'Because, sir! you made me angry about the Americans.' 'But why did you not take your revenge directly?' Johnson, smiling: 'Because, sir! I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike until he has his weapons.'"

In 1785, Langton came up from Lincolnshire and took lodgings in Fleet Street, in order to sit beside Johnson as he lay dying and hold his hand; and when that large soul had gone away, in Leigh Hunt's beautiful phrase, "to an infinitude hardly wider than his thoughts," his faithful friend, who was wont to shape his words with grace and ease, sat down and penned this letter, more touching than any tear: "I am now sitting in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear sir, whose sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to" . . . and there, hopelessly confused, forlorn, eloquent, it broke off.

Langton succeeded Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy, as Gibbon had replaced Goldsmith in the Professorship of Ancient History. He survived many years, the delight of every company to the last. On December 18th, 1801, at Anspach Place, Southampton, "between the walls and the sea," when Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge were yet in their

unheralded prime, when Charles Lamb was twenty-six, Byron a dreaming boy on the Scotch hills, and Keats and Shelley little fair-eyed children, gentle Bennet Langton, known to none of these, a loiterer from the march of a glorious yesterday, slipped out of life. "I am persuaded," wrote one who knew him closely, "that all his inactivity, all the repugnance he showed to putting on the harness of this world's toil, arose from the spirituality of his frame of mind. . . . I believe his mind was in Heaven, wheresoever he corporeally existed." In the ancient church of St. Michael's at Southampton he was buried, with some fond, reverend words of Johnson's, "Sit anima mea cum Langton," on the marble above him.

So went Beauclerk first of the three, Langton last, with the good ghost still between them, as he in his homespun, they in their flowered velvet, had walked many a year together on this earth. The old companionship had undergone some sorry changes ere it went utterly to dust and ashes. Its happy heyday had been in the Oxford vacation, when the Doctor humored his young liegemen and tented under their roofs, plucking flowers at one house, and romping with dogs at the other; or in 1764, at the starting of the immortal Club, when the two of its founders who had no valid nor pretended claim to celebrity perched on the sills like beneficent genii, with a mission to overrule sluggish melancholy and renew the boyish sparkle in abstracted eyes. How supereminently they fulfilled their self-set task! and what vagaries they roused out of Johnson's profound hypochondria! Did not Topham Beauclerk's mother once have to reprove that august author for a suggestion to seize some pleasure-grounds which they were passing in a carriage? "putting such things into young people's heads!" said she. Where could the innocent Beauclerk's elbow have been at that moment, contrary to the canons of polite society, but in the innocent Langton's ribs? The gray reprobate, so censured, explained to Boswell: "Lady Beauclerk had no notion of a joke, sir! She came late into life, and has a mighty unpliable understanding." Who can forget the Doctor's visit to Beauclerk at Windsor,

when, falling into the clutches of that ungodly and gamesome youth, he was beguiled from church-going of a fine Sunday morning, and strolled about outside, talking and laughing during sermon-time, and finally spread himself at length on a mossy tomb, to be told, with a chuckle and a pleased rub of the hands, that now he was as bad as Hogarth's Idle Apprentice? Or the other visit in Lincolnshire, when, after ceremoniously relieving his pockets of keys, knife, pencil, and purse, Samuel Johnson deliberately rolled down a hill, and landed betumbled out of all recognition at the bottom? Langton had laughingly tried to dissuade him, for the incline was very steep, and the candidate scarce of the requisite suppleness. "O but I haven't had a roll for such a long time!" pleaded his unanswerable big guest. Best of all do we know the chronicle of that immortal night when Beauclerk and Langton supped together at a London tavern, and at three of the morning roused Johnson at his Temple Chambers, and brought him to the door fearful but aggressive, in his shirt and little dark wig, armed with a poker. "What! and is it you? Faith, I'll have a frisk with you, ye young dogs!" We remember the inn in Covent Garden, the great brimming bowl, with Lord Lansdowne's drinking song for grace; the hucksters and fruiterers standing staring at the strange figure; the merry boat going its way by oar to Billingsgate, its mad crew bantering the watermen on the river; and two of the roysterers, one as wild as the other, despite a little disparity of thirty years or so, scolding the other for hastening off on an appointment toward afternoon, "to dine with wretched unidea'd girls!" What genial vagabondism! "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle'! . . . I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house!" said Garrick. "As for Garrick, sirs!" tittered the pious Johnson to his accomplices, "he dare not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

It is good that the echoes of old mirth should reach us over the barriers of a century. Thanks to Dr. Johnson, with all his "broad and heavy benignity," as Hawthorne called it, for the whimsical gift of his elected "Lanky" and

"Beau." Gay Heart and Gentle Heart drove his own blue devils away with their idolatrous devotion; and for us they fill the air of that classic time with such sweet, inconsequent charm, that to whomsoever has but thought of them, that hour London must seem lonely without their idyllic figures.

... "Our day is gone :  
Clouds, dew and dangers come ; our deeds are  
done."

There are gods as good for the after-years ; but strong Odin is down, and his pair of unreturning birds have flown east and west.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

A REBELLIOUS DAUGHTER OF THE  
CHURCH.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. An Autobiography.  
Boston : Ticknor & Co.

A curious question of consistency, both in its moral and intellectual phases, is raised by such cases as that of Dr. Edward McGlynn and the discontented *religieuse* who now appeals to us in print as "The Nun of Kenmare." It can hardly be questioned that the position of Dr. McGlynn, who still professes, we believe, to assent fully to the doctrines, the sacraments, and general methods of the Roman Church, is generally regarded by logically-minded men of all denominations as indefensible. The whole ecclesiastical system is less a matter of mere dogma than of organization and discipline, and no member of the hierarchy can possibly escape from the lesson imposed on the mind from the very beginning of his training. Religious obedience and subordination constitute a principle of the Church as essential as belief in any or all the cardinal dogmas. Without acceptance of it, no religious teacher can honestly remain in the Church. All of the great heresiarchs from Arius down to Luther have recognized this fact. That a member of the ecclesiastical army of Rome should deny the authority and control of properly ordained superiors, and still profess loyalty to the Church, is an assumption monstrously illogical. The example of Dr. McGlynn is followed by the Nun of Kenmare. This *religieuse*, a convert from the English Church, became a Mother Superior in her Order, "the Sisters of Peace," served at the head of several convents in Ireland, and more lately has been on duty in America. Throughout the whole of her history we find the tendency to revolt whenever the action of superior authority disagreed with her own preferences, a stream of bitter and unsparing criticism directed against all, who had incurred her wrath, and the assignment of the worst possible motives to those she considered her enemies, under

which category all come who differ from her in opinions of policy and administration. According to her own confession, the "Nun of Kenmare" has been a firebrand wherever she has lived. Yet with all this spirit of rebellion and criticism, she still desires to pose as a faithful and devoted daughter of the Church. We cannot enter into the details of her defence of herself, of her indictment of her priestly superiors, nor touch on the facts of her career, which have no interest to the general reader, except as they give point to the curious dilemma in which all who act in the same line place themselves. Such confessions, too, are interesting, as they suggest that there may be many others who have not yet worked up to the point of public revolt, but yet carry angry and unsatisfied hearts, ripening for an outbreak. All dissension of this kind, of course, has the inevitable result of weakening the cohesive power which binds the Roman Church into such a tremendous and effective organization. However little one may sympathize with Romanism, all such dissent is unquestionably not honestly sustained by any action except withdrawal from the papal fold.

A NEW TEXT-BOOK ON BOTANY.

BOTANY FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES ; CONSISTING OF PLANT DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE FROM SEA-WEED TO CLEMATIS. With two hundred and fifty illustrations and a Manual of Plants. Including all well-known orders with their representative genera. By Annie Chambers-Ketcham, A.M., Member of the New York Academy of Sciences. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mrs. Chambers-Ketcham, who has made some reputation in the field of pure literature, prefers a just claim to respect in the scientific world, at least so far as the science of botany is concerned. In the book before us she throws down the glove to other botanists, and boldly challenges their classification as wrong in some



important particulars. In general, she follows the system of the great French scientist, Antoine de Jussieu, and where she differs from him she asserts that he, had he lived in this day of advanced study of fossil plant life, would have held her views. Mrs. Ketcham has the courage of her convictions and no foolish self-distrust, even when she measures herself against the greatest names in botany and biology. We will try to make clear the main difference in classification which the author defends, without attempting to pass judgment on the issue she raises, a matter which the higher order of expert knowledge alone is competent to arbitrate.

The plants known as *Phanerogamia* (those with developed and usually visible flowers, producing seeds) are divided by botanists into two classes, monocotyledons or endogens with one seed-lobe, and dicotyledons or exogens with two seed-lobes. The latter-named class is also subdivided into gymnosperms (naked-seeded) and angiosperms (covered-seeded). Mrs. Ketcham, however, claims that the plants with one seed-lobe have in many cases the seeds covered as well as in the case of the *dicotyledons*; that they are much more highly differentiated than are the plants which have their seeds naked and uncovered (modesty in plant life even typifies a higher order of being), and that, geologically speaking, they belong to a much newer class. Mrs. Ketcham, following the clew furnished by nature itself, where we find the naked seeded plants associated, in the immediate order of development, with the higher cryptogamous plants (plants with rudimentary flowers producing spores, such as sea-weed, ferns, mushrooms, etc.), concludes that the gymnosperms do not belong at all to the dicotyledous or even to the monocotyledous plants. The flowers are without calyx or corolla; the female flower is a naked ovule without an ovary; the embryo has a long, persistent suspensory. The wood and bark, almost identical in structure, and the leaves closely resembling those of the cryptogams, individualize these plants into a distinct type, which the author places immediately after the cryptogams. Then follow the plants with covered seeds belonging to the orders *monocotyledon* and *dicotyledon*. Aside from this different classification, the author does not differ widely from other leading botanists.

Mrs. Ketcham's chapters on the morphology and physiology of plants are specially full, clear, and interesting. We do not see how any intelligent student or reader can help ob-

taining a clear notion of the subject from these interesting chapters, which are copiously illustrated with cuts. The affinities between animal and vegetable generation are shown with great fulness, and the unity of the system of nature beautifully exemplified. The second part of the volume is an outline manual of the leading specimens of known plants. The first half of the book, consisting of one hundred and seventy-seven pages, presents a clear and comprehensive system of the principles of botanical science, including all the most recent discoveries and authoritative conclusions. It appears to be well adapted for a text-book, unless its extreme condensation tends to make it obscure and too much encumbered with purely technical terms. By the way, why should a "Science Series" include any book written expressly for text-book uses?

#### A DRAUGHT FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF PERSIAN POETRY.

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE. Being the "Ishk," or Third Chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj-Mahal at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Author of "The Light of Asia," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Sir Edwin Arnold, for so the leading English poet of Oriental sympathies and subjects is now called, whether or not he should be considered to possess a great constructive imagination, or to be in the highest sense a poet, is certainly the *poetes* or maker in the sense meant by the Greek. The deftness with which he spins his musical and many-colored verse out of the rich material furnished by the literature and legend of the East, that East so full of mystery, beauty, and voluptuousness, where the most gorgeous delights of the senses and the deepest things of the spirit are wedded into such a paradoxical union, has made the poet almost the representative of a special cult in his art. No Englishman has contributed more largely to waken in the public mind an intelligent curiosity about the great races of the East, with which we share a relationship, and their splendid mental development. "The Light of Asia" appealed to many intelligent readers with a keenly stimulating influence to pursue a closer acquaintance with one of the great fountain-heads of human culture and knowledge, and his subsequent poems founded on similar topics have kept the awakening active. It can hardly be said that in his closest analogy of

treatment with the originals the poet merely paraphrases the text of the Indian sacred books and romances. The active force of a brilliant and alert poetic instinct bears witness to his own individuality; and the unmistakable songs and lyrics purely his own in invention that bejewel his narrative show what a large and beautiful gift he possesses. Perhaps it is as fair to say that his Indian poems are fully as much the fruit of origination work as the Arthurian poems, "The Idyls of the King," are in the case of Lord Tennyson.

Edwin Arnold in the book before us still remains true to the habitual adoration of his muse, though the foundation theme is from the Persian of Sa'di. The scene is laid in the garden of that most beautiful and wonderful of tombs, the Taj-Mahal, a Agra, built by Shah Jehan, one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors, to the memory of his queen.

"A passion and a worship and a faith  
Writ fast in alabaster, so that earth  
Hath nothing anywhere of mortal toil  
So fine-wrought, so consummate, so supreme—  
So beyond praise Love's loveliest monument."

In the great garden, all through the golden hours of the night, sit the English Saheb, Mirza Hussein, the Persian sage; "gentle Gudlaban, the Persian singer with the melting voice, dark Dilazêr, handsome and bold and skilled to play for every song and step." The Mirza reads from "Bostan" to his listeners, and song, story, and comment from them all fill up the web of the poetic narrative. The sections taken directly from the poem are printed in italics (we are told in a note), but the bulk of the poem is original, though some passages imitate the Persian manner. The author probably designs to paint himself in the following description:

"That Saheb I knew, lover of India,  
Too much her lover, for his heart lived there,  
How far soever wandered his feet.  
Some said—among the Buddhists—he had dwelled  
Of old in Indian towns, and was reborn  
In cold, hard, unbelieving Frangestan,  
Outcast, for ancient faults to expiate;  
Some, that in days of the great mutiny,  
The dark Mahratta maidens laid the spell  
Of love and hidden teachings on his soul;  
Some that he dreamed the West and East would meet  
On some far day, by some fresh-opened path,  
In sisterly new truths, and strove for that;  
I think he did but find Wisdom's wide stream  
Nearest the fountain clearest, India's air  
Softer and warmer than his native skies;  
And liked the gentle speech, the grave reserve,  
The piety and quiet of the land,  
Its old world manners and its reverent ways,  
And kind simplicity of Indian homes,

And classic comeliness of Indian girls,  
More than his proper people and his tasks.  
He was to blame but he loved India."

The poem is full of brilliant color and made picturesque with a glow of lifelikeness through its conversational form, each one taking turn in the dialogue, while the beautiful Nautch girls sing and dance from time to time amid the flowers and under the splendor of the white moon. The reader will find, perhaps, as much or more interest in the incidental romances and lyrics than in the translated portions of the Persian classic, though these are charming at times, the rendering being almost literally that of Captain H. Wilberforce Clarke, R.E., a brilliant Orientalist, to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness. We cannot find space for even a few of the many beautiful passages which are scattered through the poem, but yield to the temptation to give the dramatic ending of an exceedingly dramatic story, which is told of Shah Jehan and Begum Arjamand, that peerless queen to whom the great monarch built the fane of Taj-Mahal in token of his quenchless grief and love. Envious of the sole and ardent devotion of Shah Jehan to his empress, the peerless Arjamand, some of the women of the Harem introduced into his apartment a Rajpoot girl of marvellous beauty, hoping to ensnare his heart and seduce his affections from his true lady:

"And—lo! it was not Mumtar there, his queen,  
But that strange, lovely, frightened girl, with throat  
Heaving, eyes gleaming, hands on bosom clasped,  
Who murmured: 'Lord of all the world! thy slave  
Waiteth thy will that she may live or die.'  
..... On his lips  
Ended even in beginning those dread words  
Which leap from royal anger. At mid rage  
The charms unspeakable of that sweet slave,  
The glory of the body of her, bare,  
Melted his mounting fury. Allah makes  
Sometimes a face and form to smite man's soul  
With witchery of subtle symmetry,  
And she was such. The lady of the Taj  
Owned not such lustrous eyes, nor could have shown  
Statue so cypress-like, such arms, such limbs,  
Such eloquence of beauty, touched by fear  
Into bewitching grace! and she marked  
The first wrath in the Sultan's countenance  
Flicker and pass as flame doth pass away  
When rain falls on the sparkling of a brand:  
So gently dropped on his mind the rain  
Of wonder, pity, will of gentleness;  
And when she sank upon her face and sobbed,  
'Lord of the Age! forgive me! send me hence  
Alive! I was told how great thou art!  
How terrible! how base and bold my deed!  
He raised the Rajpoot girl, gazed on her face  
With softening eyes, and, while her heart beat quick,  
Touched—with strange tremble of his hands—her hair,  
Her brows, her eyes: then conquering himself,  
Spake: 'Get thee hence alive! Fairest thou art

Of Allah's works; and I—I am a man,  
 Albeit Lord of Men and Shah Jehan;  
 Yet one thing fairer is than even thou,  
 And sweeter far for me to have and keep,  
 The faith I held and hold to her whose name  
 Thou art not meet to hear! Rajpootni! See,  
 I close mine eyes not longer to behold  
 Thy beauty lest it tempt my rebel blood  
 To traitorousness like thine. Begone, begone!  
 Before I look again. For I shall slay  
 Or I shall love, and both were deeds indigne.  
 . . . . . She glided forth,  
 Seeking escape. But those that heard the words  
 And saw all done laid hands on her, and haled  
 The weeping maid to angry Arjamand,  
 Decked as she was in the Queen's cloth of gold,  
 Wearing the palace pearls, ungirt, new bathed,  
 Painted, and henna-stained and scented sweet.  
 They told what passed, and how the Sultan spake  
 She cowering at the proud Sultana's feet.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Then the Queen drew the dagger from her waist,  
 A knife of watered steel, hafted with jade,  
 And on the hilt a ruby worth three lakhs,  
 Pigeon-blood color, marvellous, the gift  
 Of Shah Jehan in some soft hour of love—  
 An unmatched stone. And when they looked to see  
 The keen point pierce the panting satin skin,  
 Stripped of its veil—Arjamand stooped and placed  
 The dagger-blade beneath her sandal, snapped  
 The bright steel short, and drawing near to hera  
 That Rajpoot's face, kissed tenderly her mouth  
 And gravely spake: 'Go! thou hast given me  
 The richest, best, last gift which earth could give  
 In comfort of my great lord's constancy.  
 Take thou this jewel of my dagger, friend!—  
 Nowise its point!—and a Queen's thanks herewith  
 For treason dearly done to Arjamand.'  
 So passed the Rajpoot, rich and scathless, thence."

## RECENT FICTION.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. By W. D. Howells, Author of "Indian Summer," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "April Hopes," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A FAIR EMIGRANT. A Novel. By Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Marcella Grace. A Novel." New York: *D. Appleton and Company*.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN, An Impossible Story. By Walter Besant, Author of "Dorothy Foster," "The Captain's Room," "Children of Gibeon," "Herr Paulus," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

AND THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. A Novel. By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Howells not only has a public, but a growing public, and that his novels appeal with a peculiar fascination to a large class. Why this is so is a

problem not easy to solve, when we analyze the constituents of the American public which buy books. That literary people, or persons of finely cultivated taste with a keen sense of and enjoyment in the artistic side of fiction, should enjoy a certain flavor in the novels of this author is very natural. Mr. Howells has the gift of an exquisitely easy, simple, vivid, and flexible style as clear as spring water and as sparkling. His power of grasping, realizing, and presenting social facts as they offer themselves under ordinary conditions amounts to genius. Indeed, he scoffs at the extraordinary or the bizarre, or anything even approaching the melodramatic, as raw material only fit for those who have no true insight into human life, the tyros and the apprentices of the literary art. With the courage of his convictions Mr. Howells uses the most homely and apparently crude forms of American social life. He manages to make these studies interesting. Higher praise for his admirable art we cannot conceive. But none the less, one is forced to be angry sometimes at the persistence of his notions, in the feeling that so much genius and skill are withdrawn altogether from a nobler field of work. But these complaints are old and do not need to be repeated, vividly as they may recur to one's mind. The true function of the critic is to study Mr. Howells's work from his own standpoint primarily.

"Annie Kilburn" has the same qualities which make all his books attractive, great faithfulness and freshness of portraiture, so that there is a vivid sense of pleasure in watching the development of character, even when we are sure it would be totally uninteresting in real life. We do not say this of all the people who move in the pages of the novel. Some of them, such as Annie Kilburn, Rev. Mr. Peck, Ralph Putney, and others, are strongly marked and attractive individualities. But, on the whole, one fancies he would have but little pleasure in living among Mr. Howells's personages as genuine flesh and blood. Yet, in spite of the rawness and bareness of such existence, it gets itself more or less transformed under the atmospheric conditions of our author's art. To read such a book, all that is needed is self-surrender to the charm, which easily seizes the mind, and we forget to criticize, and refrain even from disliking pickles and dried-apple pie for breakfast. "Annie Kilburn" is the story of a cultivated and refined young woman who returns from a long European absence to the New England town of her birth, and the effect produced on her by

it and the characters she meets. The story is *nil*, but it is delightfully told, and one concludes that even "cherry-stones" may be carved so as to delight both the eye and the imagination.

Miss Mulholland's story of "A Fair Emigrant" is a worthy successor of her excellent novel, "Marcella Grace." She knows Irish life thoroughly, and paints it with vigor and dash. The fair emigrant is the American-born daughter of an Irish gentleman who has been exiled from his own country by the imputation of a crime, and becomes wealthy as a farmer and landholder in the West. On her father's death Bawn Desmond returns to Ireland, self-consecrated to the sacred task of clearing away the stain from her father's name. Thither she goes *incognita*, and, the better to conduct her researches, assumes the life and work of the farm in the district where her father had incurred the stigma that ruined his life. In crossing the ocean our heroine meets with and learns to like a gentleman who afterward proves to belong to the family closely connected with her father's disgrace. The adventures that befall Bawn, the complications which meet her efforts, the conflict of feelings, and the cross-purposes that enliven the disentanglement of the knot are related with great liveliness, freshness, and probability in the succession of cause and effect. Some of the scenes, notably those in which Bawn attempts to penetrate the hideous and filthy retirement of her father's enemies, are very dramatic and telling. The personality of the heroine is invested with a wholesome and fascinating charm, which makes her the type of a genuine woman of that strong, simple, large nature which the best of all human varieties wear in the actual contact of life. The story is one to be read with great interest by even the habitual novel-devourer, whose appetite demands coarse condiment, though "A Fair Emigrant" cannot be considered sensational or overdrawn.

The two novels mentioned above, written by Mr. Besant, cannot be called recent in publication, except so far as they belong to a new duodecimo series in cloth which Harper & Brothers are issuing. The fact that these publishers venture to bring out the works even of so popular an author in a more expensive form than is common nowadays in the case of non-copyright books, is encouraging. Does it mean that the passage of the international copyright act is considered certain this session? These novels were written and first published in the United States several years since. A very in-

teresting circumstance is worth relating in connection with "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which is denominated an impossible story by the author. The novel turns on the adventures and exploits of a young lady of enormous wealth, who goes to live in the East end of London and becomes mistress of a co-operative dressmaking establishment, that she may study with her own eyes the actual needs of the poor and degraded millions who live in a London of which few people know anything. The outcome is a magnificent recreation palace, combining the facilities of club, library, theatre, concert-hall, restaurant, etc., carried out on a grand scale, and made free for the use of the poor. Since the publication of the novel, this apparently impracticable scheme has been put in practise successfully. And it is generally admitted, too, that Mr. Besant's book gave the idea and the initiative to those public-spirited philanthropists who built the "palace of delight." In plan and scope it appears to have been directly modelled after the ideal raised in Besant's book.

#### STUDY OF THE HEAVENS SIMPLIFIED.

ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA-GLASS. A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Starry Heavens with the Simplest of Optical Instruments. With Maps and Directions to Facilitate the Recognition of the Constellations and the Principal Stars Visible to the Naked Eye. By Garret P. Serviss. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The aim of this little manual is to teach the rudiments of uranography, a most fascinating branch of astronomy, in a way easily within the grasp of any intelligent person, and to indicate such a use of a fairly good opera-glass as will enable the amateur to make a satisfactory study of the more important stars and constellations. The observations given were made with such an instrument by the author. Mr. Serviss states that "to place the subject in a proper light and with a true perspective, many facts have been stated concerning the objects described, the ascertainment of which has required the aid of powerful telescopes." Of course the reader for whom this book is specially designed will have to take these things on trust, but it is no less true that the phenomena within reach of the simple instrument are such as to furnish great delight and instruction. The chapters are divided into the "Stars of Spring," "Stars of Summer," "Stars of Autumn," "Stars of Winter" (in the latitude of New York), and "The Sun, Moon, and



Planets." With the guide furnished by the book and a good opera-glass, the average reader has it in his power to make a very fascinating study of the starry wonders which sparkle above us. For intelligent people, specially living in the country, the author suggests a highly enlivening and instructive means of passing an occasional hour; and as a method of instructing children who, of course, always care for the concrete and visible illustrations which shed clearness on their school studies, all parents and teachers should value this work of Mr. Serviss. It is one of the most helpful attempts to popularize science which we have seen, and deserves widespread notice and attention. The book is profusely illustrated with well-executed cuts and maps.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

THE Clarendon Press, of London, will publish immediately "The Dynasty of Theodosius; or, Eighty Years' Struggle with the Barbarians," by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin. The author has endeavored to present in brief compass the events which occupy the earlier portion of his more detailed work, "Italy and her Invaders." The history of the barbarian invasion is traced from the Gothic revolt in 377 to the Vandal buccaneers' raid in 455; and, in order to give unity to the narrative, the history of Theodosius and his family is chosen as the connecting thread of the events described in it. The author has also given a slight sketch of the political and social conditions of the Romans and the barbarians at the commencement of the contest, in order to bring vividly before the mind of the reader the contrast between the two chief elements out of which mediæval and modern Europe has been compounded. The book is accompanied by two maps, representing Europe at the beginning and near the close of the period selected, and also by an engraving of a shield in the museum at Madrid, depicting Theodosius and his sons in that semi-barbaric splendor which was characteristic of the Lower Empire.

THE fourteenth and concluding volume of the *Encyclopædic Dictionary* has just been published by Messrs. Cassell & Company. This work, which has been in preparation for nearly seventeen years, will contain about 50,000 more words than any other existing dictionary. While Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* fills

1538 pages, and the *Imperial Dictionary* 2922, the *Encyclopædic Dictionary* extends to no less than 5629 pages.

MR. B. F. STEVENS, of Trafalgar Square, London, has been for some years at work on indexes to the manuscripts relating to American affairs between 1763 and 1783 preserved in European archives. The United States Government urged the purchase of these indexes, and also the obtaining of transcripts of the documents themselves. Congress has, however, made no grant for the purpose, and despairing of obtaining State aid, Mr. Stevens boldly proposes to publish photographic facsimiles of the documents, provided he can obtain a hundred subscribers to begin with. Each document will be accompanied by a statement of its *provenance* and of any variations to be found in other copies, if such exist; and a translation will be added when the original is not in English. Mr. Stevens calculates that when he has once fairly started he will be able to publish monthly two volumes of some five hundred pages each, and he asks one hundred dollars for every five volumes. A copious index will be published to every twenty-four volumes, and the price of it will be twenty dollars. Mr. Stevens thinks that this valuable series of facsimiles will ultimately fill one hundred volumes.

A SYSTEM something like our Chautauqua educational plan appears to have been adopted in England. The Local Examinations Syndicate at Cambridge has published the regulations of the new scheme for the promotion of home study. An ordinary student is to pay 10s. for one course and 19s. for two courses, while four courses (covering a year) will cost £1 7s. By the formation of students' associations the expense will be reduced. No doubt this new scheme will give a decided impulse to education among the working classes.

THE Republic of Ecuador is distinguished among South American States for having the smallest amount of interest to pay on its national debt, and for being the most in arrear. It has lately been thinking of taking its place among solvent nations and paying its creditors what is due to them, but has deferred any immediate step toward remitting cash. As a preliminary, possibly, and an earnest of its national progress, the republic has decided on establishing three academies, one at Quito, one at Cuenca, and one at Guayaquil. The treasury is to bear the cost of publishing the writings of the members. It is to be hoped each academy will fur-

nish memoirs devoted to the inculcation of sound financial and economical principles.

THE new work on "Darwinism," by Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, which Messrs. Macmillan & Company have in the press, aims at establishing the theory of natural selection on a firmer basis, and also deals with the various supplementary theories which have been put forth since the publication of the sixth edition of "The Origin of Species."

THE dinner given at Cambridge to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was well attended, and was in every way a success. Mr. Black made an excellent speech, and the contributors were properly horrified when they heard how much trouble their corrections had caused, and properly pleased when they were told of a sale of fifty thousand copies. "Dr. M. Foster's jokes came off as well as usual; but by his grace of form and excellence of matter, M. Yriarte showed us," says the *Athenæum*, "how much better French after-dinner oratory is than our own."

SIR MONIER WILLIAMS expects that his work on Buddhism will be ready for publication shortly. It will deal with Buddhism in all its developments throughout various countries, from its origin to the present time, and will be illustrated by numerous engravings.

DR. PANDER, Professor of Political Economy and Lecturer on the German and Russian Languages in the Imperial College at Peking, has just returned to Europe, after a seven years' residence in the Chinese capital. During that period he made a fine collection of two hundred objects relating to the Buddhist religion, and of one thousand books and manuscripts in the Tibetan language. This collection is now deposited in the Ethnographical Museum at Berlin.

MR. W. C. FORD writes from Washington, United States, to the London *Athenæum*:

"I am engaged in making a new collection of the letters and other writings of George Washington, and ask your assistance in making known my work in England, where there must be many letters of Washington in private hands. Not only did he correspond with his kinsman Richard Washington and other merchants in London, Liverpool, and Bristol, but with some personal friends, like Mrs. Fairfax, or with persons who had been known to him in America, like Burnaby, the traveller; Dr. Jonathan Boucher, the Royalist preacher; and

one Kirkpatrick, a Scotchman, who served with him in the French and Indian War. I should be pleased to receive copies of any such letters, or to be informed where the manuscripts are held. To secure this knowledge I know of no better channel than the columns of your paper. Of course, due acknowledgment will be made in every case. As an earnest of my honesty of purpose, I would refer you to the publishers of the proposed collection, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons."

AT a recent sale of autographs at Berlin, a musical manuscript of Mozart, dating from 1782, was sold for 555 marks; and a letter from Lessing, apparently written during the Seven Years' War, fetched 500 marks.

THE authorities of the British Museum are preparing a "Stuart exhibition" of MSS., seals, and books.

§"THE Hon. Jonathan Chace, of the United States Senate," says an American correspondent, "recently told me that he has very little doubt of being able to carry his international copyright bill through both Houses of the next Congress."

DR. SMILES, who discovered Robert Dick and Thomas Edward, two Scottish geniuses in humble life, and made their merits known to the public, has found a man of lowly birth in Germany whose life he is now engaged in writing, and will probably have ready for publication next year.

WE understand that the appeal recently issued by Lord Coleridge on behalf of the widow and daughter of Matthew Arnold has already resulted in the receipt of subscriptions amounting to about £7000.

UNDER the title of "English Men of Action," Messrs. Macmillan & Company are about to publish a series of biographies. It will be confined to Britons who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous by their public services. The series will begin in February next, and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be General Gordon, by Colonel Sir William Butler, and the following are in course of preparation: Sir John Hawkwood, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; Henry V., by Rev. A. J. Church; Warwick, the King-maker, by Mr. C. V. Oman; Drake, by Mr. J. A. Froude; Raleigh, by Mr. W. Stebbing; Strafford, by Mr. H. D. Traill; Montrose, by F. Mowbray Morris; Monk, by Mr. Julien Corbett; Dampier, by Mr. W. Clark Russell; Captain Cook, by Mr.

Walter Besant ; Clive, by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson ; Warren Hastings, by Sir Alfred Lyall ; Sir John Moore, by Colonel Maurice ; Wellington, by Mr. George Hooper ; Livingstone, by Mr. Thomas Hughes ; and Lord Lawrence, by Sir Richard Temple. The price of each volume will be half a crown.

### MISCELLANY.

MADAME NILSSON AND THE SHAH.—The following amusing story is from "Mapleson's Memoirs" (Remington & Co.): "Madame Nilsson had ordered, at considerable expense, one of the most sumptuous dresses I have ever seen, from Worth, in Paris, in order to portray Violetta in the most appropriate style. On the evening of the performance, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived punctually at half-past eight to assist in receiving the Shah, who did not put in an appearance ; and it was ten minutes to nine when Sir Michael Costa led off the opera. I shall never forget the look the fair Swede cast upon the empty Royal box, and it was not until half-past nine, when the act of 'La Favorita' had commenced, that his Majesty arrived. He was particularly pleased with the ballet I had introduced in the 'Favorita.' The Prince of Wales, with his usual consideration and foresight, suggested to me that it might smooth over the difficulty in which he saw clearly I should be placed on the morrow in connection with Madame Nilsson, if she were presented to the Shah prior to his departure. I therefore crossed the stage and went to Madame Nilsson's room, informing her of this. She at once objected, having already removed her magnificent 'Traviata' toilet and altered herself for the character of Mignon, which consists of a torn old dress almost in rags, with hair hanging dishevelled down her back, and naked feet. After explaining that it was a command with which she must comply, I persuaded her to put a bold face on the matter and follow me. I accompanied her to the ante-room of the Royal box, and before I could notify her arrival to his Royal Highness, to the astonishment of all she had walked straight to the farther end of the room, where his Majesty was then busily employed eating peaches out of the palms of his hands. The look of astonishment on every Eastern face was worthy of the now well-known picture on the Nabob pickles. Without a moment's delay Madame Nilsson made straight for his

Majesty, saying : ' Vous êtes un très-mauvais Shah,' gesticulating with her right hand. ' Tout à l'heure j'étais très riche, avec des costumes superbes, exprès pour votre Majesté ; à présent je me trouve très pauvre et sans souliers,' at the same time raising her right foot within half an inch of his Majesty's nose, who, with his spectacles, was looking to see what she was pointing to. He was so struck with the originality of the fair *prima donna*, that he at once notified his attendants that he would not go to the Goldsmiths' Ball for the present, but would remain to see this extraordinary woman. His Majesty did not consequently reach the Goldsmiths' Hall until past midnight. The Lord Mayor, the Prime Warden, the authorities, and the guards of honor had all been waiting since half-past nine."

THE FALLACY OF THE EQUALITY OF WOMAN.—As to the statement that "ignorance of the standards and modes of thought accepted in the learned world" has "made women diffident"—what man has not been both amused and astounded at hearing opinions boldly ventured by would-be advanced women on subjects with regard to which the more scientific the culture of a man the more diffident would certainly be the expression of his opinion ? Mrs. M'Laren speaks of "the unworthy jealousy with which they [men] have too often greeted feminine achievements." But it is, I think, on the contrary, the *pretension* to talent or genius so often met with nowadays that cultivated men naturally resent. And, so far as my experience goes, and that, I believe, of most literary women, men not only aid women in every sort of way, without a particle of unworthy jealousy, but, as is instanced by Abelard and Héloïse in past, and by John Stuart Mill and his wife in our own times, men are only too generously appreciative in their estimate of women's work. For how often are we called upon to read, in magazines and newspapers, articles—poor in substance and weak in construction—which, did they bear a man's instead of a woman's name, would undoubtedly have been "returned with thanks" or consigned to the waste-paper basket ! "It is acknowledged," says Mrs. M'Laren, "that women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men." But she does not tell us by whom this is acknowledged, nor how it could be acknowledged, seeing that in no branch of modern literature, save novel-writing, could a single woman be instanced as standing in the first rank.—*Woman's World*.

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.—The room was full of shadows! Visions of his past life rose before him! He saw his boyhood, which as he glanced at the ms. on his desk, gave such an excellent scope for illustration. Could he not picture to himself the arrival of the old-fashioned mail coach in the Midlands; and had not this been actually done by one of the artistic staff attached to the periodical for which he was working? Was not the proof actually before him? Did he not see the cheery coachman, and the red-coated guard? And beside this picture was there not lying a weird representation of some dark arches?

"What does it mean?" he murmured for the third time as he placed the drawing well under the lamp that was standing on his writing-table—"what does it mean?"

He was a desperate man, and he felt that something must be done with it. It could not be wasted! No, it could not be wasted! It had come to him from across the sea—from an artist who had sought relief from pressing pecuniary embarrassment in the soft air of Spain. But it had to be introduced—it had to be written in.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at length, "I have it. This is a drawing of the Adelphi Arches. Mary must dream that therein she meets the slimy villain of my simple tale, Dr. Uttercadson, he of the too portly presence and the flowing mustache. The Adelphi Arches will be just the spot to meet him face to face and denounce him." And the plodding author continued his weary toil, sending away slip after slip of paper upward. And now and again would he glance at a pile of engravings and smile sadly as one by one he knocked them off.

"Come!" he said, speaking to himself—it was a favorite habit—"I am doing famously. I have worked in 'The Wreck off Boulogne Harbor,' and 'The Grand Stand at Sandown.' For a moment a duel to the death between two gentlemen in the costume of Charles II. perplexed me—I confess it—perplexed me! But I have surmounted the difficulty by bringing it in under the title of 'the verdict is hotly discussed after the *Bal Masqué*,' and writing up to it! But I must not pause! What have we here? A Child playing with a White Vulture and the Emperor of Germany opening in state the Reichstag. Well, I must introduce both subjects into my weird tale—and what is this? Two men descending in a balloon at midnight in a forest? Hem! What shall I do? Ah, I have it! I can write up to that block, so that it may bear the appropriate label, 'The

Lunacy Commissioners visit the grounds of Colney Hatch by Moonlight unexpectedly.' Still, I must confess that the subjects of the pictures handed out to me, although varied, are certainly confusing. I wish my task were done!"

And again he returned to his pen, ink, and paper. The room grew darker and darker, and nought was heard save the constant scratching of the pen and the occasional footsteps of the lad who carried away the sheets of paper. It grew darker and darker, and gloomier and gloomier. Suddenly there was the sound of a deep grave voice:

"Pause! Write no more!"

The author looked up angrily, and then nearly swooned with terror; his hair stood on end, and his white lips trembled. There was a figure in white standing before him! A figure, a gruesome figure, with bare arms and dishevelled locks.

But the author was a man of business, and, although every nerve in his body was quivering with emotion, he confronted the spectre, and gasped out, "Write no more! Why not?"

Then came the answer. It sounded like the knell of doom! The author knew it was all over, and that his occupation was gone—if not forever, for a long, long year!

"Why must you write no more?" said the spectral figure, explanatorily; "because we are full up; and because the rest of the space in the number will be required for advertisements!"

And trying to read over what he had already written, the author fell into a deep, deep slumber!—*Punch*.

THE PARADOXES OF SCIENCE.—The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea, without any appreciable effect. The water



which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow ; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water ; when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.—An eminent surgeon writes to us : The crimes which have lately been committed in Whitechapel have given rise to many theories and speculations, prompted rather by a desire to account for them—that is to say, to find some motive for them—than by any knowledge of the subject. Most of those who have written to medical or daily papers have treated these occurrences as though they were unprecedented in the annals of crime. Therefore, however revolting be the subject, it seems desirable to point out that such is by no means the case ; but that a certain horrible perversion of the sexual instinct is the one motive and cause of such apparently aimless acts, and that the criminal is neither insane nor prompted by pseudo-religious rancor against an unfortunate class of women. The most exhaustive and judicial treatise on this subject divides this form of neurosis into three divisions ; local, spinal, and cerebral ; but the individual may be affected simultaneously by more than one of these forms. The cerebral neuroses fall naturally into four sub-classes : 1. Paradoxia, that is, untimely desire (in regard to age). 2. Anæsthesia, absence. 3. Hyperæsthesia, excess. 4. Paræsthesia, perversion of desire ; among these last are cruelty and murder. He says (omitting certain parts) : "These cerebral anomalies lie in the province of psycho-pathology. They occur, as a rule, in persons mentally sound, in a variety of combinations, and in them originate many sexual misdemeanors. They are worthy of study by the medical jurist, because they so frequently produce perverse and even criminal acts." Krafft-Ebing then goes on to give, in sufficient detail, accounts of five trials with conviction for the murder of women (sometimes of children) and mutilation of their bodies, and he refers to three other such convictions, naming the authorities. Of

these criminals, one Verzenteli, condemned in January, 1872, had murdered and mutilated three women, and had attacked five others with murderous intent. The escape of his last victim led to his detection. One of Lombroso's cases is a certain Gruyo, who thus slew and mutilated five women, and was discovered on the murder of a sixth after ten years of immunity. Several of the condemned persons confessed the disgusting motive of the crime, and not one of them was found to be insane. These acts are not committed by women (save in one exceptional case), nor is it likely that any woman would have the nerve, bodily strength, and audacity to carry out two murders, at an interval of only a few minutes, as was done in October.—*British Medical Journal*.

OF PERSONAL ADVANTAGE.—Lord Bacon, in his essays, remarks that men are often incited to effort to attain mental superiority by the sense of defect in physical gifts. The motive may not be of the highest ; but doubtless the result is good. Men are impelled to seek their ends by many means ; and motives are, for the most part, mixed in determining human beings to any fixed course of action which implies steady application and self-denial. Pope, too, was fond of dwelling on the same idea, and no doubt felt that he was, in himself, a very apt illustration of the principle. Imagination, also, comes in with kindest aid to those who view their defects philosophically. It is, indeed, a kind of Aladdin's lamp to those who will look on the bright side of things. And just as imagination, under morbid stimulus, is apt to magnify and exaggerate to one's disadvantage, so it may be wisely made to minister to self-satisfaction by using the sense of contrast in its service. It is only imaginative troubles that grow by being dwelt on ; and a very excellent recipe for not having a desired object is to believe we have it, or have an excellent substitute or compensatory advantages for it. Napoleon was morbidly vain and sensitive on the subject of his low stature ; and, no doubt, would have suffered far more than he did if he had not been able to make historical comparisons favorable to himself, which, as we read, he was wont to do. In contemplating, on one occasion, a portrait of Alexander the Great, he remarked more than once, with an air of self-congratulation, "Alexander the Great was shorter than I am, much shorter." Doubtless there was consolation to him in the thought. Some readers may perhaps remem-

ber the anecdote of the philosopher who turned his shirt and observed, "What a comfort there is in clean linen." Men's riches lie rather in what they are, in what they feel and believe, than in what they have; and Thoreau was certainly right, from his own point of view, when he declared that men were the slaves of their own baggage. This was his way of cheerily translating his own disadvantages into advantages; and his example forms a kind of bracing advertisement of cheerful stoicism, which may well, to some extent, be imitated. Life's bitters give zest to the pleasures that succeed, and, if it is better to realize that Tom or Dick or Harry have from nature the advantage of us in height, or proportion, or eyes, or hair, it is our best cue to strive to surpass them in the more lasting endowments of brain and concentrated purpose, industry, and application. Thackeray, whom no English writer has surpassed in delicate observation and apt illustration of these more subtle relationships of life, has, in one of his works, the following passage: "My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, while Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night, console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you now do at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach-and-six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom, and cobwebs within your once splendid saloons, with placards in your sad windows—gaunt, lonely, and to let! You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy." There is wisdom of the most practical and suggestive kind in this. It is a homily of contentment, a rubric of light-heartedness and self-satisfaction. If not calculated to inspire poetic dreams and visions, it is certain, if appropriated and acted on, to aid peaceful self-possession, composure, and that gentle patience and toleration which are admitted to do so much to preserve freshness and placid enjoyment.—*Argosy*.

FANATICISM IN THE SOLDIER.—Wherever you come upon the Mohammedan negro, even

though few know much about their prophet or his teaching, he is a better fighting man than the idolater, or than the men of most of the tribes who have no religion at all. No enemy is so dreaded by even the very best soldiers as the Indian Ghazi or the Arab dervish.

It is only the man who has seen the dervishes charge, or who has gone to meet the Ghazi hand to hand, who can fully realize the position. This duel *à mort* with one who will not even pause to parry your cuts or thrusts in his eagerness to have your life's blood is a trying sensation to the stoutest heart. Pride of race, patriotism, fervid loyalty, intense love of liberty, in fact, all the noblest and strongest feelings of the civilized European are weak and poor when compared with the religious frenzy which can convert the peaceful Arab camel-driver near Suakim into the most terrible and most dreaded of foes.

In one of our Indian battles I remember seeing a party of two or three hundred Mohammedan fanatics who showed desperate valor. Our native cavalry would not tackle them, there were no infantry of any sort near at hand, and they were only disposed of at last by being charged through and through several times by a squadron of the Seventh Hussars, led by one of the bravest of men, now General Charles Fraser, V.C. Not one of them would surrender; they stood grimly dealing out death to all within their reach, and were cut down to a man.

The negro soldiery whom we encountered on the Upper Nile are very low in the order of humanity, but they fight with extreme fierceness, and many of them, even at long distances, are very fair shots. Treat them, however, as we have done the Fantis or the soldiers of the West India regiments, and you will very soon change them into lazy, good-for-nothing creatures. This quality of imitation in the negro and of taking up a courage not his own showed itself in our own black regiments in the Egyptian army, which are certainly the best fighting bodies in that army. Curiously enough also, even in the old Egyptian army which fought against us at Tel-el-Kebir, the black regiments were certainly the most plucky. One battalion of these quietly awaited the attack of our Highland regiments and charged them at a disadvantage, even for the time driving them back from the rampart. This seems to prove that when once the negro has been raised by discipline into a soldier, he is able to retain his fighting quality for many years.—*Lord Wolseley in Fortnightly*.

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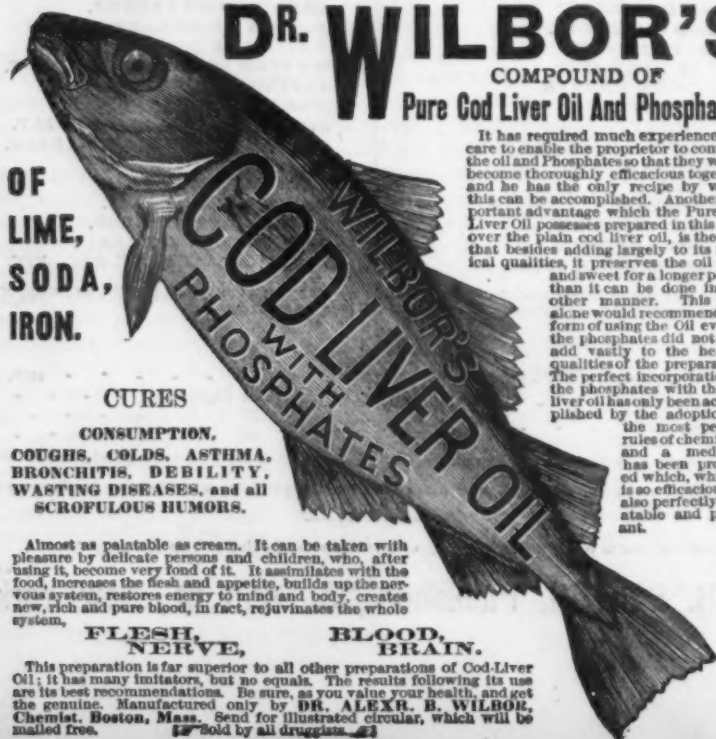
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**PRECIOUS STONES IN THE UNITED STATES.**—During the last decade new stones have come into favor, some neglected ones have regained their popularity, and others, such as the amethyst and cameo, have been thrown out entirely. The latter, no matter how finely cut, would not find purchasers now at one-fifth of their former value; about ten years ago they were eagerly sought after at from four to twenty times their present prices. Rubies were considered high ten years ago and a further rise was not looked for, but to-day they are still higher, a 9 5-16 karat stone having been quoted at \$33,000. There is no demand at present for topaz, yet a syndicate of French capitalists has been organized to control the topaz mines of Spain, in the expectation that after twenty years of disfavor this gem will again be popular. Coral has felt the change of fashion, for during the last three years the imports have been less than \$1,000 per annum, and in the last ten years in all \$33,956, whereas in the ten years preceding \$388,557 worth were imported. The popularity of amber, on the other hand, is increasing. The imports of amber beads for the ten years 1868 to 1878 amounted to less than \$5,000, whereas during the last ten years \$35,897 worth have been introduced. Amber amounting to only \$47,000 was imported from 1868 to 1878, but over \$350,000 worth from 1878 to 1888.

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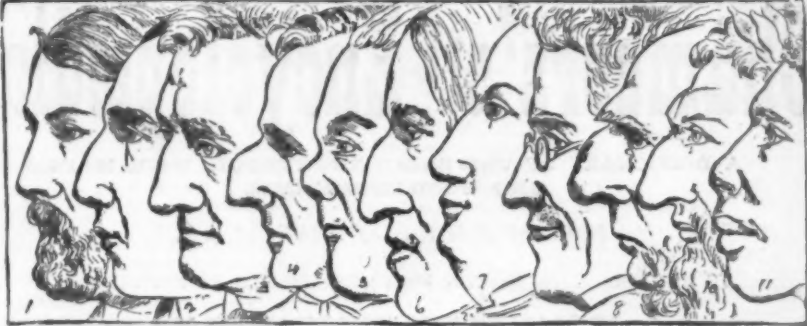
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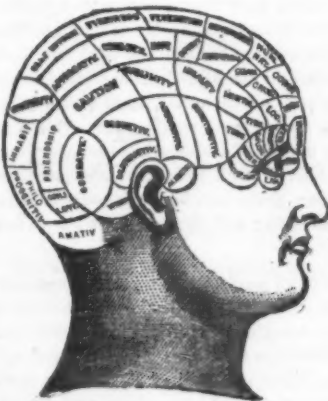
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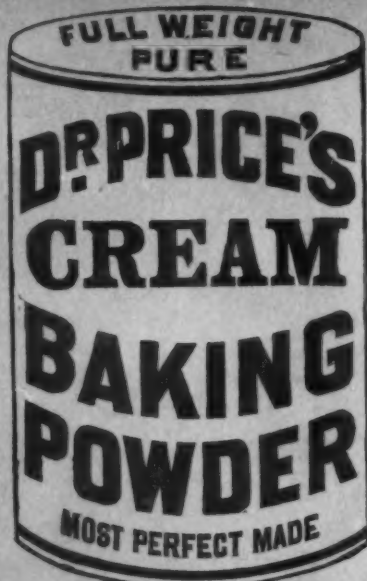
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